c 42 53

SVPERIVS.

Pſalmes, Sonets, & ſongs of ſadnes and pietie, made into Muſicke of fiue parts: whereof, ſome of them going abroad among diuers, in vntrue coppies, are heere truely corrected, and th'other being Songs very rare & newly compoſed, are heere publiſhed, for the recreation of all ſuch as delight in Muſick: By *William Byrd*, one of the Gent. of the Queenes Maieſties honorable Chappell.

Printed by Thomas Eaſt, the aſsigne of W. Byrd, and are to be ſold at the dwelling houſe of the ſaid T. Eaſt, by Paules wharfe. 1588.

Cum priuilegio Regiæ Maieſtatis.

¶Reaſons briefely ſet downe by th'auctor, to perſwade euery one to learne to ſing.

FIrſt, it is a knowledge eaſely taught, and quickly learned, wher ther is a good Maſter, & an apt Scoler.

2 The exerciſe of ſinging is delightful to Nature, and good to preſerue the health of man.

3 It doth ſtrengthen all parts of the breſt, & doth open the pipes.

4 It is a ſinguler good remedie for a ſtutting & ſtamaring in the ſpeech.

5 It is the beſt meanes to procure a perfect pronunciation, and to make a good Orator.

6 It is the onely way to know where Nature hath beſtowed the benefit of a good voyce: which gift is ſo rare, as ther is not one among a thouſand that hath it: & in many that excelent gift is loſt, becauſe they want art to expreſſe Nature.

7 Ther is not any Muſicke of Inſtruments whatſoeuer, comparable to that which is made of the voyces of men, wher the voices are good, & the ſame wel ſorted and ordered.

8 The better the voyce is, the meeter it is to honour & ſerue God there-with: and the voice of man is chiefly to be imployed to that end.

Omnis ſpiritus laudet Dominum.

Since ſinging is ſo good a thing,
I wiſh all men would learne to ſing.

79637

¶TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE Sir Christopher Hatton knight, Lord Chancellor of England, William Byrd wisheth long life, and the same to be most healthie and happie.

THE often desires of many my good friends, Right honorable, and the consideration of many vntrue incorrected coppies of diuers my songes spred abroade, haue beene the two causes, chiefly mouing my consent at length to put in Print the fruits of my small skill and labors in Musicke. Then the dutie, honor, and seruice due from me vnto your Lordship, together with the remembrance of your iudgement and loue of that Art, did moue and imbolden me to present this first printed worke of mine in English, to passe vnder your L. fauour & protectiõ: vnworthie I cõfesse, the view or Patronage of so worthie a Personage. Yet remembring that small things sometime do great seruice, and that repose is best tasted by bodies forewearied: I hoped that (by this occasion) these poore songs of mine might happely yeeld some sweetnesse, repose, and recreation vnto your Lordships minde, after your dayly paynes & cares taken in the high affaires of the Common wealth. Most humbly beseeching your Lordship, that if my boldnesse heerein be faultie, my dutifull good will, and good meaning may excuse it: which if I may so fortunately perceiue, it shall incourage mee to suffer some other things of more depth and skill to follow these, which being not yet finished, are of diuers expected and desired. Incessantlie beseeching our Lord to make your yeeres happie, and ende blessed, I wish there were any thing in me worthie of your Lordship to be commaunded.

Most humbly your L. euer to commaund

William Byrd.

¶ The Epiſtle to the Reader.

BEnigne Reader, heere is offered vnto thy courteous acceptation, Muſicke of ſundry ſorts, and to content diuers humors. If thou be diſpoſed to pray, heere are Pſalms. If to be merry, heere are Sonets. If to lament for thy ſinnes, heere are ſongs of ſadneſſe & pietie. If thou delight in Muſicke of great compaſſe, heere are diuers ſongs, which being originally made for inſtruments to expreſſe the harmony, & one voyce to pronoſice the dittie, are now framed in all parts for voyces to ſing the ſame. If thou deſire ſongs of ſmall compaſſe and fit for the reach of moſt voyces, heere are moſt in number of that ſort. Whatſoeuer pains I haue taken heerein, I ſhal think to be wel imploied, if the ſame be well accepted, Muſicke therby the better loued, and the more exerciſed. In the expreſſing of theſe ſongs, either by voyces or inſtruments, if there happen to be any iarre or diſſonance, blame not the Printer, who (I doe aſſure thee) through his great paines & diligence, doth heere deliuer to thee a perfect & true coppie. If in the compoſition of theſe ſongs, there be any fault by me committed, I deſire the skilful, either with courteſie to let the ſame be concealed, or in friendly ſort to be thereof admoniſhed: & at the next impreſſion he ſhall finde the error reformed: remembring alwaies, that it is more eaſie to finde a fault then to amend it. If thou finde any thing heere worthy of lykeing and commendation, giue prayſe vnto God, from whom (as from a moſt pure and plentifull fountaine) all good gifts of Science doe flow: whoſe name be glorified for euer.

The moſt aſſured friend to all
that loue or learne Muſicke:
William Byrd.

¶ The names and number of thoſe ſongs which are of the higheſt compaſſe.

MY ſoule oppreſt with care and griefe.	III	Lord in thy wrath.	IX
How ſhall a yong man prone to ill.	IIII	La virginella.	XXIIII
O Lord how long wilt thou forget.	V	If that a ſinners ſighes.	XXX
O Lord who in thy ſacred tent.	VI	Care for thy ſoule.	XXXI
Help Lord for waſted are all thoſe.	VII	Lullaby.	XXXII
Bleſſed is he that feares the Lord.	VIII	Why doe I vſe.	XXXIII

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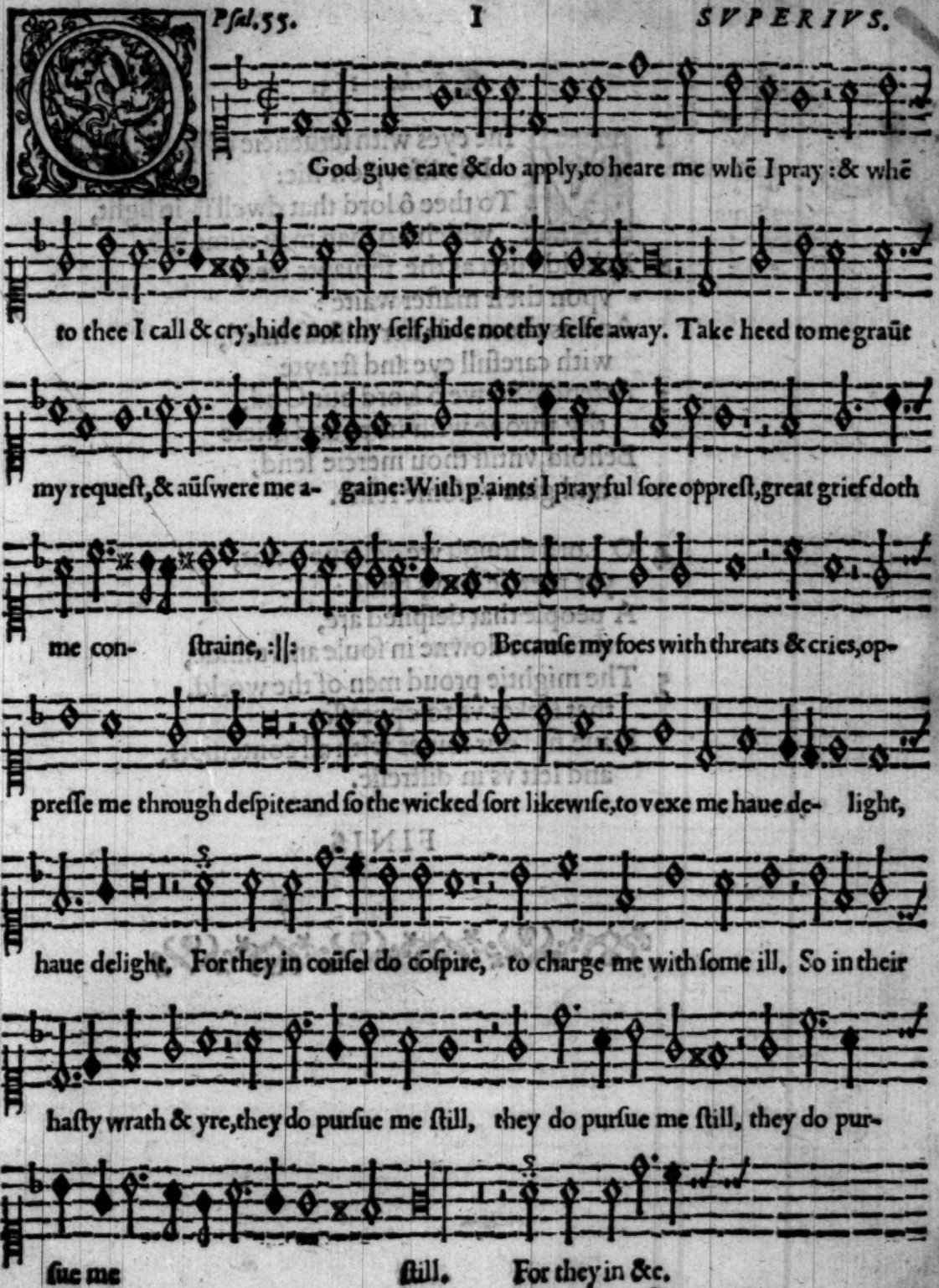
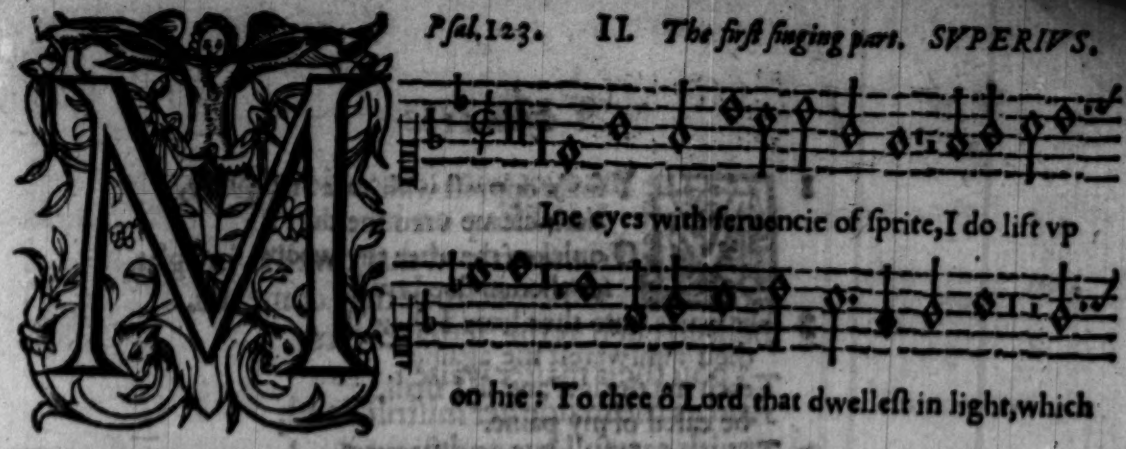

God giue eare & do apply, to heare me whē I pray: & whē
to thee I call & cry, hide not thy ſelf, hide not thy ſelfe away. Take heed to me graūt
my requeſt, & aūſwere me a- gaine: With p'aints I pray ful ſore oppreſt, great grief doth
me con- ſtraine, :||: Becauſe my foes with threats & cries, op-
preſſe me through deſpite: and ſo the wicked ſort likewiſe, to vexe me haue de- light,
haue delight, For they in coūſel do cōſpire, to charge me with ſome ill. So in their
haſty wrath & yre, they do purſue me ſtill, they do purſue me ſtill, they do pur-
ſue me ſtill. For they in &c.

B.

1 Mine eyes with feruencie of ſprite,
I do lift vp on hie:
To thee ô lord that dwell'ſt in light,
which no man may come nie.
2 Behold euen as the ſeruants eies,
vpon their maſter waite:
And as the maide her miſtriſt hand,
with carefull eye and ſtrayte
3 Attends: So we ô Lord our God,
thy throne with hope and griefe
Behold, vntill thou mercie ſend,
and giue vs ſome relife.

4 O Lord though we deſerue it not,
yet mercie let vs finde:
A people that deſpiſed are,
throwne downe in ſoule and minde,
5 The mightie proud men of the world,
that ſeekes vs to oppreſſe:
Haue fild our ſoules with all contempts,
and left vs in diſtreſſe.

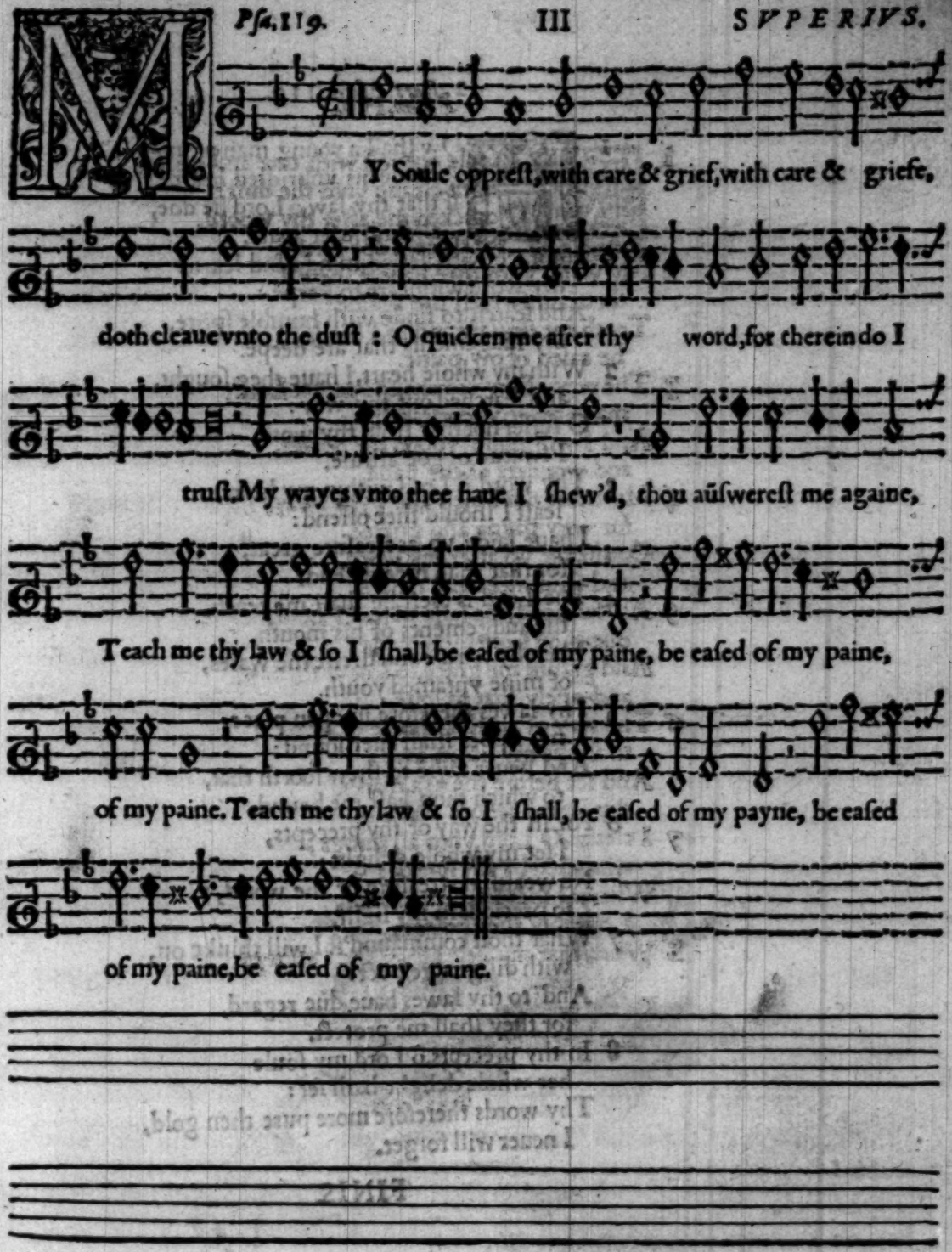
FINIS.



Mine eyes with feruencie of sprite, I do lift vp on hie: To thee ô Lord that dwellest in light, which no man may come nie, which no man may come nie, may come nie.

1 MY ſoule oppreſt with care and griefe,
doth cleaue vnto the duſt:
O quicken me after thy woord,
for therein doe I truſt.
2 My waies vnto thee haue I ſhew'd,
thou aunſwereſt me againe:
Teach me thy law and ſo I ſhall,
be eaſed of my paine.
3 The way of thy commaund'ments Lord,
make me to vnderſtand:
And I will muſe vppon the power,
and wonders of thy hand.
4 My heart doth melt and pyne away,
for very payne and griefe:
O,raiſe me vp,after thy word,
and ſend mee ſome reliefe.
5 All falſhood,and falſe waies O Lord,
doe thou from me remoue:
And graunt me grace,to know thy law,
and onely that to loue.
6 The way of truth I chooſe to tread,
to keepe my life in awe:
And ſet before me as a marke,
thy ſacred woord and law.
7 I cleaue,O Lord,vnto all things,
witneſſed by thy ſpeech:
Whereof that I repent me not,
I humbly thee beſeech.
8 When that my heart thou ſhalt enlarge,
to ſeeke and runne the waies:
Of thy precepts,I will not fayle,
the length of all my dayes.

FINIS.


MY Soule oppreſt, with care & grief, with care & griefe,
doth cleaue vnto the duſt : O quicken me after thy word, for therein do I
truſt. My wayes vnto thee haue I ſhew'd, thou aũſwereſt me againe,
Teach me thy law & ſo I ſhall, be eaſed of my paine, be eaſed of my paine,
of my paine. Teach me thy law & ſo I ſhall, be eaſed of my payne, be eaſed
of my paine, be eaſed of my paine.

1 HOw shall a young man prone to in,
clense his vnbridled heart?
If that thy law, ô Lord he doe,
all frailtie set apart.
Embrace with setled minde, and learne
thy word with care to keepe:
And search to finde with humble sprite,
thy iudgements that are deepe.

2 With my whole heart, I haue thee sought,
and searched out thy way:
O suffer not that from thy word
I swarue or goe astraie.

3 Thy word ô Lord, within my heart,
least I should thee offend:
I haue laide vp as treasure great,
for that shall mee defend.

4 The Lord is blest, he shall me teach,
the iudgements of his mouth,
Thereby to rule and dresse the waies,
of mine vntamed youth.

5 Thy lawes therefore, in open place,
my lippes shall euer sound:
And neuer fayle to shew foorth that,
to which thou hast me bound.

6 For in the way of thy precepts,
I set my whole delight:
No wealth, no treasure of the world,
so precious in my sight.

7 What thou commaund'st I will thinke on,
with diligent respect:
And to thy lawes haue due regard,
for they shall me protect.

8 In thy precepts, ô Lord, my soule
her whole delight hath set:
Thy words therefore more pure then gold,
I neuer will forget.

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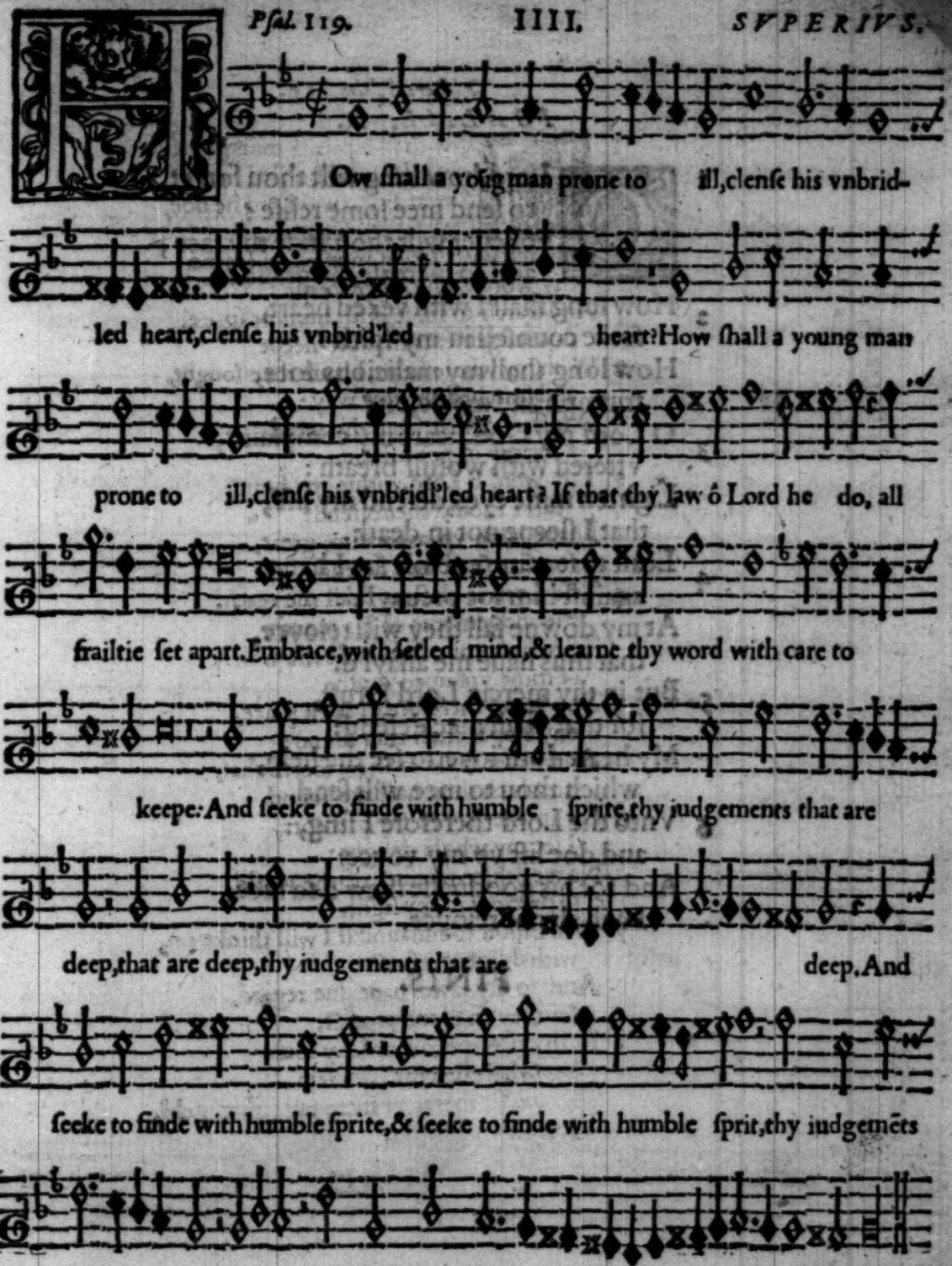
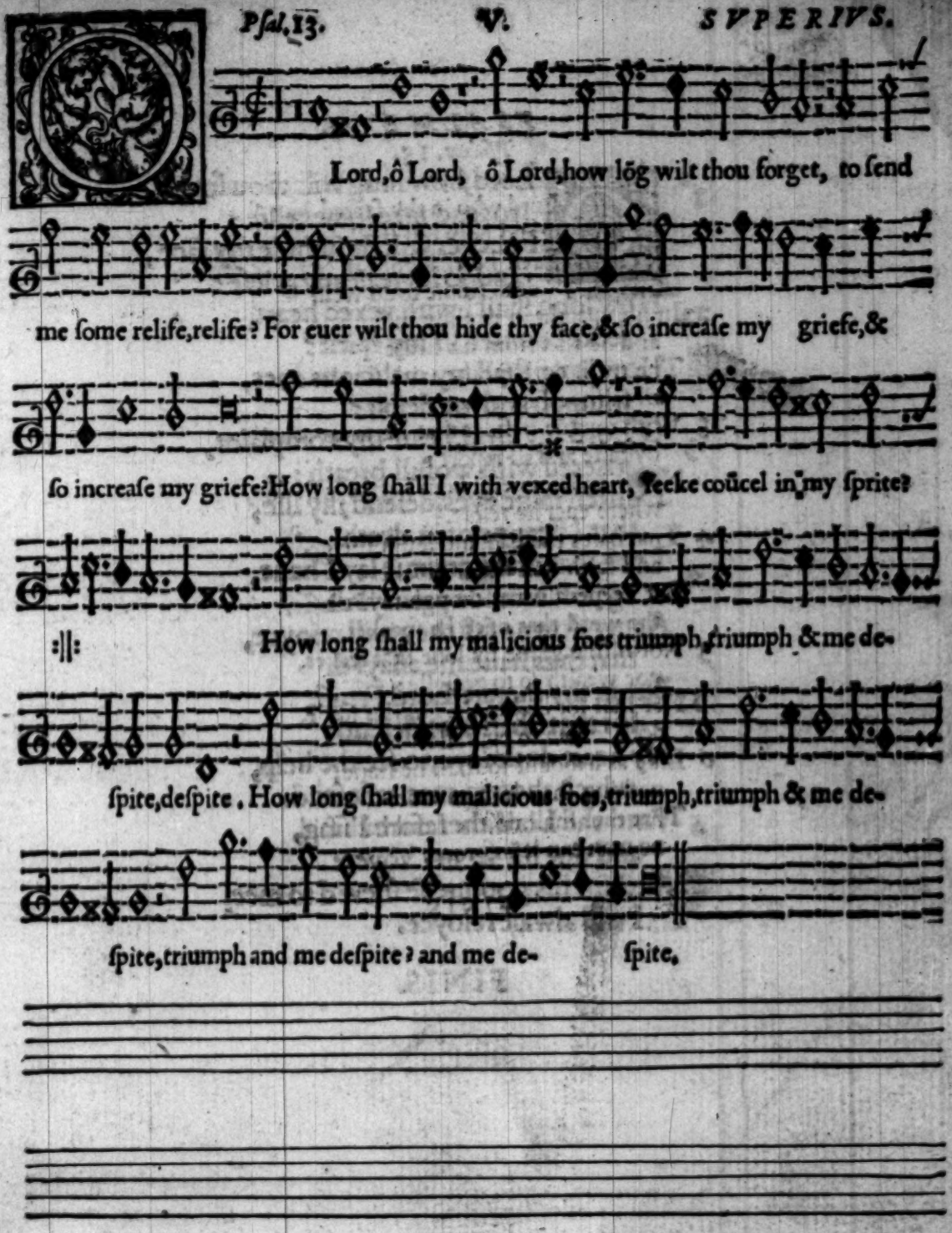

How ſhall a young man prone to ill, clenſe his vnbrid-
led heart, clenſe his vnbrid'led heart? How ſhall a young man
prone to ill, clenſe his vnbridl'led heart? If that thy law ô Lord he do, all
frailtie ſet apart. Embrace, with ſetled mind, & learne thy word with care to
keepe: And ſeeke to finde with humble ſprite, thy iudgements that are
deep, that are deep, thy iudgements that are deep. And
ſeeke to finde with humble ſprite, & ſeeke to finde with humble ſprit, thy iudgemēts
that are deep, :|: thy iudgements that are deepe,

PSALME. 13.

1 O Lord, how long wilt thou forget,
to ſend mee ſome relife?
For euer wilt thou hide thy face,
and ſo increaſe my griefe?
2 How long ſhall I with vexed heart,
ſeeke counſell in my ſpirit?
How long ſhall my malicious foes,
triumph and me deſpit?
3 O Lord my God, heare my complaint,
vttered with wofull breath:
Lighten mine eyes, defend my life,
that I ſleepe not in death.
4 Leaſt that mine enemie ſay I haue,
againſt him loe preuayl'd:
At my downe fall they will reioyce,
that thus haue me aſſayl'd.
5 But in thy mercie Lord I truſt,
for that ſhall mee defend:
My heart doth ioye, to ſee the help,
which thou to mee wilt ſend.
6 Vnto the Lord therefore I ſing,
and doe lift vp my voyce:
And for his goodneſſe ſhew'd to mee,
I will alwaie reioyce.

FINIS.


Lord, ô Lord, ô Lord, how lõg wilt thou forget, to ſend
me ſome relife, relife? For euer wilt thou hide thy face, & ſo increaſe my griefe, &
ſo increaſe my griefe? How long ſhall I with vexed heart, Teeke coũcel in my ſprite?
How long ſhall my malicious foes triumph, triumph & me de-
ſpite, deſpite. How long ſhall my malicious foes, triumph, triumph & me de-
ſpite, triumph and me deſpite? and me de- ſpite.

¶ Psalme. 15.

1 O Lord who in thy ſacred tent,
and holy hill ſhall dwell:
Euen he that both in heart & minde,
doth ſtudie to do well.

2 In life vpright, in dealing iuſt,
and he that from his heart
The truth doth ſpeake with ſinglenes,
all falſhood ſet apart.

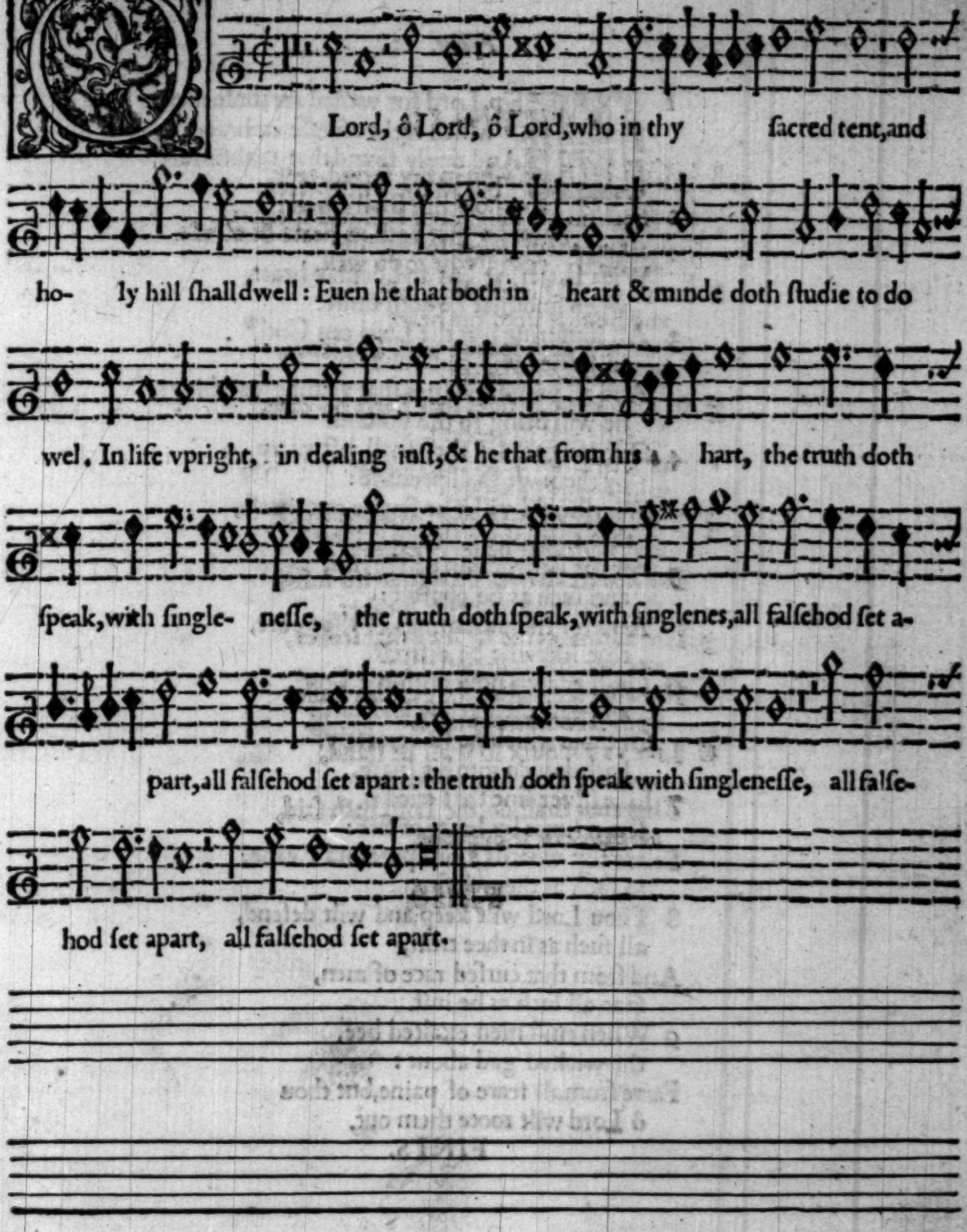
3 With tongue beſides that hurts no man,
by falſe and ill report:
Nor friend nor neighbour harme will doe,
where euer he reſort.

4 That hates the bad, and loues the good,
and faith that neuer breakes:
But keepes alwaies though to his loſſe,
the word that once he ſpeakes.

5 Nor filthie gaine by loue that ſeekes,
nor wealth ſo to poſſeſſe:
Nor that for bribes, the guiltles ſoule,
doth labour to oppreſſe.

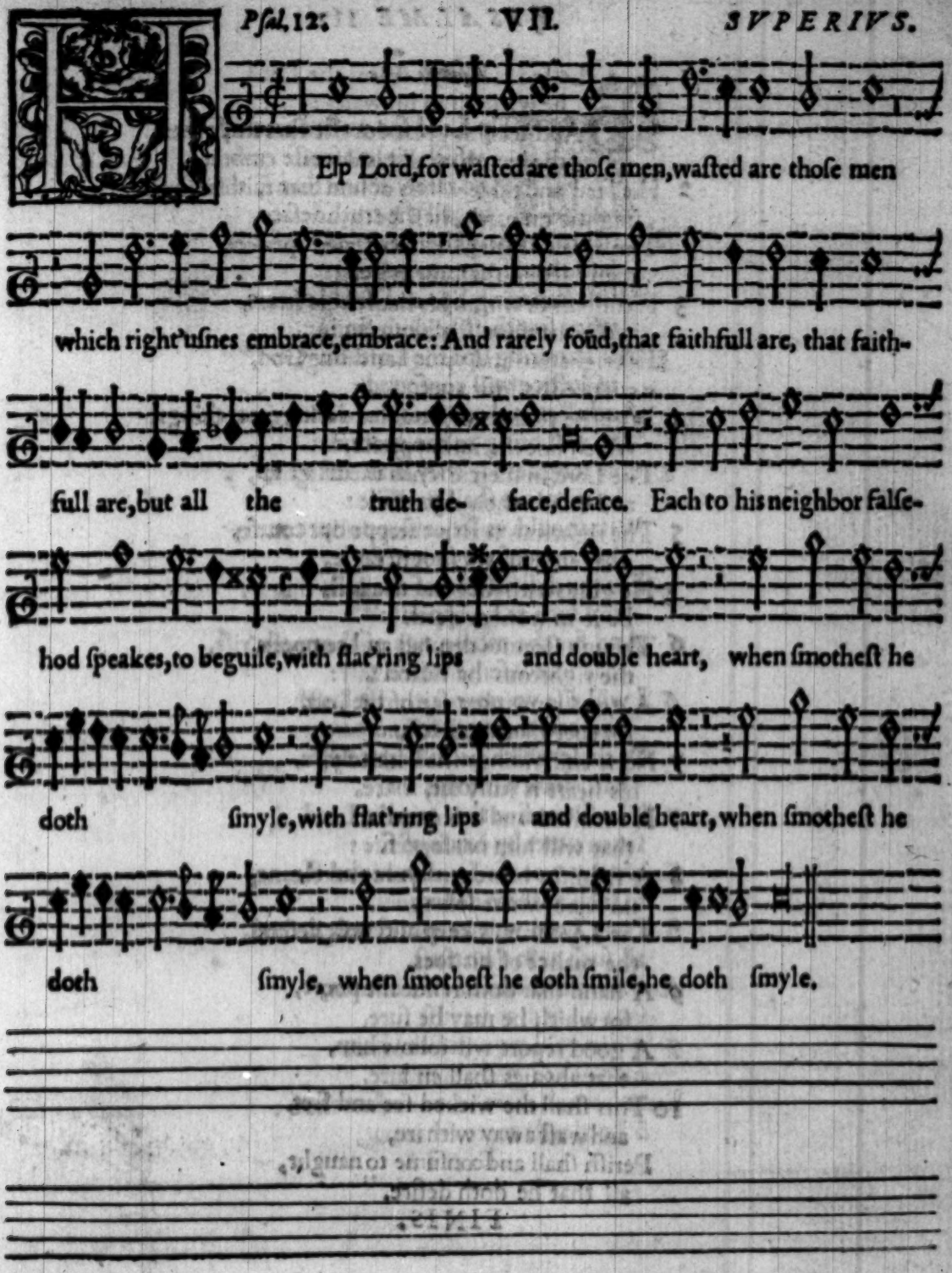
6 Like as a mount ſo ſhall he ſtand,
nothing ſhall him remoue:
That thus ſhall do, the Lord hath ſaid,
no man can it diſproue.

FINIS.


Lord, ô Lord, ô Lord, who in thy ſacred tent, and
ho- ly hill ſhall dwell: Euen he that both in heart & minde doth ſtudie to do
wel. In life vpright, in dealing iuſt, & he that from his hart, the truth doth
ſpeak, with ſingle- neſſe, the truth doth ſpeak, with ſinglenes, all falſehod ſet a-
part, all falſehod ſet apart: the truth doth ſpeak with ſingleneſſe, all falſe-
hod ſet apart, all falſehod ſet apart.

1 HElp Lord for wasted are those men,
which right'usnesse embrace:
And rarely found that faithfull are,
but all the truth deface.
2 Each to his neighbour falshood speakes,
and them seekes to beguile:
With flattering lips and double heart,
when smotheſt he doth smile.
3 All flattering lips, the Lord our God,
in iustice will confound:
And all proud tongues, that vaunt great things,
he will bring to the ground.
4 Our tongues say they, shall lift vs vp,
by them we shall preuaile:
Who should vs let, or stoppe our course,
that thereof we should fayle.
5 For the destruction of the iust,
and such as be oppreſt:
And for the mournings of the poore,
that likewise be distreſt.
6 I will rise vp now saith the Lord,
and ease their griefe and care:
Of those which he full craftely,
hath draw'n into his snare.
7 Like siluer fine that tried is,
seuen times by heate of fire:
So are thy woords Lord pure and cleane,
to such as them desire.
8 Thou Lord wilt keep, and wilt defend,
all such as in thee trust,
And from that curſed race of men,
saue all such as be iust.
9 When euill men exalted bee,
the wicked gad about:
Farre from all feare of paine, but thou
ô Lord wilt roote them out.

FINIS.


Elp Lord, for waſted are thoſe men, waſted are thoſe men
which right'uſnes embrace, embrace: And rarely foũd, that faithfull are, that faith-
full are, but all the truth de- face, deface. Each to his neighbor falſe-
hod ſpeakes, to beguile, with flat'ring lips and double heart, when ſmotheſt he
doth ſmyle, with flat'ring lips and double heart, when ſmotheſt he
doth ſmyle, when ſmotheſt he doth ſmile, he doth ſmyle.

1 BLeſſed is he that feares the Lord,
he walketh in his waies:
And ſets his great delight therein,
the length of all his dayes.
2 His ſeed and thoſe which of him come,
mightie on earth ſhall be:
The race of ſuch as faithfull are,
men bleſſed ſhall them ſee.
3 Plentiouſnes within his houſe,
and want there ſhalbe neuer:
His righteous and vpright dealing,
endure ſhall for euer.
4 In miſtie cloudes of troubles darke,
which doe the iuſt oppreſſe,
The Lord in mercie ſends them light,
and eaſeth their diſtreſſe.
5 The righteous man is mercifull,
and lendeth where is need,
He guids with iudgement all his things,
be it in word or deed.
6 Though ſtormes doe fall and tempeſts riſe,
the righteous ſhall ſtand faſt:
A good remembrance of the iuſt,
for euer that ſhall laſt.
7 None euill tidings ſhall him feare,
his heart is fully ſet,
He truſteth and beleeues the Lord,
that will him not forget.
8 A ſtabliſht heart within his breſt,
no feare where ſo he goes,
The Lord in iuſtice will reuenge,
the malice of his foes.
9 A hand that doth reliue the poore,
for which he may be ſure,
A good report will follow him,
that alwaies ſhall endure.
10 This ſhall the wicked ſee and fret,
and waſt away with ire,
Periſh ſhall and conſume to naught,
all that he doth deſire.

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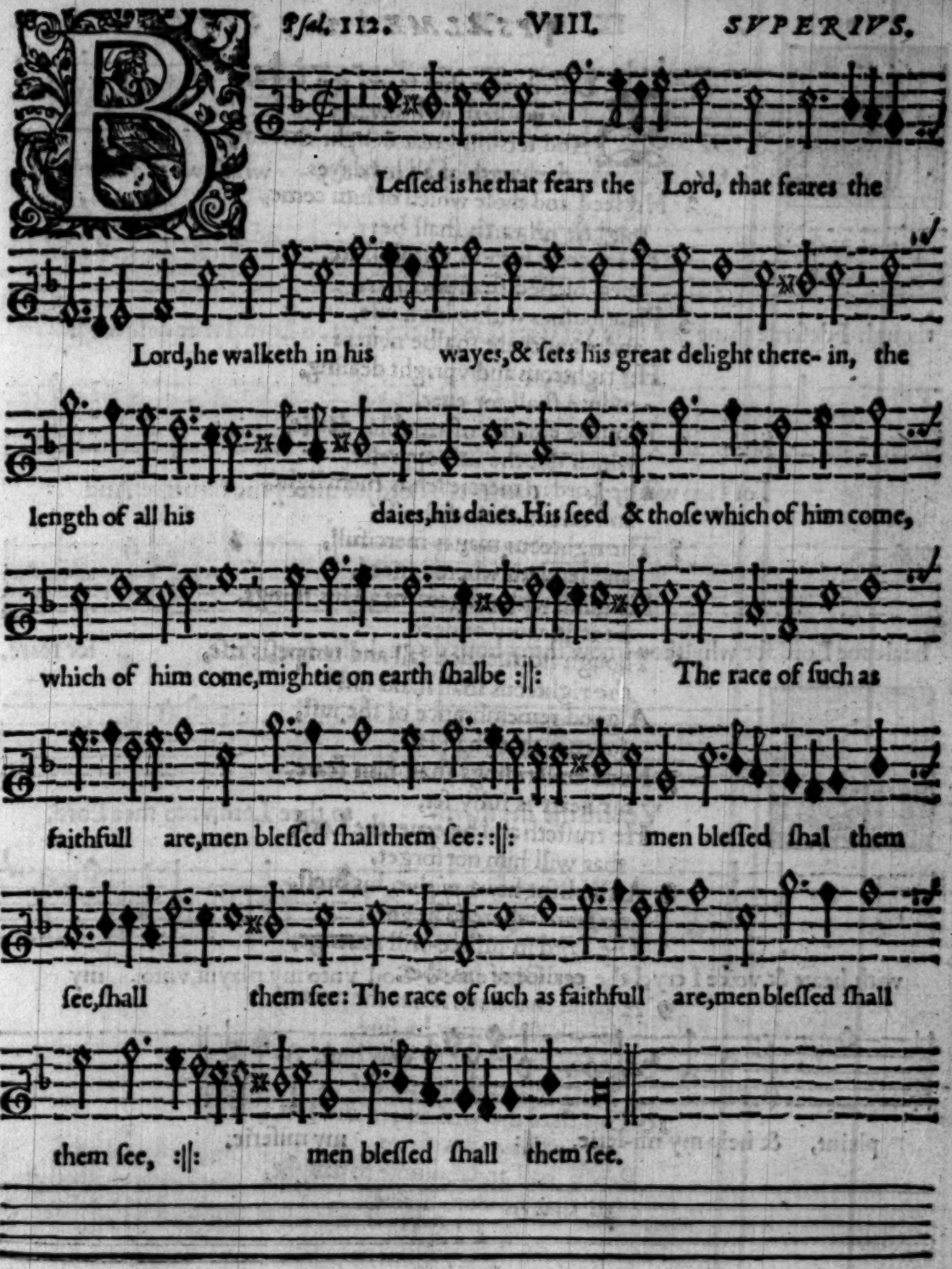

Blessed is he that fears the Lord, that feares the
Lord, he walketh in his wayes, & sets his great delight there- in, the
length of all his daies, his daies. His seed & those which of him come,
which of him come, mightie on earth shalbe :||: The race of such as
faithfull are, men blessed shall them see: :||: men blessed shal them
see, shall them see: The race of such as faithfull are, men blessed shall
them see, :||: men blessed shall them see.

Ord in thy wrath reproue me not, in thy wrath re- proue me not

though I deserue thine yre: Ne yet correct me in thy rage, ô Lord I thee desire. :||:

For I am weak, :||: therfore (ô Lord) of mercy me forbeare: And

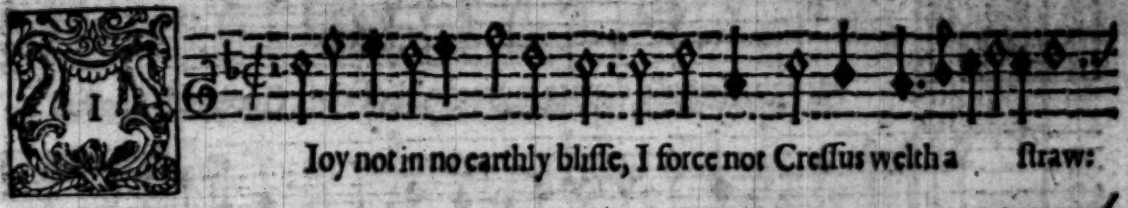
heale me Lord, for why? thou know'st, my bons do quake for fear, :||: for feare.

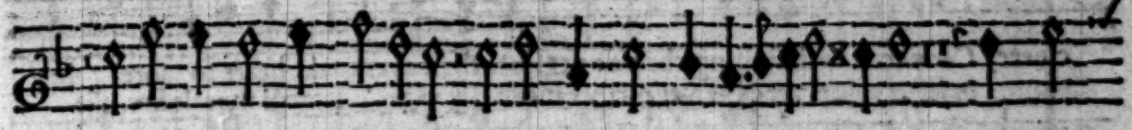
Ven frō the depth, vn- to thee Lord, vnto thee Lord,

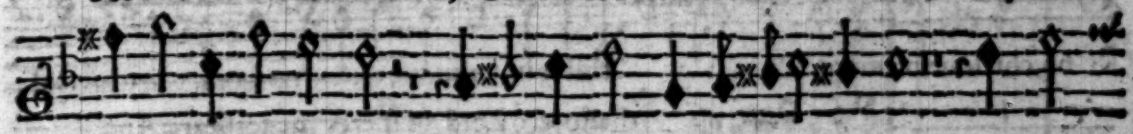
with heart & voice I cry, I cry: Giue eare ô God vnto my playnt, vnto my

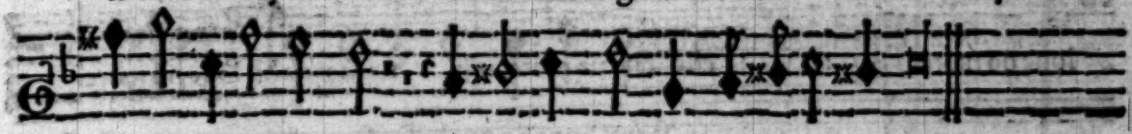
plaint, & help my mi-serie, :||: my miserie.

¶ *Heere endeth the Psalmes, and beginneth the Sonets and Pastorales.*







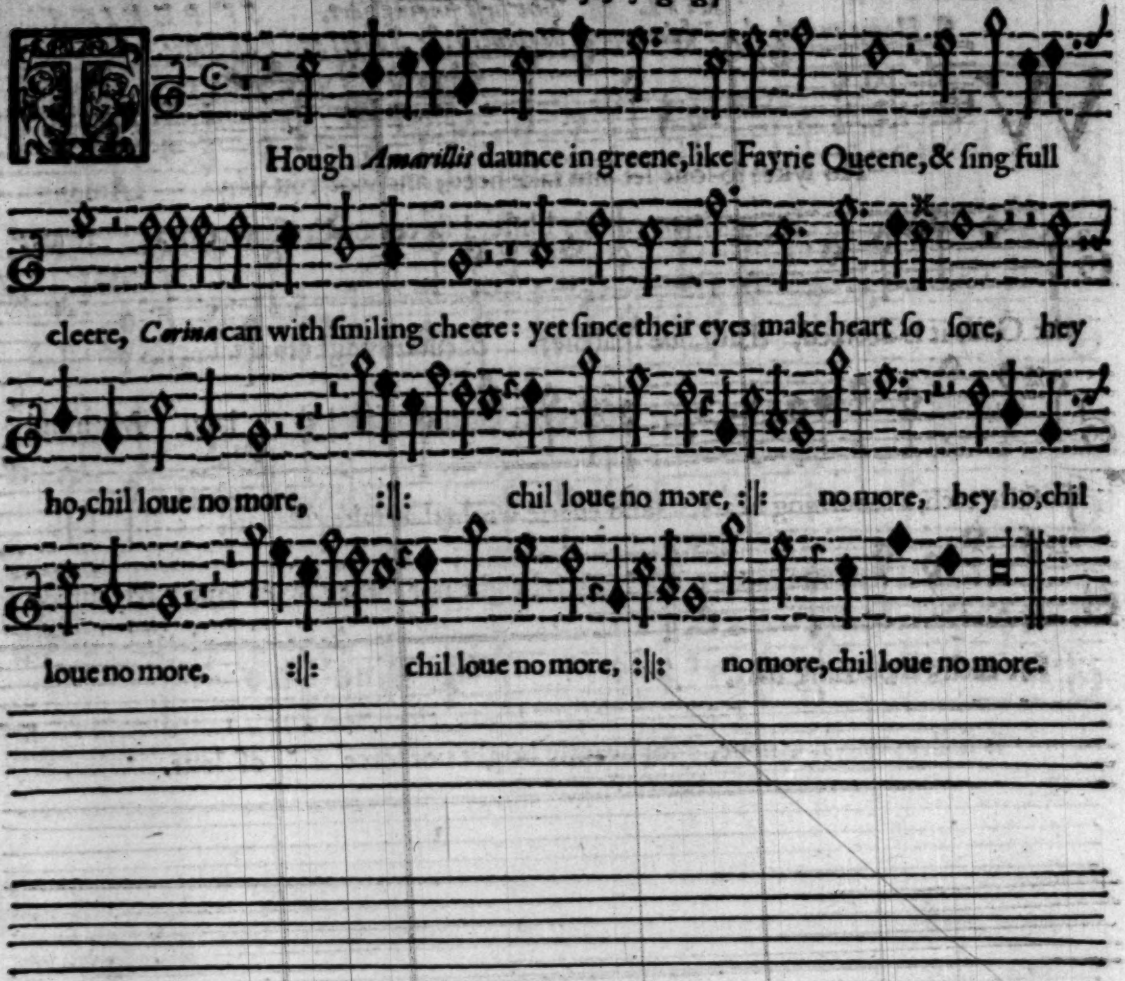


2 I wish but what I haue at will,
I wander not to seeke for more:
I like the plaine I clime no hill,
in greatest stormes I sitte on shore:
and laugh at them that toyle in vaine,
to get what must be lost againe.

3 I kisse not where I wish to kill,
I faine not loue where most I hate:
I breake no sleepe to winne my will,
I wayte not at the mighties gate:
I scorne no poore, nor feare no ritch,
I feele no want nor haue to much.

4 The Court and cart I like nor loath,
extreames are counted worst of all:
the golden meane betweene them both,
doth surest fit and feare no fall:
this is my choyse, for why I finde,
no wealth is like the quiet minde.

FINIS.



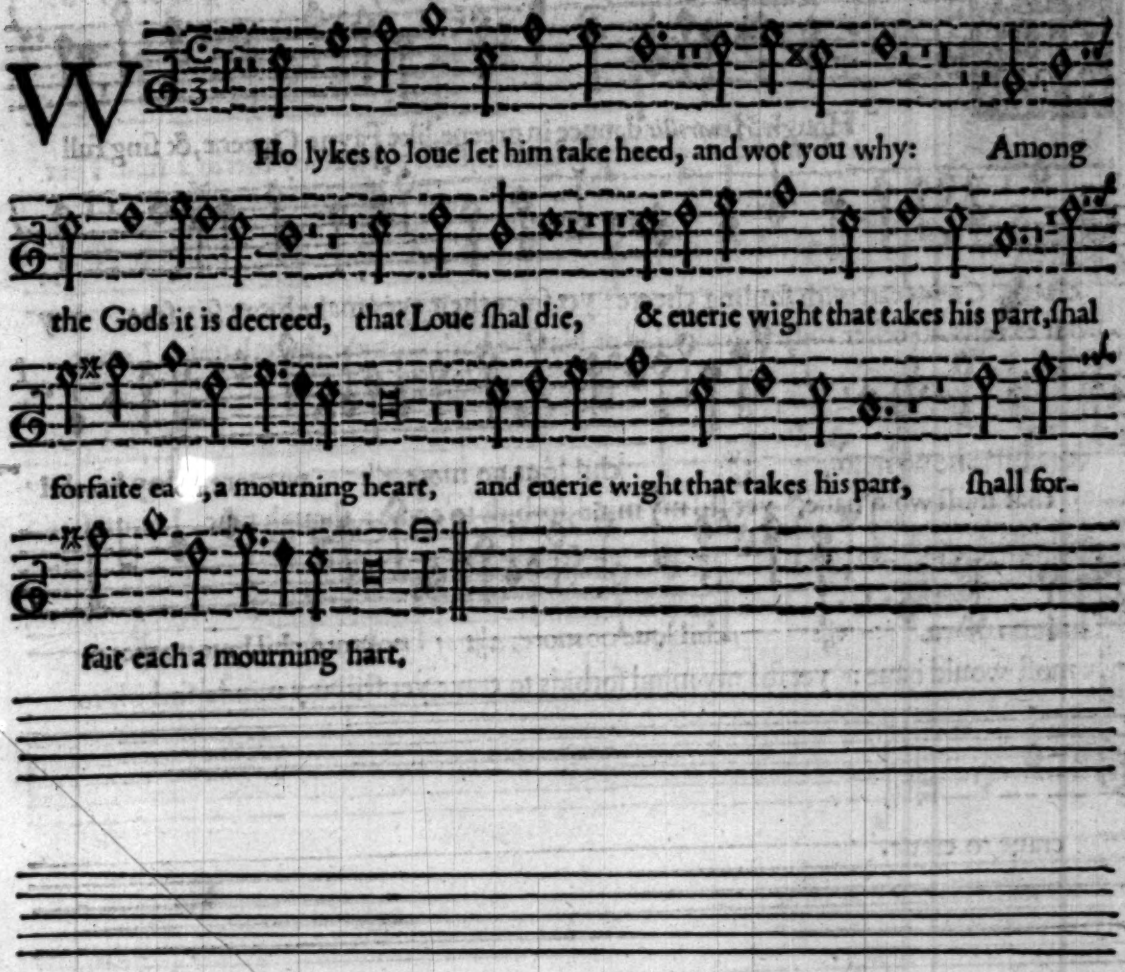
2 My sheepe are lost for want of foode.
and I so wood:
that all the day,
I sit and watch a heardmaid gaye:
who laughes to see me sigh so sore,
hey ho, chil loue no more.

3 Her louing lookes, her beautie bright,
is such delight:
that all in vaine,
I loue to like, and lose my gaine:
for her that thankes me not therefore,
hey ho chil loue no more.

4 Ah wanton eyes my friendlie foes,
and cause of woes:
your sweete desire,
breeds flames of Ise & freese in fire:
ye skorne to see me weepe so sore,
hey ho chil loue no more.

5 Loue ye who list I force him not,
sith God it wot,
the more I wayle,
the lesse my sighs and teares preuaile:
what shall I doe but say therefore,
hey ho chil loue no more.

FINIS.



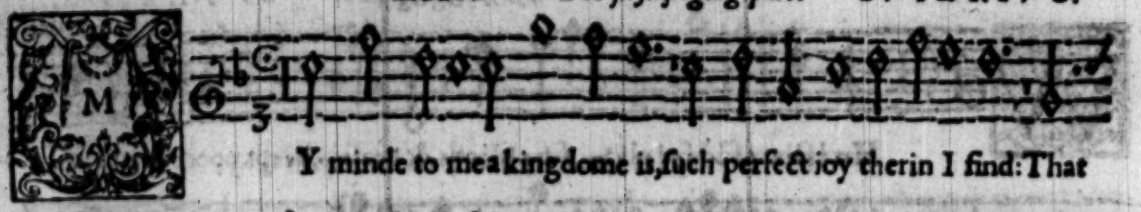
2 The cause is this as I haue heard,
a sort of dames,
whose beautie he did not regard,
nor secret flames,
complaind before the gods aboue,
that golde corrupts the God of loue.

3 The gods did storme to heare this newes
and there they swore,
that sith he did such dames abuse,
he should no more
be god of Loue, but that he should
both die, and forfait all his gold.

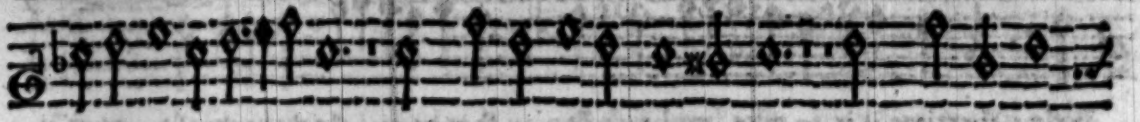
4 His bowe & shaftes they tooke away,
before their eies,
and gaue these dames a longer day,
for to deuise,
who should them keepe, & they be bound,
that loue for gold should not be found.

5 These Ladies striuing long, at last,
they did agree,
to giue them to a mayden chast,
whome I did see:
who with the same did perce my brest,
her beauties rare and so I rest.

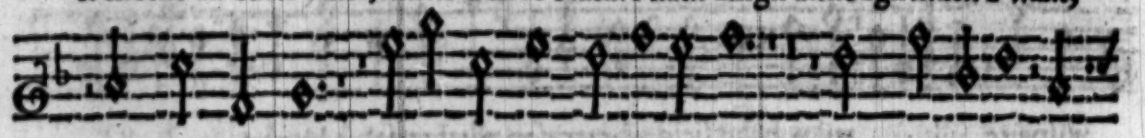
 FINIS.



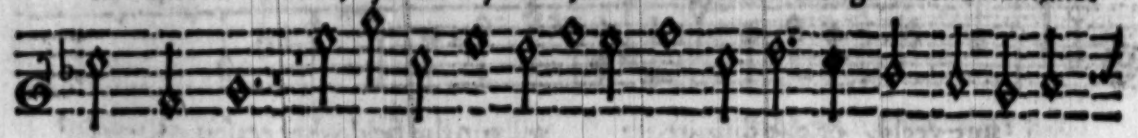
MY minde to me a kingdome is, such perfect ioy therin I find: That



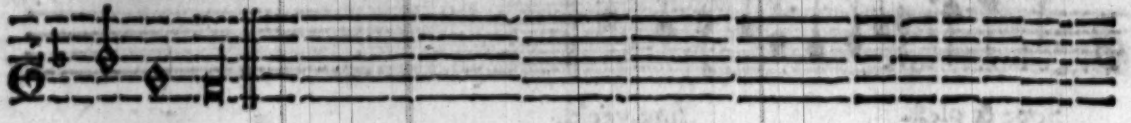
it excells all other bliſſe, which God or Nature hath aſſign'd: though much I want,



that moſt wold haue, yet ſtil my mind, forbids to craue: though much I want, that



moſt would haue: yet ſtil my mind forbids to craue, yet ſtill my minde ſorbids to



craue, to craue.

2 No princ'lie port nor welthie ſtore,
no force to winne a victorie:
no wylie wit to ſalue a ſore,
no ſhape to winne a louing eye:
to none of theſe I yeeld as thrall,
for why my mind deſpiſe them all.

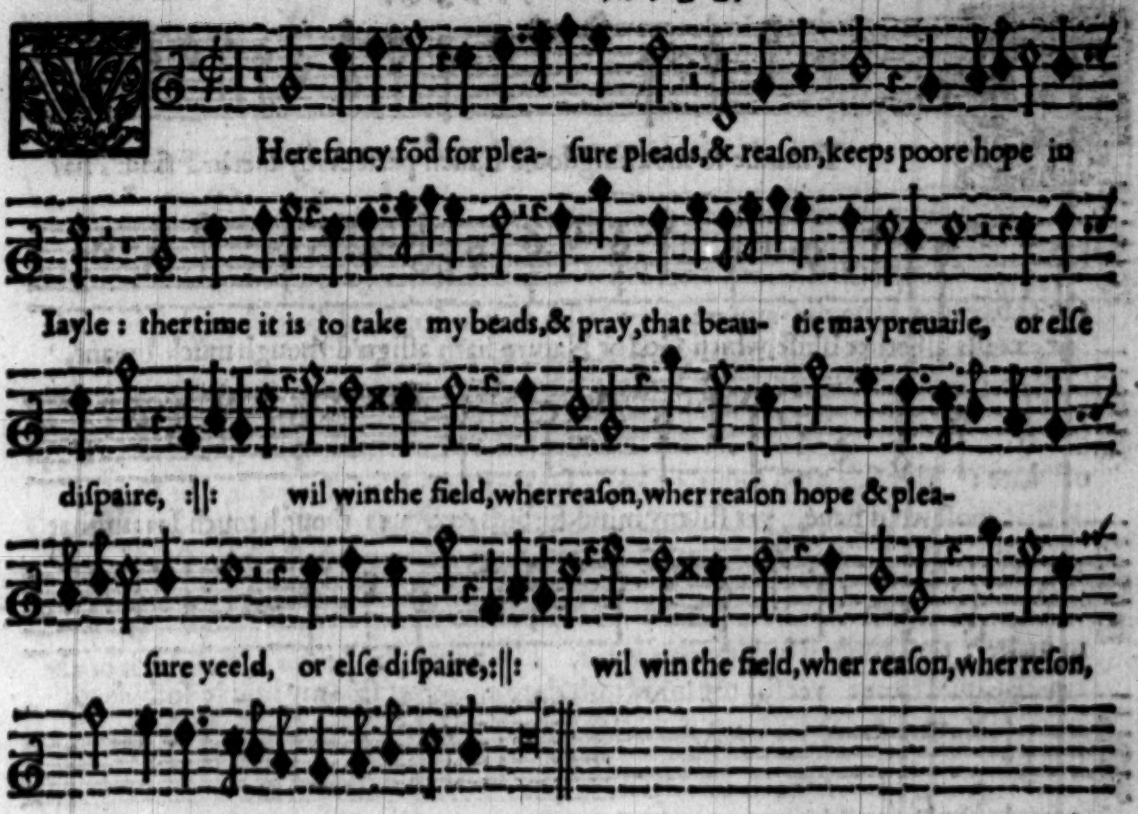
3 I ſee that plenie ſurfets oft,
and haſtie clymbers ſooneſt fall:
I ſee that ſuch as are aloft,
miſhap doth threaten moſt of all:
theſe get with toyle and keepe with feare,
ſuch cares my mind can neuer beare.

4 I preſſe to beare no haughtie ſway,
I wiſh no more then may ſuffice:
I doe no more then well I may,
looke what I want my mind ſupplies:
loe thus I triumph like a king,
my minde content with any thing.

5 I laugh not at anothers loſſe,
nor grudge not at anothers gaine:
no worldly waues my mind can toſſe,
I brooke that is an others bane:
I feare no foe nor fawne on friend,
I loth not life nor dread mine end.

6 My wealth is health & perfect eaſe,
and conſcience cleere my chiefe defence:
I neuer ſeeke by bribes to pleaſe,
nor by deſart to giue offence:
thus do I liue, thus will I die,
would all did ſo as well as I.

FINIS.



2 My eyes preſume to iudge this caſe,
whoſe iudgement reaſon doth diſdain:
but beautie with her wanton face,
ſtands to defend, the caſe is plaine:
and at the barre of ſweet delight,
ſhe pleads that fancie muſt be right.

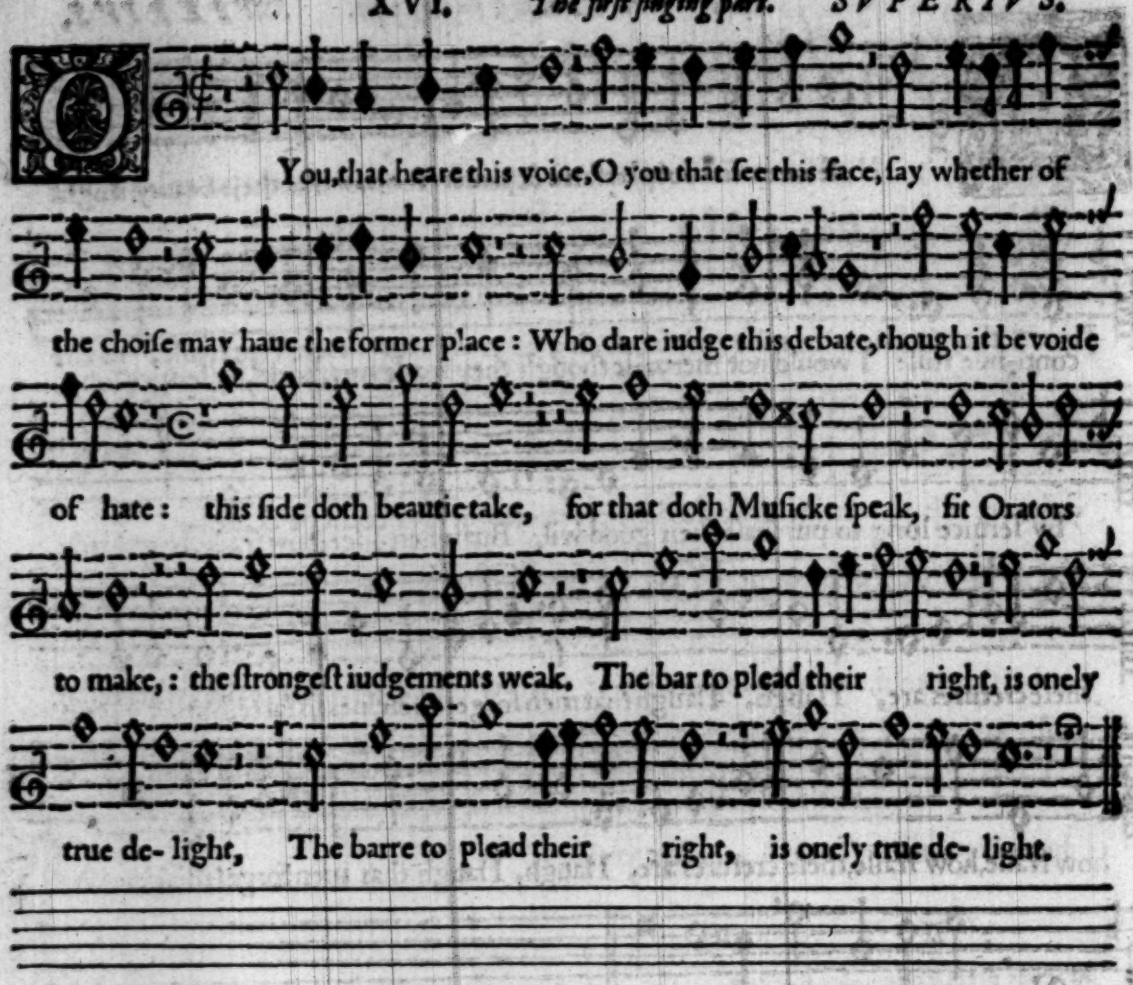
3 But ſhame will not haue reaſon yeeld,
though griefe do ſweare it ſhall be ſo:
as though it were a perfect ſhield,
to bluſh, and feare to tell my woe:
where ſilence force will at the laſt,
to wiſh for wit when hope is paſt.

4 So farre hath fond deſire out runne,
the bond which reaſon ſet out firſt:
that where delight the fray begunne,
I would now ſay, if that I durſt:
that in her ſtead ten thouſand woes,
haue ſprong in field where pleaſure grows

5 O that I might declare the reſt,
of all the toies which fancy turnes:
like towrs of wind within my breſt,
where fire is hid that neuer burnes.
then ſhould I try one of the twaine,
either to loue, or to diſdaine.

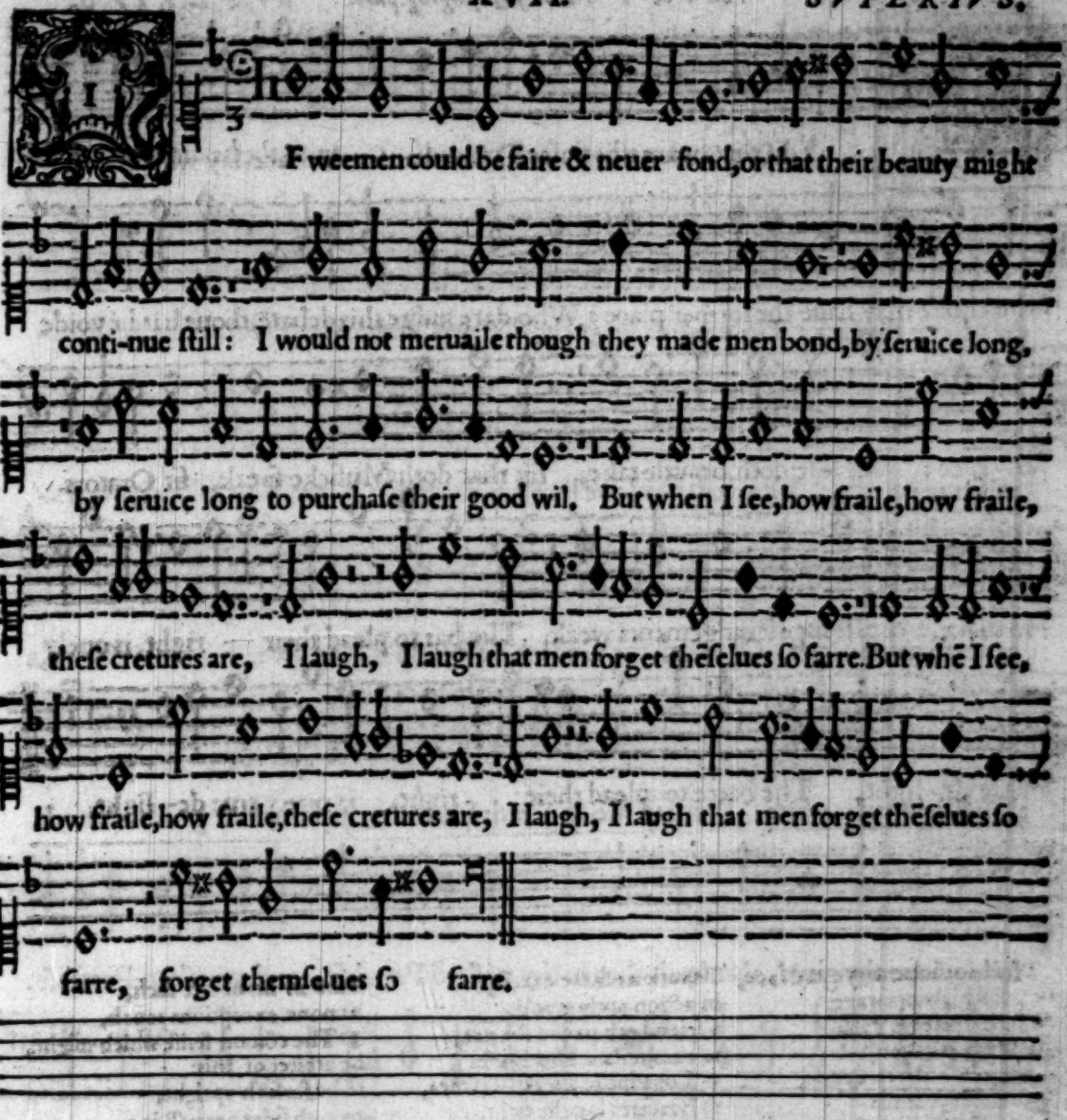
6 But fine conceit dares not declare,
the ſtrange conflict of hope and feare:
leaſt reaſon ſhould be left ſo bare,
that loue durſt whiſper in mine eare,
and tell me how my fancie ſhall,
bring reaſon to be beawties thrall.

7 I muſt therefore with ſilence build,
the Laborinth of my delight:
till loue haue vn'd in open field,
which of the twaine ſhall win the fight:
I feare mee reaſon muſt giue place,
If fancie fond winne beauties grace.



3 Thus doth the voyce and face,
these gentle lawiers wage:
like louing brothers cast.
for fathers heritage:
that ech, while ech contends,
it selfe to other lends.
4 For beautie beautifies,
with heauenly hewe and grace,
the heauenly harmonies,
and in that faultles face,
the perfect beauties be,
a perfect harmonie.
5 Musicke more loftie swells,
in phrases finely plac'd:
Beautie as farre excels,
in action aptly grac'd:
a friend ech partie drawes,
to countenance his cause.
6 Loue more affected seemes,
to Beauties louelie light,
and wonder more esteemes,
of Musicke wond'rous might,
but both to both so bent,
as both in both are spent.
7 Musicke doth witnesse call,
the eare his truth doth trie:
Beautie brings to the hall,
eye witnesse of the eye
eche in his obiect such,
as none exceptions touch,
8 The cõmon sense which might,
be arbiter of this:
to be forsoth vpright,
to both sides parciall is:
he layes on this chiefe prayse,
chiefe praise on that he layes.
9 Then reason, princesse hie,
which sits in throne of mind:
and Musicke can in skye,
with hidden beauties find,
say whether thou wilt crowne,
with limit lesse renowne.

FINIS.



2 To marke what choiſe they make, & how they
How leauing beſt, the worſt they choſe out ſtill: [change,
And how like haggards wilde, about they range,
Skorning after reaſon to follow will.
who would not ſhake ſuch buſſards from the fiſt,
And let them flie [faire fooles] which way they liſt.

3 Yet for our ſport, we fawne & flatter both,
To paſſe the time, when nothing elſe can pleaſe:
And traine them on, to yeeld by ſubtill oath,
The ſweet content, that giues ſuch humer eaſe.
And then we ſay, when we their follies trie,
To play with fooles, Oh what a foole was I.

FINIS.

Mbitious loue hath forſt me to aſ- pire, the beauties rare which

do adorne thy face: Thy modeſt life yet bridles my deſire, whoſe ſeuere law doth pro-

miſe me no grace. But what may loue liue vnder any law. No, no: his power ex-

ceedeth mans cõceit: Of which the Gods thẽſelues do ſtãd in awe: for on his frown, a

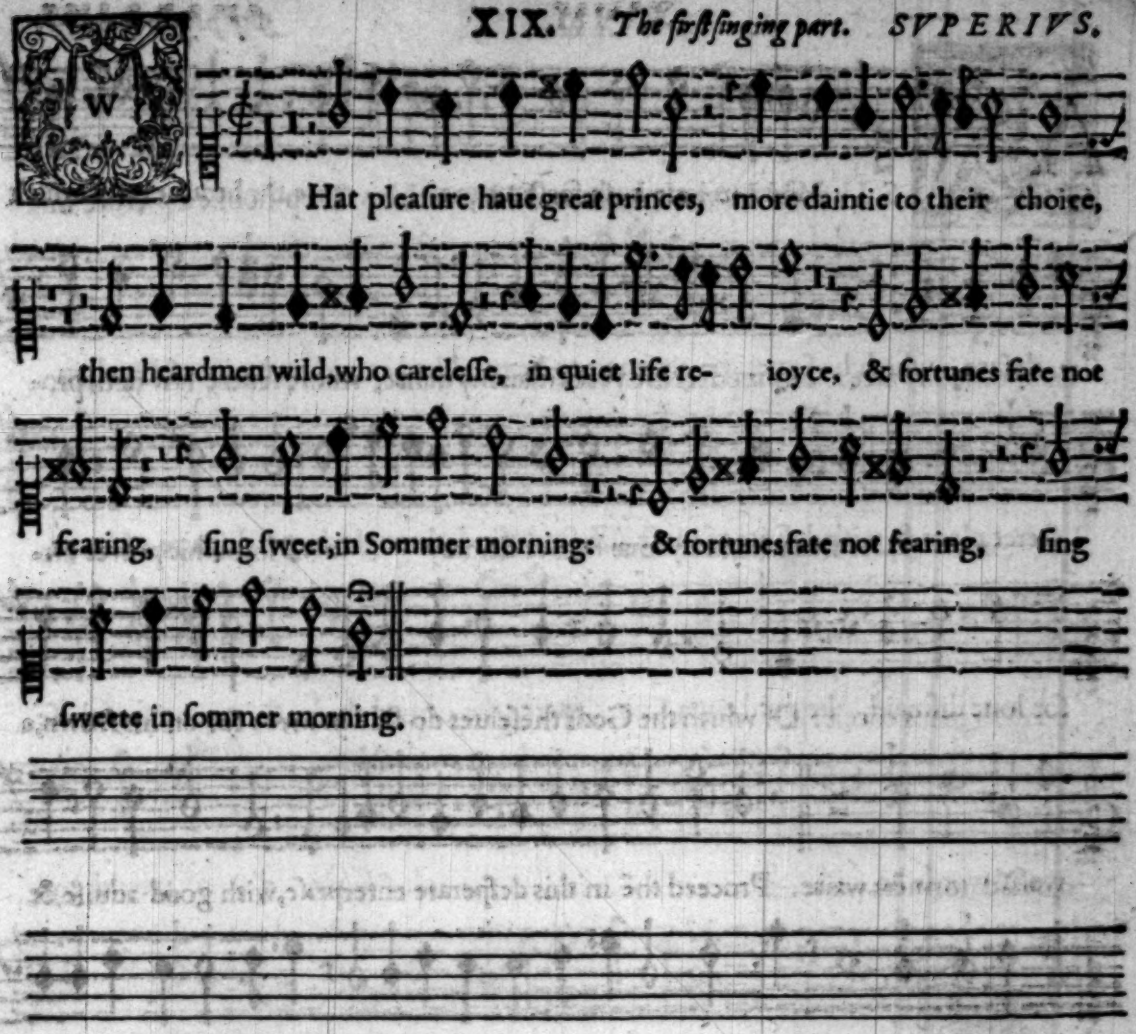
thouſãd tormẽts waite. Proceed thẽ in this deſperate enterpriſe, with good aduiſe, &

follow loue thy guyd, that leads thee to thy wiſhed Paradiſe, to thy wiſhed Paradiſe,

Para- diſe. Thy climing thoughts, this comfort take with all, that if it be thy foule

diſgrace to ſlide, thy braue attẽpt ſhall yet excuſe thy fall, thy braue attempt ſhal yet

excuſe thy fall, ſhall yet excuſe thy fall,



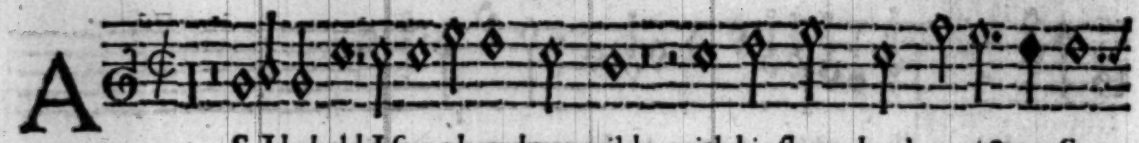
2 Their dealings plaine and rightfull,
are voyd of all diſceit:
they neuer know how ſpightfull
it is to kneele and waite
on fauorite preſumptious,
whoſe pride is vaine and ſumptious.

3 All day their flocks attendeth,
at night they take their reſt,
more quiet than who ſendeth
his ſhip into the Eaſt,
where gold and pearle are plentie,
but getting very daintie.

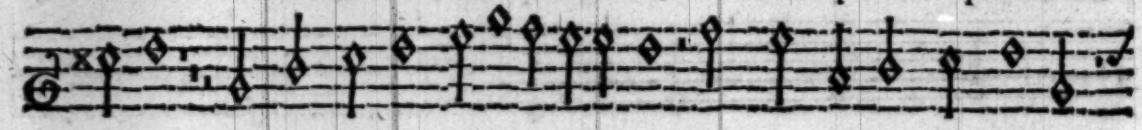
4 For Lawiers and their pleading
the'ſteeme it not a ſtraw,
they think that honeſt meaning
is of it ſelfe a law,
vvhere conſcience iudgeth plainely,
they ſpend no mony vainely.

5 O happie who thus liueth,
not caring much for gold,
with clothing which ſufficeth,
to keepe him from the cold,
though poore and plaine his diet,
yet merry it is and quiet.

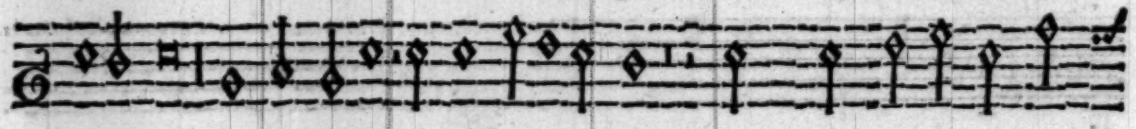
FINIS.



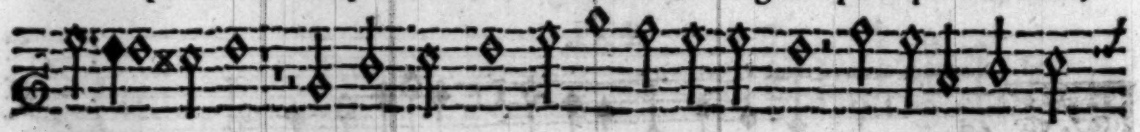
AS I beheld I ſaw a heardman wilde, with his ſheep-hooke a picture fine



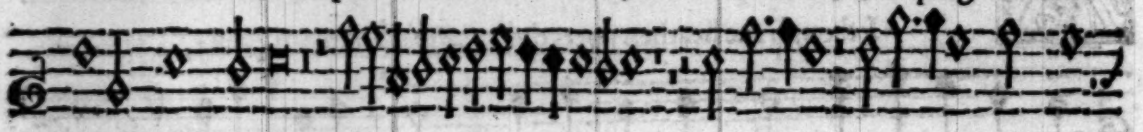
deface, which he ſometime his fancie to beguild, had caru'd on barke of beech, in



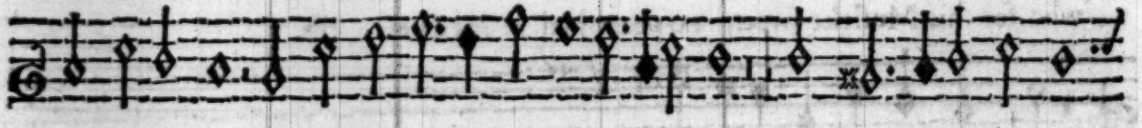
ſecret place, & with deſpite of moſt afflicted mind, through deepe diſpaire of heart,



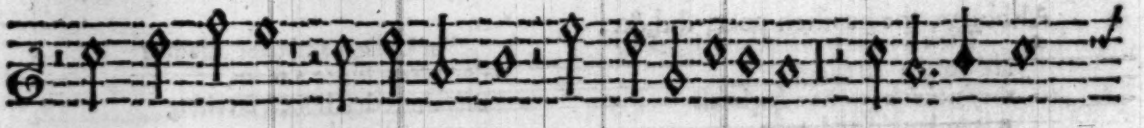
for loue diſmaid, he puld euen from the tree, the carued rinde, & weping ſore theſe



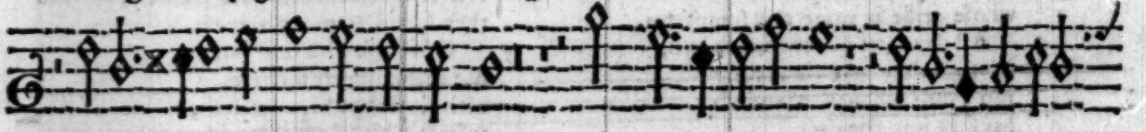
woful words he ſaid, :||: ah *Philida*, :||: would god



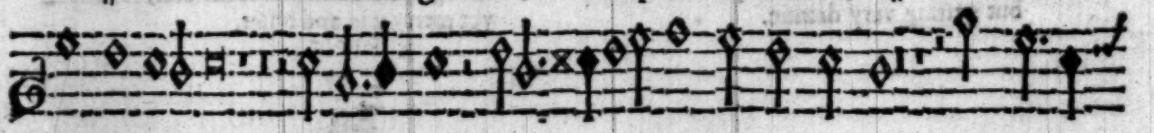
thy picture faire, I could as lightlie blot out of my breſt, then ſhould I not thus rage,



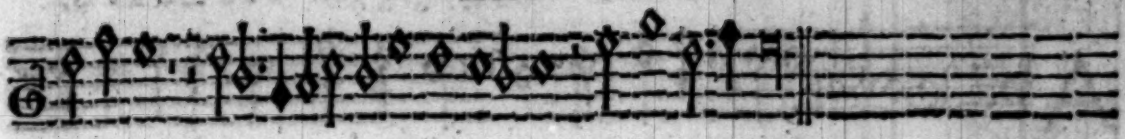
with great diſpight, & teare the thing ſometime I liked beſt, but all in vaine,



:||: it booteth not god wot, what printed is in hart, :||:

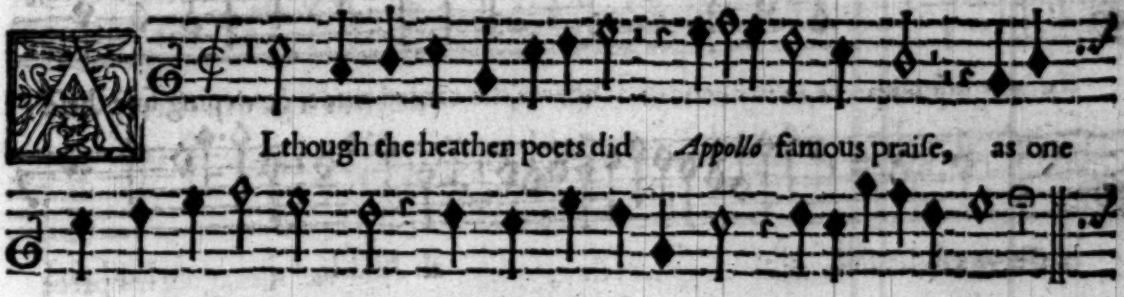


on tree to blot, but all in vaine, :||: it booteth not god wot, what printed



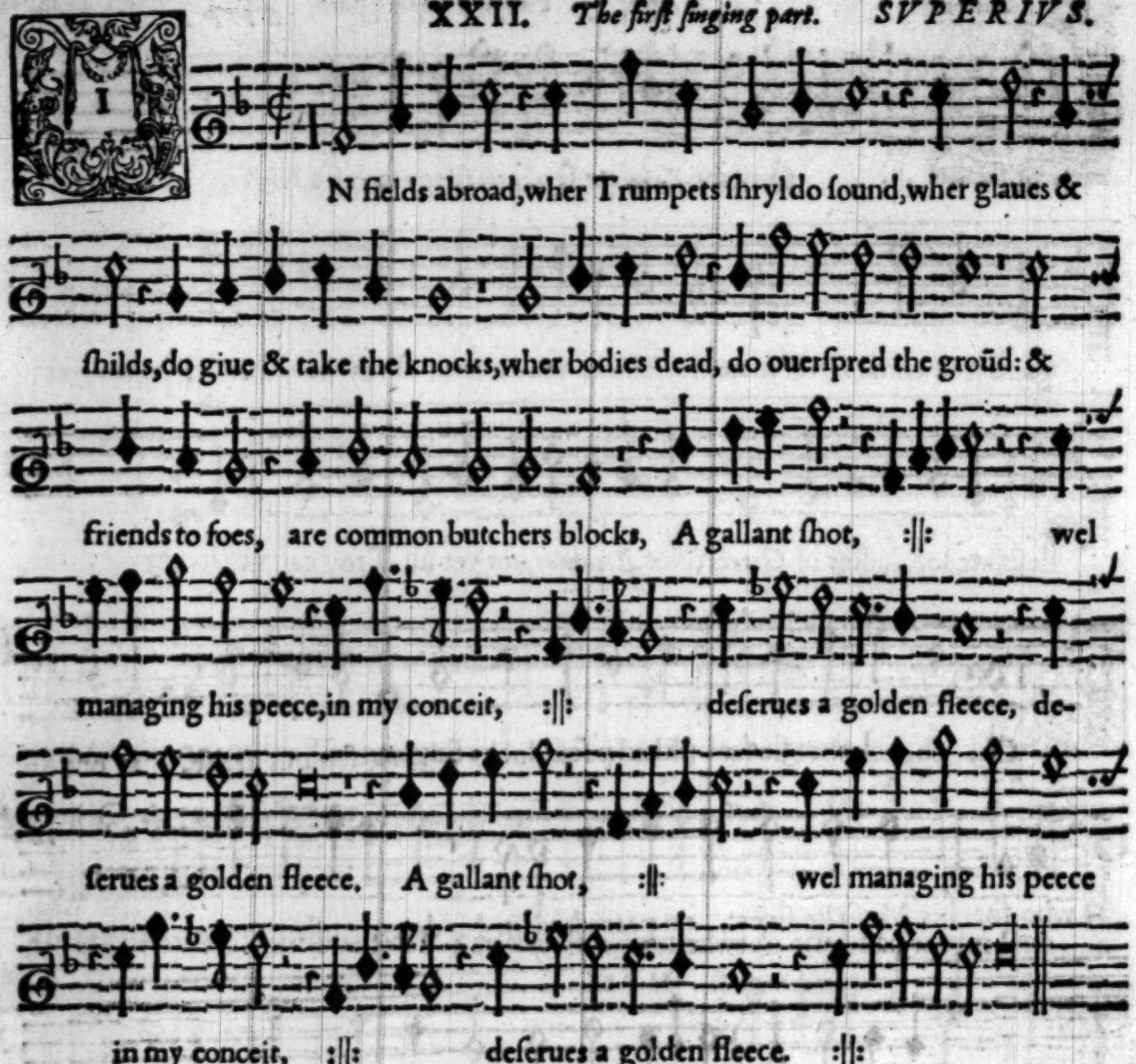
is in hart, :||: on tree to blot, on tree to blot.

XXI.



Although the heathen poets did *Appollo* famous praiſe, as one who for his Muſicke ſweet, no peare had in his daies. :||:

Although the heathen poets did,&c.

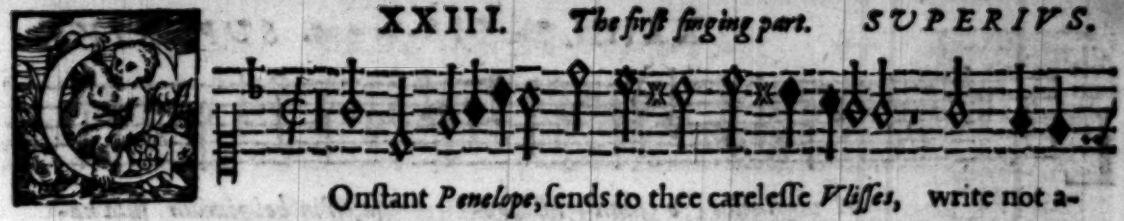


2 Amid the seas, a gallant ship set out,
where in nor men nor yet munitions lacks,
in greateſt windes that spareth not a clout,
but cuts the waues in spight of wethers wracks,
would force a swain that coms of cowards kinde,
to change him selfe and be of noble minde.

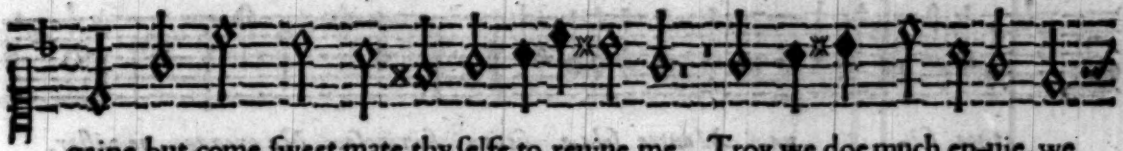
3 VVho makes his seat a stately stamping stead,
whose neighes & playes are princely to behold,
vvhose courage stout, vvhose eies are fiery red,
vvhose ioynts vvel knit, vvhose harnes all of gold
doth vvell deserue to be no meaner thing,
then Percia knight whose horse made him a king.

4 By that bedside vvhere sits a gallant Dame,
vvho casteth of hir braue and rich attyre,
vvhose petecote sets forth as faire a frame,
as mortall men or gods can vvell desire,
vvho sits and sees hir pettecote vnlast,
I say no more the rest are all disgrast.

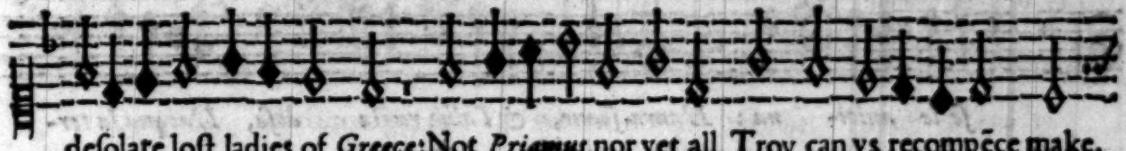
FINIS.



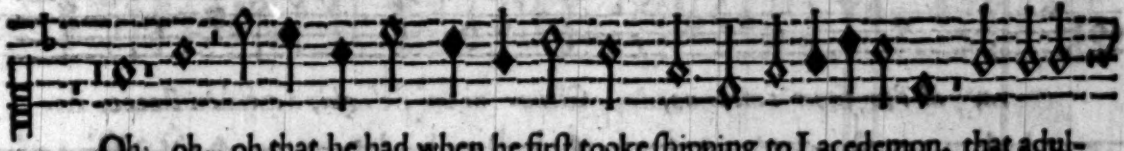
Onſtant *Penelope*, ſends to thee careleſſe *Vliſſes*, write not a-



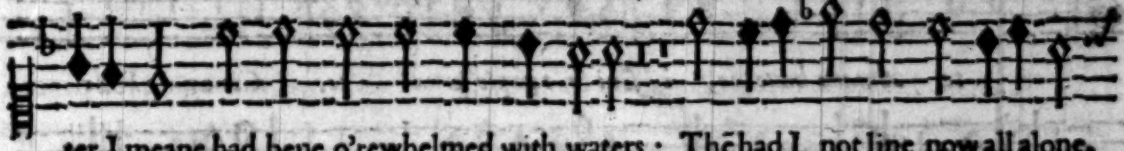
gaine, but come ſweet mate thy ſelfe to reuiue me. Troy we doe much en-uie, we



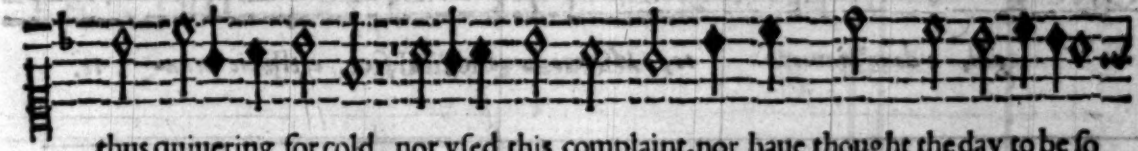
deſolate loſt ladies of *Greece*: Not *Priamus*, nor yet all Troy can vs recompẽce make.



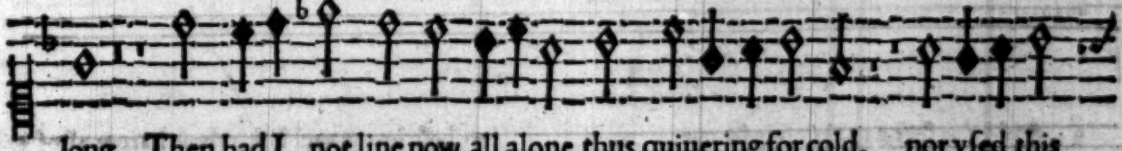
Oh, oh, oh, that he had when he firſt tooke ſhipping to Lacedemon, that adul-



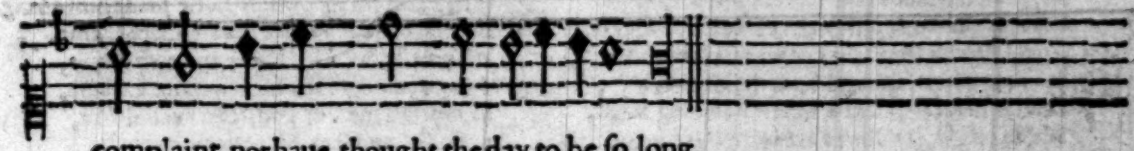
ter I meane, had bene o'rewhelmed with waters: Thẽ had I not liue now all alone,



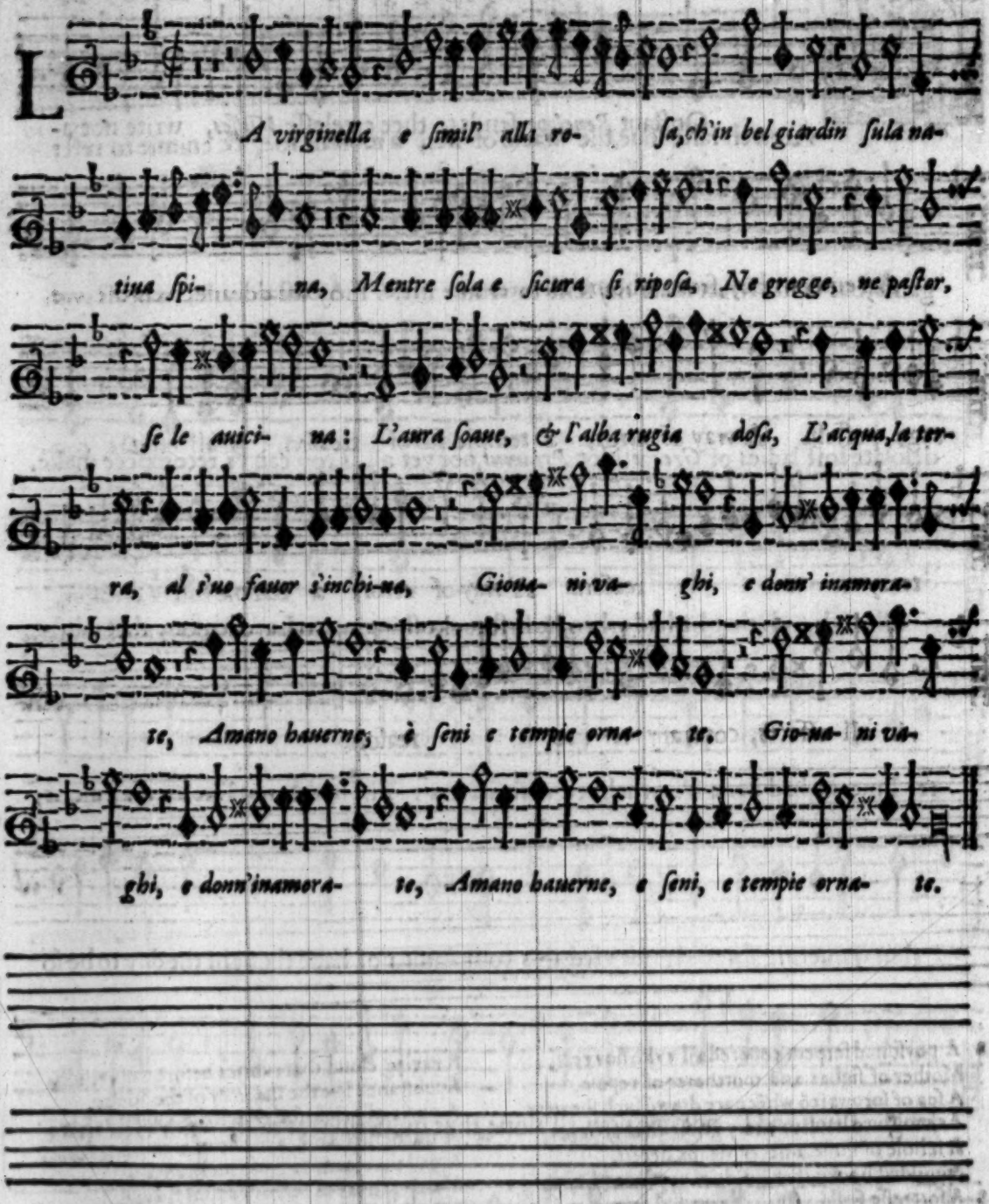
thus quiuering for cold, nor vſed this complaint, nor haue thought the day to be ſo

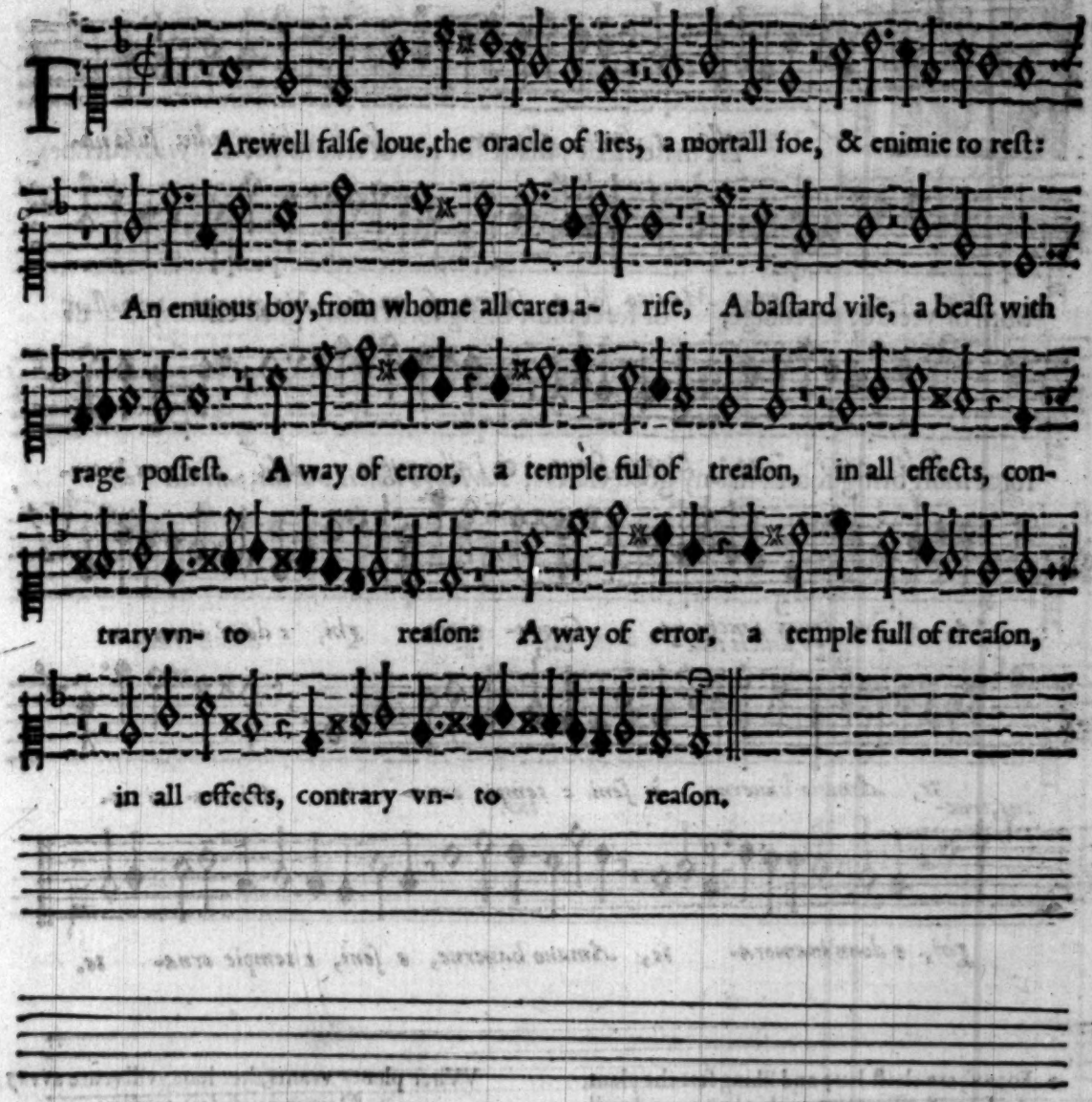


long. Then had I not liue now all alone thus quiuering for cold, nor vſed this



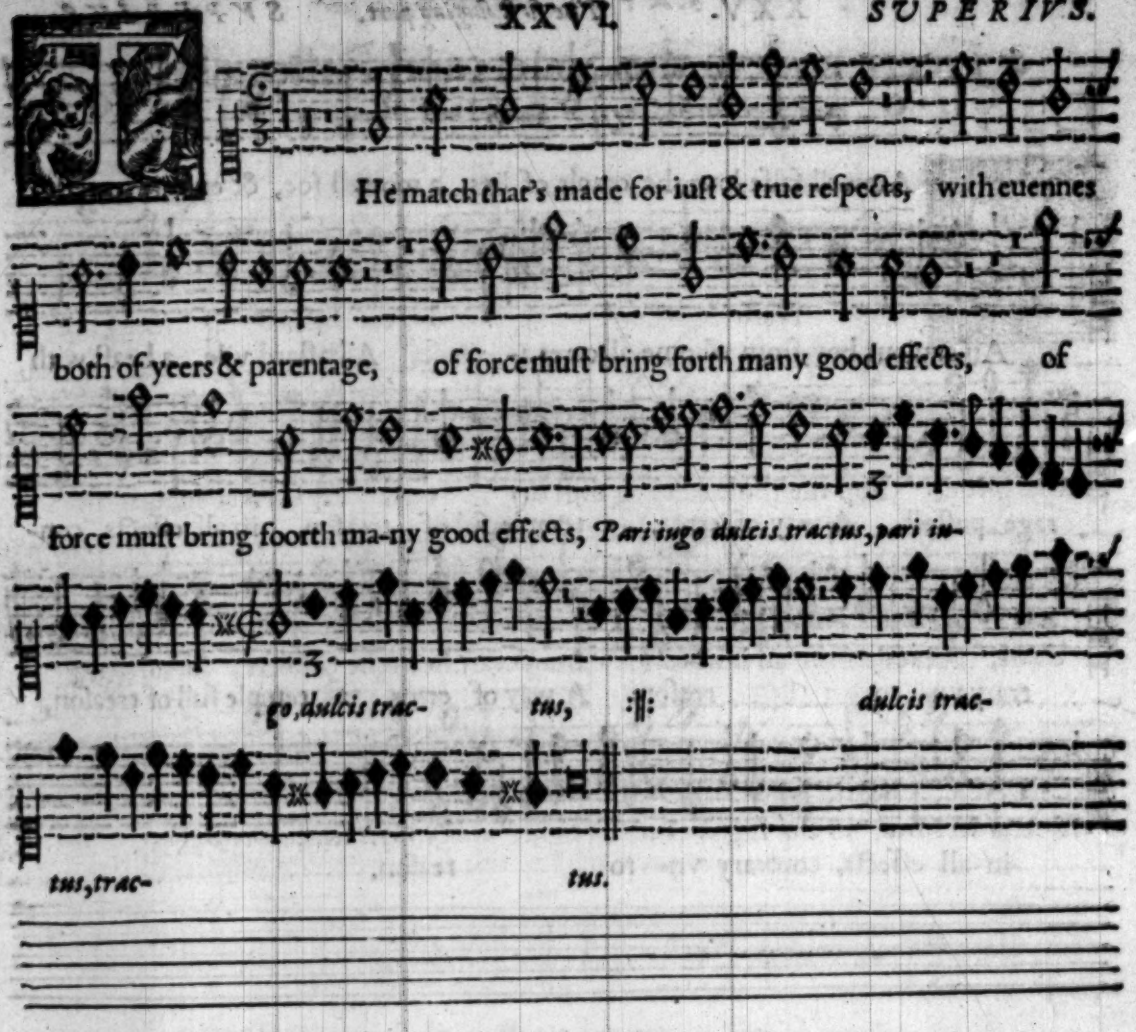
complaint, nor haue thought the day to be ſo long.


L A virginella e ſimil' alla roſa, ch'in bel giardin ſula natina ſpina, Mentre ſola e ſicura ſi ripoſa, Ne gregge, ne paſtor, ſe le auicina: L'aura ſoaue, & l'alba rugia doſa, L'acqua, la terra, al ſ'uo fauor s'inchina, Giouani vaghi, e donn' inamorate, Amano hauerne, è ſeni e tempie ornate. Giouani vaghi, e donn'inamorate, Amano hauerne, e ſeni, e tempie ornate.



2 A poysoned serpent couered all vvith flovvers,
Mother of sighes, and murtherer of repose,
A sea of sorows frō whēce are drawē such showers
As moisture lend to euery griefe that grovves,
A schole of guile, a net of deepe deceit,
A guilded hooke, that holds a poysoned bayte,
3 A fortresse foyld, vvhich reason dyd defend,
A Syren song, a feauer of the minde,
A maze vvherein affection finds no end,
A raging cloud that runnes before the vvinde,
A substance like the shadovv of the Sunne,
A goale of griefe for vvhich the vviset tunne.
4 A quenchlesse fire, a nurse of trembling feare,
A path that leads to perill and mishap,
A true retreat of sorrovv and dispayre,
An idle boy that sleepes in pleasures lap,
A deepe mistrust of that vvhich certaine seemes,
A hope of that vvhich reason doubtfull deemes.

FINIS.



2 For vvhere chaſt loue and liking ſets the plant,
And concord vvaters vvith a firme good vvill,
Of no good thing there can be any vvant.
Pari ingo dulcis tractus.

3 Sound is the knot that chaſtitie hath tyde,
Svveet is the Muſicke vnitie doth make,
Sure is the ſtore that plentie doth prouide.
Pari ingo dulcis tractus.

4 VVher chaſtnes fayles, ther concord vvill decay,
VVher concord fleets, ther plentie vvill decreaſe,
VVher plenty vvants, ther loue vvill veare avvay
Pari ingo dulcis tractus.

5 I chaſtitie reſtraine all ſtrange deſires,
I concord keepe the courſe of ſound conſent,
I plentie ſpare, and ſpend as cauſe requires.
Pari ingo dulcis tractus.

6 make much of vs all ye that married bee,
Speake vvell of vs all ye that minde to bee,
The tyme may come, to vvant and vviſh all three.
Pari ingo dulcis tractus.

FINIS.

¶ Heere endeth the Sonets and Pastoralles,

and beginneth Songes of Sadnes and Pietie.

Rostrate ô Lord :||: I lie, behold, :||: mee Lord

with pittie, stop not thine eares against my crie, my sad and mourning

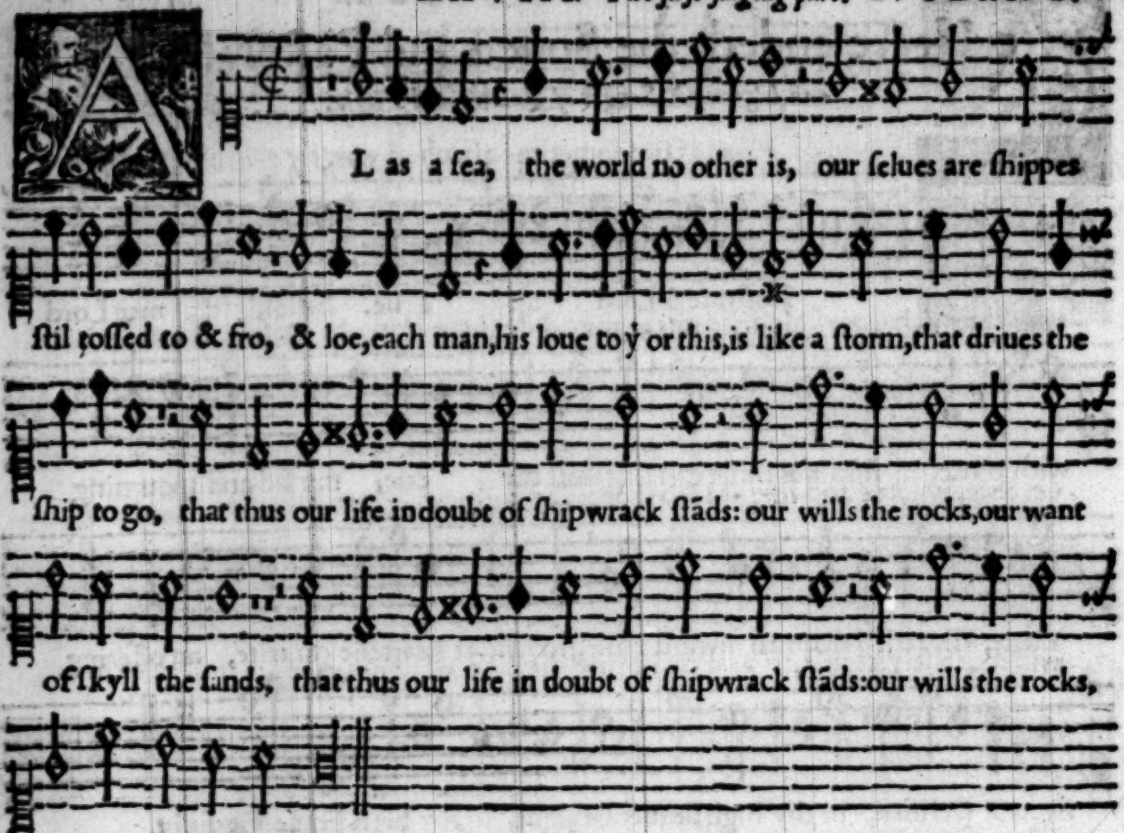
dittie, Breath'd from an inward soule, from heart heartelie contrite, an offering

sweet, a sacrifice, in thy high heauenlie sight, in thy high heauenlie sight.

2 Obserue not sinnes O Lord,
for vvho may then abide it,
but let thy mercie cancell them,
thou hast not man deni'd it,
man melting vvith remorse and thoughts,
thought past repenting,
O lighten Lord, O heare our songs,
our sinnes full sore lamenting.

3 The vvonders of thy vvorks,
aboue all reason reacheth,
and yet thy mercie aboue all
this, vs thy Spirit teacheth,
then let no sinner fall,
in depth of soule dispaire,
since neuer soule so soule there vvas,
but mercie made it faire.

FINIS.



2 Our paſſions be the Pirates ſtill that ſpoyle,
and ouerboard caſt's out our reaſons fraight:
the Marriners that day and night doe toyle,
be our conceits that doe on pleaſure vvaight:
pleaſure Maſter doth tirannize the ſhip,
and giueth vertue ſecretly the nip.

3 The Compaſſe is a minde to compas all,
both pleaſure, profit, place and fame for naught:
the vvinds that blovv, men ouer vveening call,
the Merchandiſe is vvit full deerely bought:
triall the'Anker, caſt vpon experience,
for labor, lyfe, and all a doe the recompence.

FINIS.

*V*sanna faire sometime assaulted was, by two olde men, desi-

ring their delight: whose false intent, they thought to bring to passe, if not by ten-

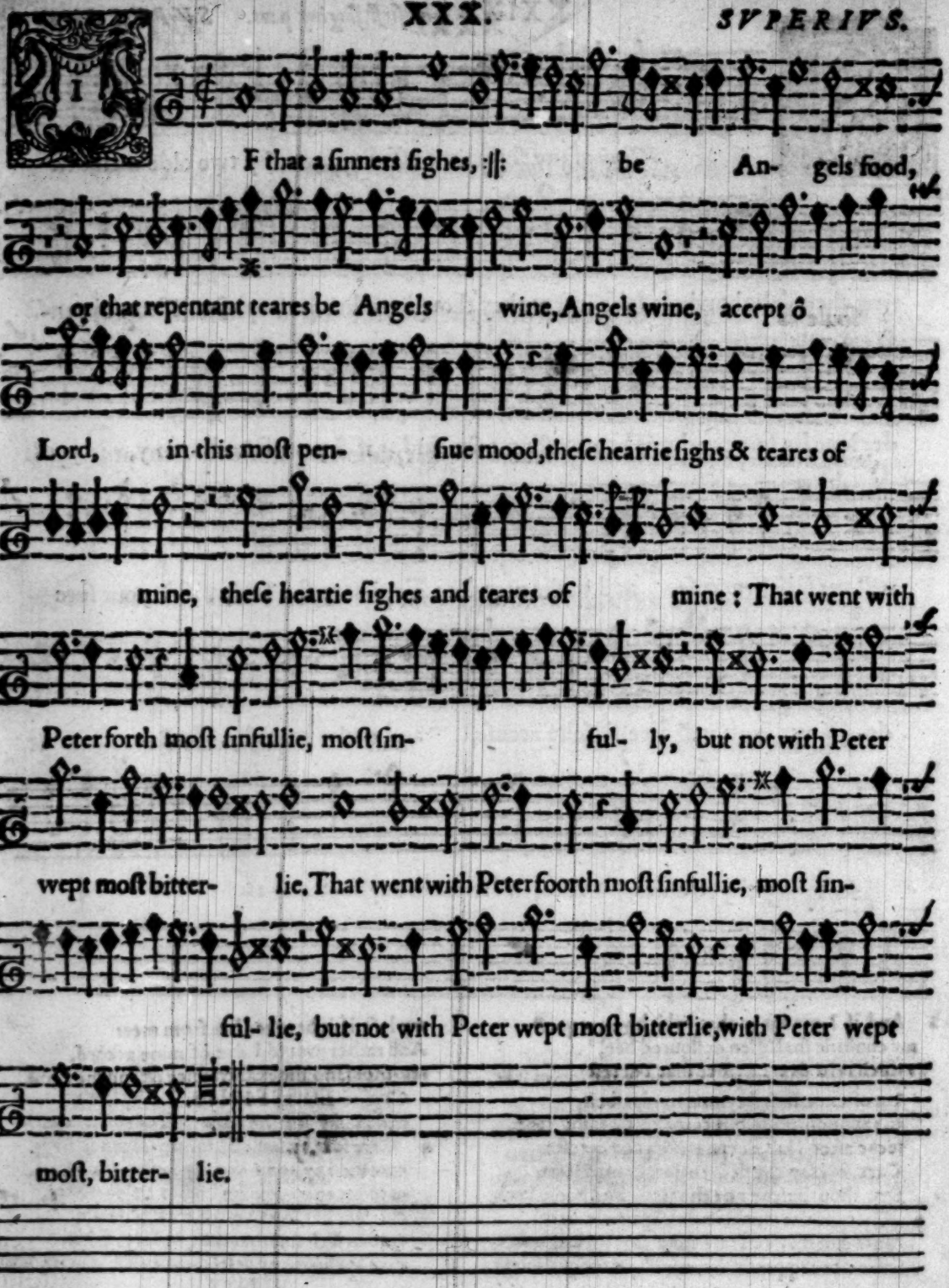
der loue, by force and might: to whome she said, if I your sute de- ny, you

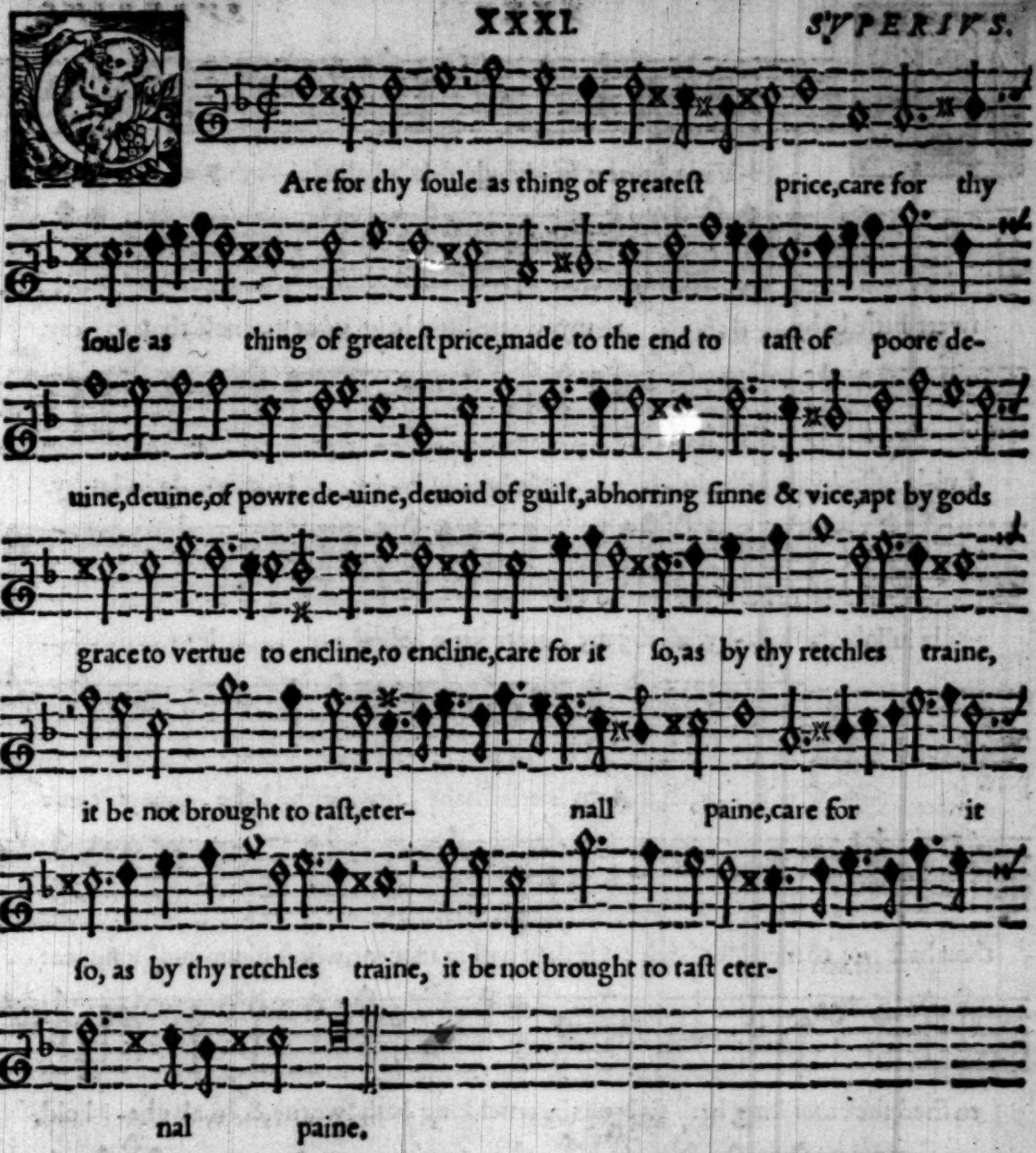
will me falsely accuse, and make mee die: To whom she said, if I your sute

de- ny, you will mee falselie accuse, and make mee die.

2 And if I graunt to that vvhich you request,
my chastitie shall then defloured bee,
vvhich is so deere to mee that I detest
my lyfe, if it berefted bee from mee:
And rather vvould I dye of mine accord,
ten thousand times, then once offend the Lord.

FINIS.


I F that a sinners sighes, ||: be An- gels food,
or that repentant teares be Angels wine, Angels wine, accept ô
Lord, in this most pen- siue mood, these heartie sighs & teares of
mine, these heartie sighes and teares of mine : That went with
Peter forth most sinfullie, most sin- ful- ly, but not with Peter
wept most bitter- lie. That went with Peter foorth most sinfullie, most sin-
ful- lie, but not with Peter wept most bitterlie, with Peter wept
most, bitter- lie.



2 Care for thy corps, but chiefly for ſoules ſake,
cut of exceſſe, ſuſteyning food is beſt,
to vanquiſh pride, but comelie clothing take,
ſeeke after ſkill, deepe ignorance deteſt:
Care ſo I ſay, the fleſh to feede and cloth,
that thou harme not thy ſoule and bodie both.

3 Care for the world to do thy bodie right,
racke not thy vvit to winne thy wicked waies,
ſeeke not t'oppreſſe the weak by wrongful might,
to pay thy dew do baniſh all delayes:
Care to diſpend according to thy ſtore,
and in like ſort be mindefull of the poore.

4 Care for thy ſoule, as for thy chiefeſt ſtay,
care for thy bodie for thy ſoules auaile,
care for the world for bodies helpe alway,
care yet but ſo as vertue may preuaile,
care in ſuch ſort that thou be ſure of this,
care keepe thee not frō heauen & heauenly bliſſe.

FINIS.

Vl-la, lullaby, lul- laby, lul-la lullaby, lul- la, lul-'a- by, my

sweet little, baby, :‖: my sweete little baby, what meaneſt thou to cry,

Lul-la, lulla-by, la lulla, lul- la, lulla-by, la lulla lulla- by, la lulla la lulla- by,

la lullaby, la lulla-by, lullaby my sweete little baby, ba- by.

The second part.

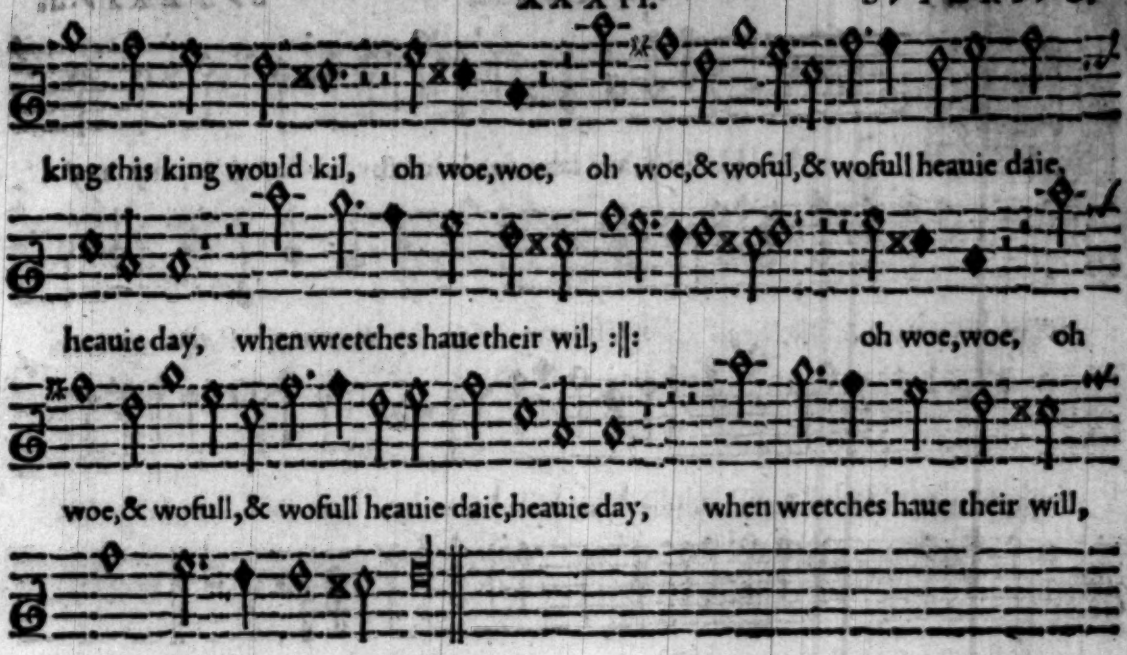
BE still my bleſſed babe, my bleſſed babe, though cauſe

thou haſt to mourne: thogh cauſe thou haſt to mourne, whoſe bloud moſt innocent

to ſhed, the cruel king hath ſworne, the cruel king hath ſworne, & lo, alas, be- hold,

what ſlaughter he doth make, ſhedding the bloud of in-fants all, of in- fants all

ſweet ſauiour for thy ſake, for thy ſake. A King, a King is borne, they ſay: which



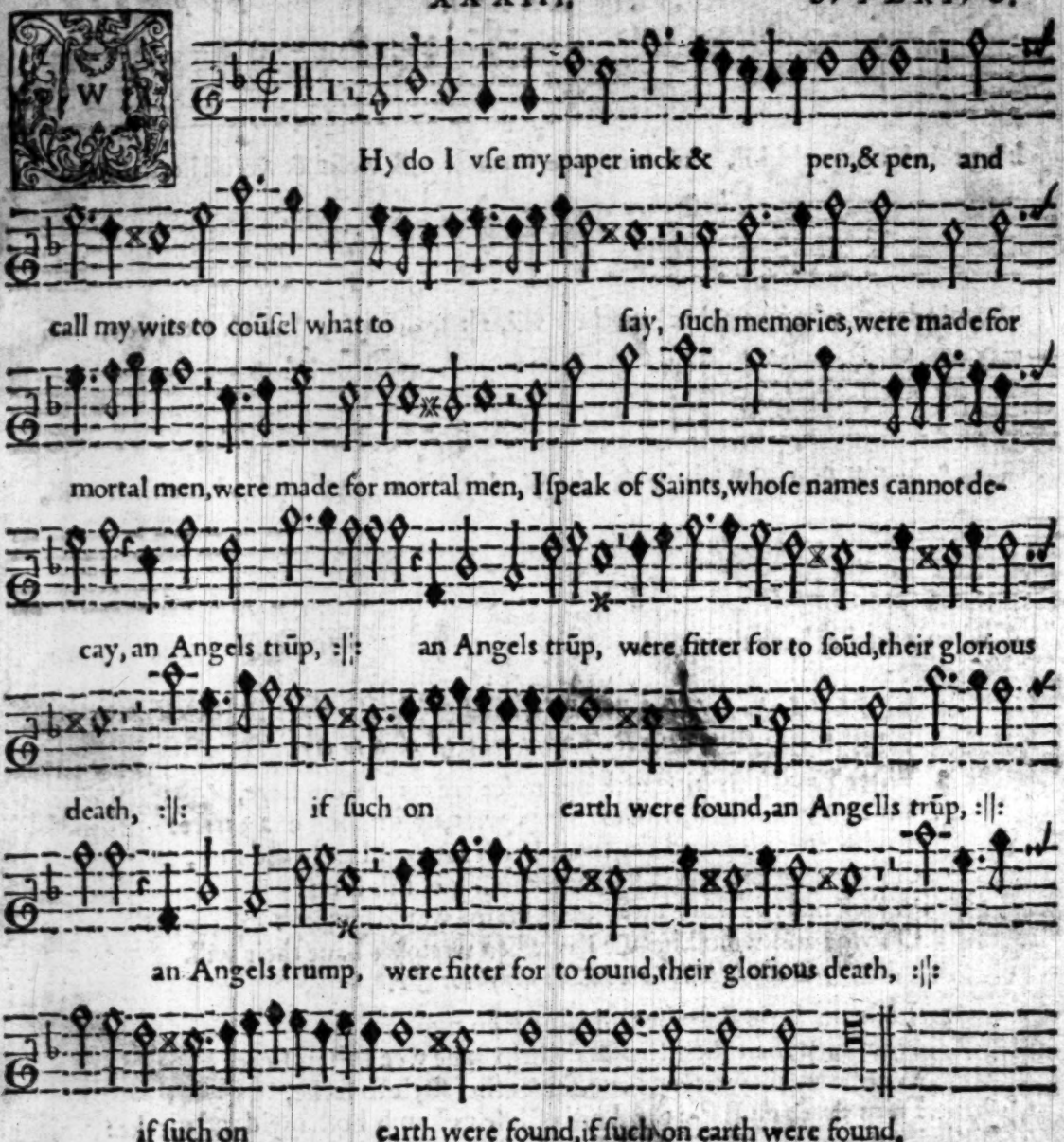
Lulla,la lulla,lulla lullaby,
My ſweet little Baby,what meaneſt thou to cry:

2 Three kings this king of kings to ſee,are come from farre,
To each vnknowen,with offerings great,by guiding of a Starre:
And ſhepherds heard the ſong,which Angells bright did ſing,
Giuing all glory vnto God,for comming of this king:
Which muſt be made away,king Herod would him kill,
Oh woe and wofull heauie day,when wretches haue their will.
Lulla,la lulla,lulla lullaby,my ſweet &c.

3 Lo,lo,my little Babe,be ſtill,lament no more,
From fury ſhalt thou ſtep aſide,help haue wee ſtill in ſtore:
Wee heauenly warning haue,ſome other ſoyle to ſeeke,
From death muſt flie the Lord of lyfe,as Lamb both myld and meeke:
Thus muſt my Babe obey the king that would him kill,
Oh wo,and wofull heauy day,when wretches haue their will.
Lulla la lulla,lulla lullaby,my ſweet &c.

4 But thou ſhalt liue and raigne,as *Sibilles* haue foreſaide,
As all the Prophets Propheſie,whoſe mother yet a maide,
And perfect virgin pure,with hir breſts ſhall vpbreed,
Both God and man that all hath made,the Sunne of heauenly ſeed:
Whom caytiues none can tray,whom tirants none can kill,
Oh ioy,and ioyfull happy day,when wretches want their will.

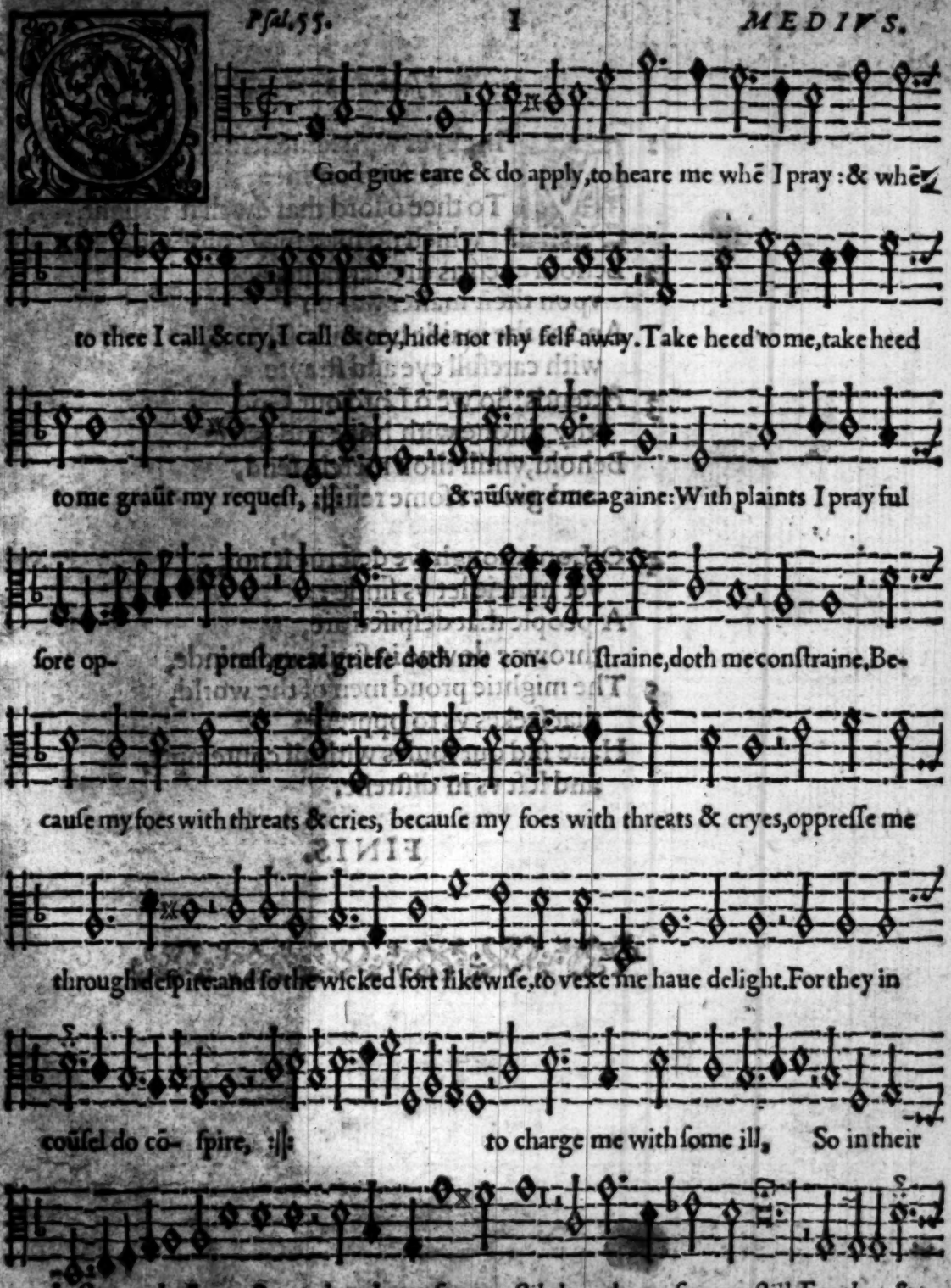
FINIS.



1 That ſtoare of ſuch were once on earth purſu'd,
the hiſtories of auncient times record,
whoſe conſtancie great tirants rage ſubdu'd,
through patiẽt death profeſsing Chriſt their Lord,
as his Apoſtles perfect witneſſe bare.
with many more that bleſſed Martirs were.

2 VVhoſe patiẽce rare & moſt courageous minde,
with fame renoum'd perpetuall ſhall endure,
by whoſe examples we may rightlie find,
of holie life and death a patterne pure:
that we therefore their vertues may embrace,
pray we to Chriſt to guide vs with his grace.

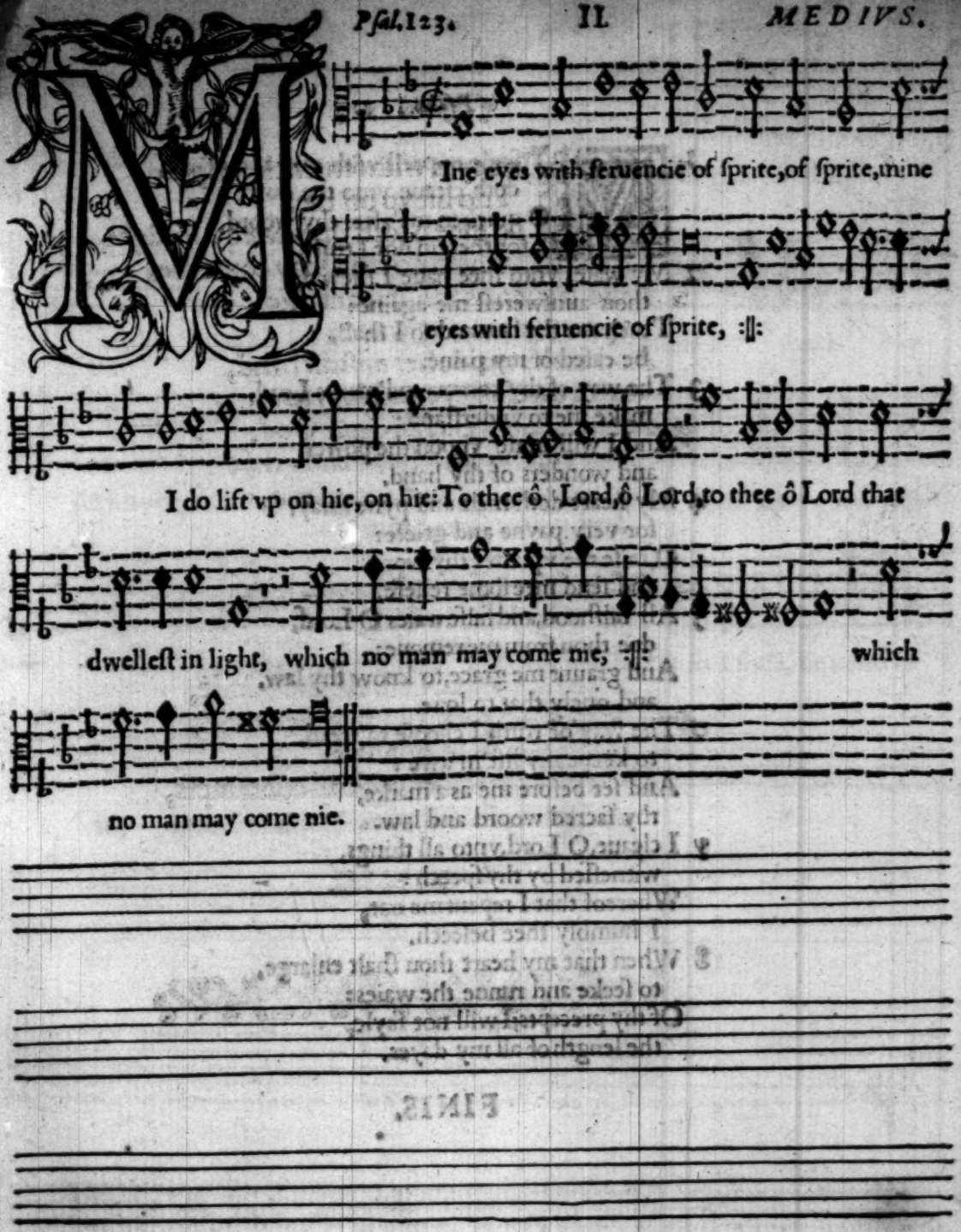
FINIS.


God giue eare & do apply, to heare me whē I pray: & whē
to thee I call & cry, I call & cry, hide not thy ſelf away. Take heed to me, take heed
to me graūt my requeſt, & aūſwere me againe: With plaints I pray ful
ſore op- preſt, great griefe doth me con- ſtraine, doth me conſtraine, Be-
cauſe my foes with threats & cries, becauſe my foes with threats & cryes, oppreſſe me
through deſpite: and ſo the wicked ſort likewiſe, to vexe me haue delight. For they in
coūſel do cō- ſpire, to charge me with ſome ill, So in their
haſty wrath & yre, & yre, they do purſue me ſtil, they do purſue me ſtill. For they &c.

1 Ine eyes with feruencie of ſprite,
I do lift vp on hie:
To thee ô lord that dwell'ſt in light,
which no man may come nie.
2 Behold euen as the ſeruants eies,
vpon their maſter waite:
And as the maide her miſtriſt hand,
with carefull eye and ſtrayte
3 Attends: So we ô Lord our God,
thy throne with hope and griefe
Behold, vntill thou mercie ſend,
and giue vs ſome relife.

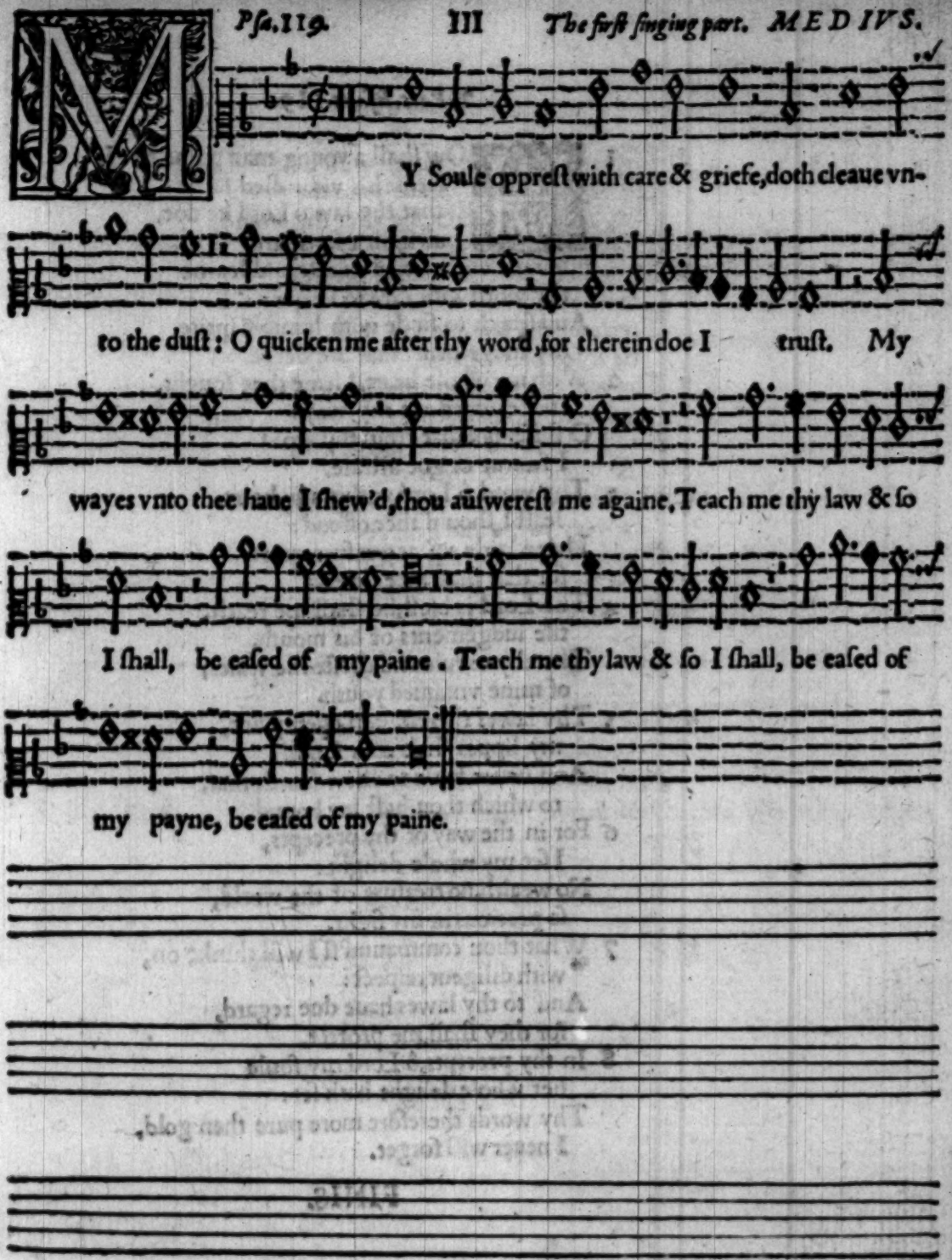
4 O Lord though we deſerue it not,
yet mercie let vs finde:
A people that deſpiſed are,
throwne downe in ſoule and minde,
5 The mightie proud men of the world,
that ſeekes vs to oppreſſe:
Haue fild our ſoules with all contempts,
and left vs in diſtreſſe.

FINIS.


Mine eyes with feruencie of ſprite, of ſprite, mine
eyes with feruencie of ſprite, :||:
I do lift vp on hie, on hie: To thee ô Lord, ô Lord, to thee ô Lord that
dwelleſt in light, which no man may come nie, :||: which
no man may come nie.

1 MY ſoule oppreſt with care and griefe,
doth cleaue vnto the duſt:
O quicken me after thy woord,
for therein doe I truſt.
2 My waies vnto thee haue I ſhew'd,
thou aunſwereſt me againe:
Teach me thy law and ſo I ſhall,
be eaſed of my paine.
3 The way of thy commaund'ments Lord,
make me to vnderſtand:
And I will muſe vppon the power,
and wonders of thy hand.
4 My heart doth melt and pyne away,
for very payne and griefe:
O,raiſe me vp,after thy word,
and ſend mee ſome reliefe.
5 All falſhood,and falſe waies O Lord,
doe thou from me remoue:
And graunt me grace,to know thy law,
and onely that to loue.
6 The way of truth I chooſe to tread,
to keepe my life in awe:
And ſet before me as a marke,
thy ſacred woord and law.
7 I cleaue,O Lord,vnto all things,
witneſſed by thy ſpeech:
Whereof that I repent me not,
I humbly thee beſeech.
8 When that my heart thou ſhalt enlarge,
to ſeeke and runne the waies:
Of thy precepts,I will not fayle,
the length of all my dayes.

FINIS.


MY Soule oppreſt with care & griefe, doth cleaue vn-
to the duſt: O quicken me after thy word, for therein doe I truſt. My
wayes vnto thee haue I ſhew'd, thou aũſwereſt me againe, Teach me thy law & ſo
I ſhall, be eaſed of my paine. Teach me thy law & ſo I ſhall, be eaſed of
my payne, be eaſed of my paine.

1 HOw shall a young man prone to ill,
cleanse his vnbridled heart?
If that thy law, ô Lord he doe,
all frailtie set apart.
Embrace with setled minde, and learne
thy word with care to keepe:
And search to finde with humble sprite,
thy iudgements that are deepe.

2 With my whole heart, I haue thee sought,
and searched out thy way:
O suffer not that from thy word
I swarue or goe astraie.

3 Thy word ô Lord, within my heart,
least I should thee offend:
I haue laide vp as treasure great,
for that shall mee defend.

4 The Lord is blest, he shall me teach,
the iudgements of his mouth,
Thereby to rule and dresse the waies,
of mine vntamed youth.

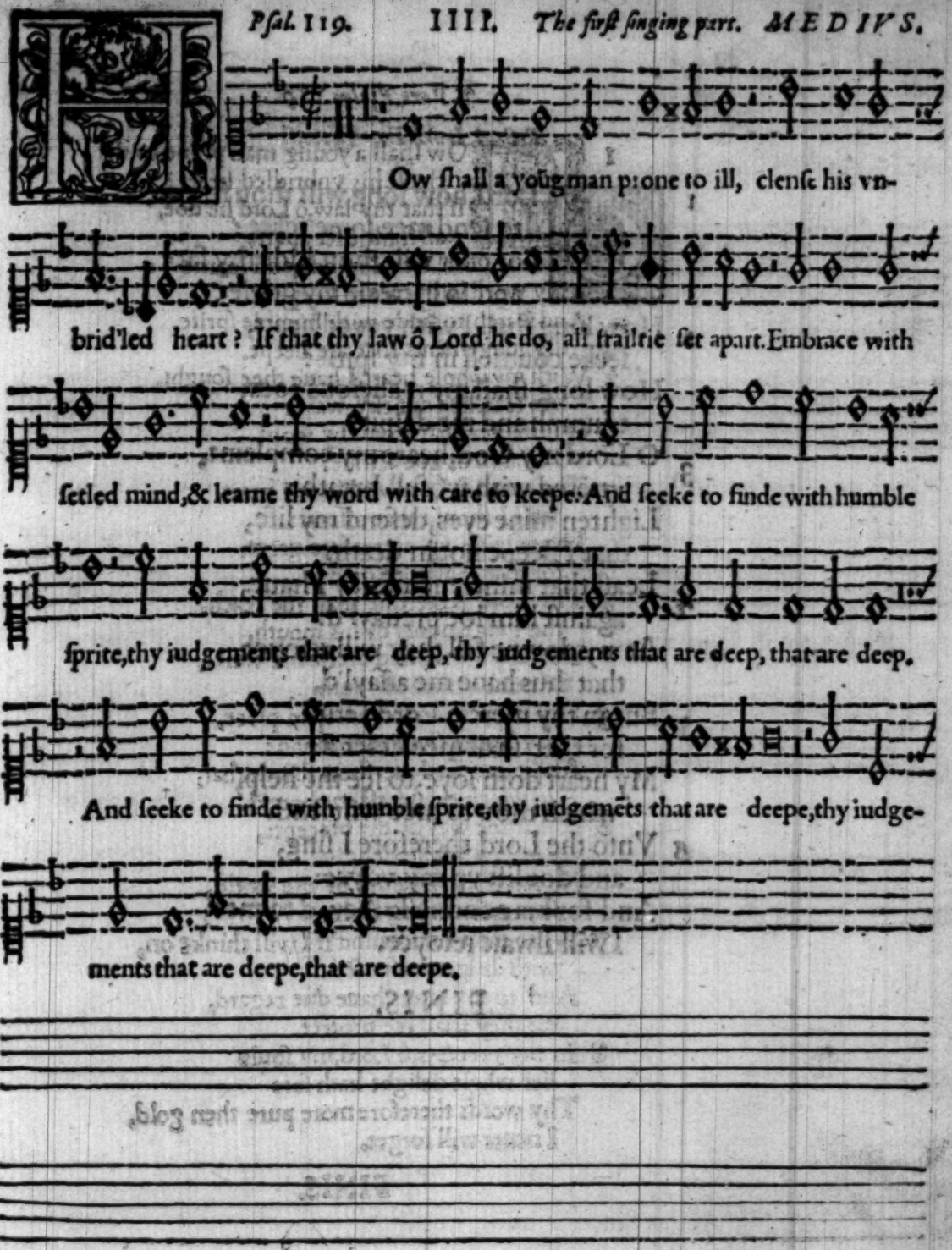
5 Thy lawes therefore, in open place,
my lippes shall euer sound:
And neuer fayle to shew foorth that,
to which thou hast me bound.

6 For in the way of thy precepts,
I set my whole delight:
No wealth, no treasure of the world,
so precious in my sight.

7 What thou commaund'st I will thinke on,
with diligent respect:
And to thy lawes haue due regard,
for they shall me protect.

8 In thy precepts, ô Lord, my soule
her whole delight hath set:
Thy words therefore more pure then gold,
I neuer will forget.

FINIS.


How shall a young man prone to ill, clense his vn-
brid'led heart? If that thy law ô Lord he do, all frailtie set apart. Embrace with
setled mind, & learne thy word with care to keepe: And seeke to finde with humble
sprite, thy iudgements that are deep, thy iudgements that are deep, that are deep.
And seeke to finde with humble sprite, thy iudgemēts that are deepe, thy iudge-
ments that are deepe, that are deepe.

PSALME. 13.

1 O Lord, how long wilt thou forget,
to send mee some relife?
For euer wilt thou hide thy face,
and so increase my griefe?

2 How long shall I with vexed heart,
seeke counsell in my spirit?
How long shall my malicious foes,
triumph and me despit?

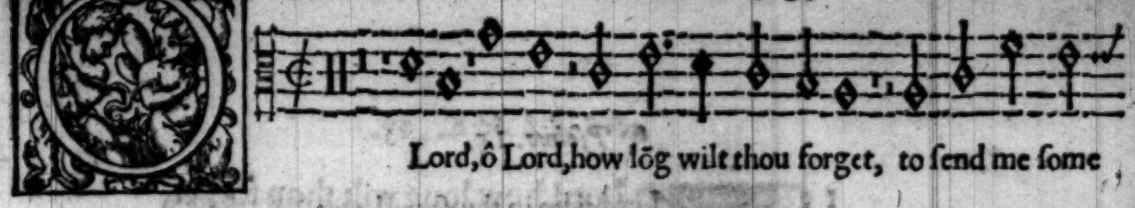
3 O Lord my God, heare my complaint,
vttered with wofull breath:
Lighten mine eyes, defend my life,
that I sleepe not in death.

4 Least that mine enemie say I haue,
against him loe preuayl'd:
At my downe fall they will reioyce,
that thus haue me assayl'd.

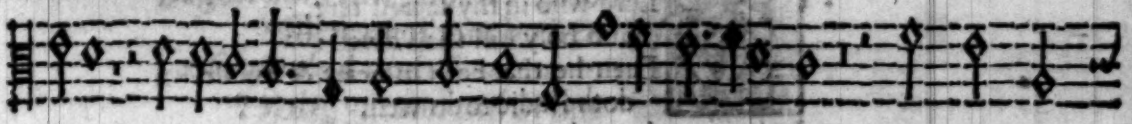
5 But in thy mercie Lord I trust,
for that shall mee defend:
My heart doth ioye, to see the help,
which thou to mee wilt send.

6 Vnto the Lord therefore I sing,
and doe lift vp my voyce:
And for his goodnesse shew'd to mee,
I will alwaie reioyce.

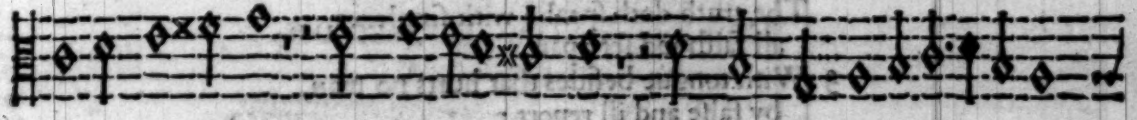
FINIS.



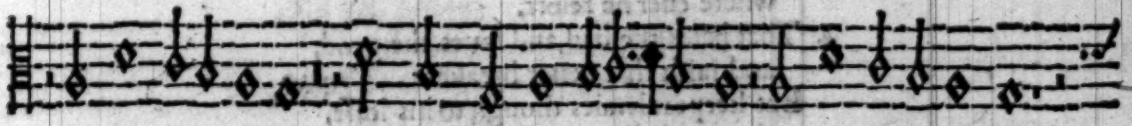
O Lord, ô Lord, how lõg wilt thou forget, to ſend me ſome



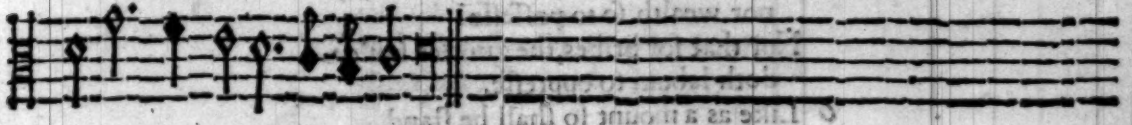
relife? For euer wilt thou hide thy face, and ſo increaſe my griefe? How long ſhall



I with vexed heart, ſeeke coũcel in my ſprite? How long ſhall my malicious foes,



triumph & me deſpite. How long ſhall my malicious foes, triumph & me deſpite,



triumph and me de- ſpite?

¶ *Psalme.* 15.

1 Lord who in thy ſacred tent,
and holy hill ſhall dwell:
Euen he that both in heart & minde,
doth ſtudie to do well.

2 In life vpright, in dealing iuſt,
and he that from his heart
The truth doth ſpeake with ſinglenes,
all falſhood ſet apart.

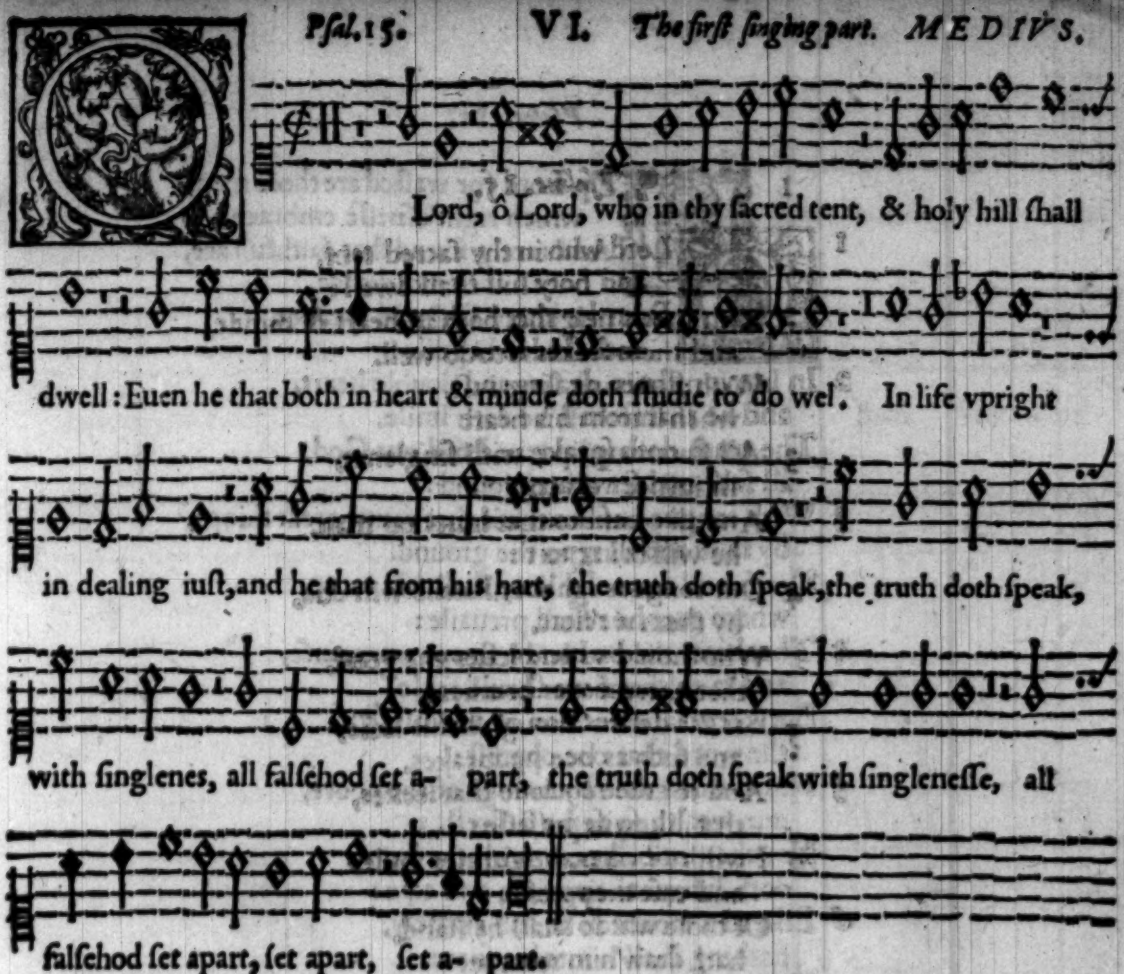
3 With tongue beſides that hurts no man,
by falſe and ill report:
Nor friend nor neighbour harme will doe,
where euer he reſort.

4 That hates the bad, and loues the good,
and faith that neuer breakes:
But keepes alwaies though to his loſſe,
the word that once he ſpeakes.

5 Nor filthie gaine by loue that ſeekes,
nor wealth ſo to poſſeſſe:
Nor that for bribes, the guiltles ſoule,
doth labour to oppreſſe.

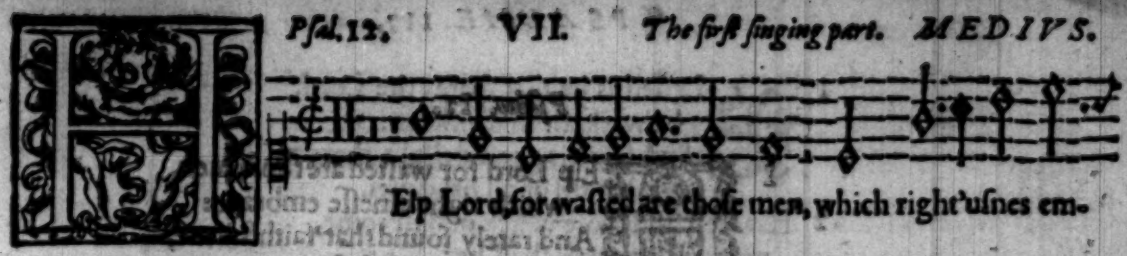
6 Like as a mount ſo ſhall he ſtand,
nothing ſhall him remoue:
That thus ſhall do, the Lord hath ſaid,
no man can it diſproue.

FINIS.


Lord, ô Lord, who in thy ſacred tent, & holy hill ſhall
dwell: Euen he that both in heart & minde doth ſtudie to do wel. In life vpright
in dealing iuſt, and he that from his hart, the truth doth ſpeak, the truth doth ſpeak,
with ſinglenes, all falſehod ſet a- part, the truth doth ſpeak with ſingleneſſe, all
falſehod ſet apart, ſet apart, ſet a- part.

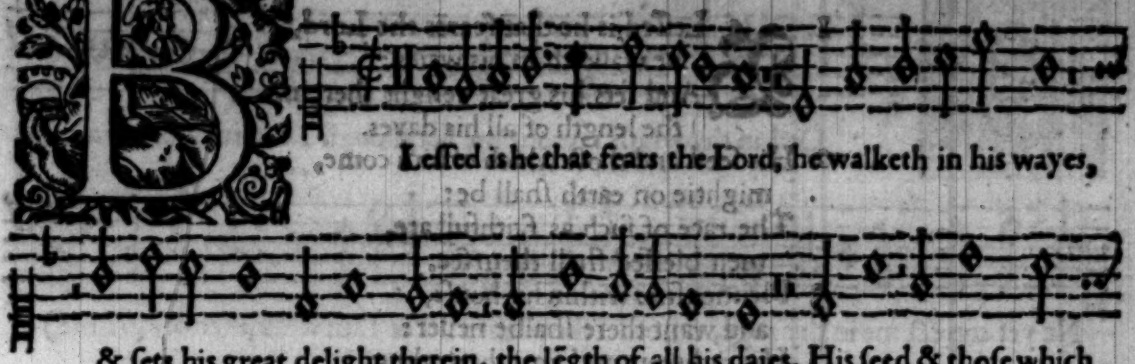
1 HElp Lord for waſted are thoſe men,
which right'uſneſſe embrace:
And rarely found that faithfull are,
but all the truth deface.
2 Each to his neighbour falſhood ſpeakes,
and them ſeekes to beguile:
With flattering lips and double heart,
when ſmotheſt he doth ſmile.
3 All flattering lips, the Lord our God,
in iuſtice will confound:
And all proud tongues, that vaunt great things,
he will bring to the ground.
4 Our tongues ſay they, ſhall lift vs vp,
by them we ſhall preuaile:
Who ſhould vs let, or ſtoppe our courſe,
that thereof we ſhould fayle.
5 For the deſtruction of the iuſt,
and ſuch as be oppreſt:
And for the mournings of the poore,
that likewiſe be diſtreſt.
6 I will riſe vp now ſaith the Lord,
and eaſe their griefe and care:
Of thoſe which he full craftely,
hath draw'n into his ſnare.
7 Like ſiluer fine that tried is,
ſeuen times by heate of fire:
So are thy woords Lord pure and cleane,
to ſuch as them deſire.
8 Thou Lord wilt keep, and wilt defend,
all ſuch as in thee truſt,
And from that curſed race of men,
ſaue all ſuch as be iuſt.
9 When euill men exalted bee,
the wicked gad about:
Farre from all feare of paine, but thou
ô Lord wilt roote them out.

FINIS.


Elp Lord,for waſted are thoſe men, which right'uſnes em-
brace:And rarely foũd,that faithfull are, but all the truth de- face. Each to his
neighbor falſehod ſpeakes,and thẽ ſeekes to be- guile,with flat'ringlips and
double heart,when ſmotheſt he doth ſmyle,with flat'ring lips,and double heart,when
ſmotheſt he doth ſmyle, when ſmotheſt he doth ſmile,he doth ſmyle.

1 BLeſſed is he that feares the Lord,
he walketh in his waies:
And ſets his great delight therein,
the length of all his dayes.
2 His ſeed and thoſe which of him come,
mightie on earth ſhall be:
The race of ſuch as faithfull are,
men bleſſed ſhall them ſee.
3 Plentiouſnes within his houſe,
and want there ſhalbe neuer:
His righteous and vpright dealing,
endure ſhall for euer.
4 In miſtie cloudes of troubles darke,
which doe the iuſt oppreſſe,
The Lord in mercie ſends them light,
and eaſeth their diſtreſſe.
5 The righteous man is mercifull,
and lendeth where is need,
He guids with iudgement all his things,
be it in word or deed.
6 Though ſtormes doe fall and tempeſts riſe,
the righteous ſhall ſtand faſt:
A good remembrance of the iuſt,
for euer that ſhall laſt.
7 None euill tidings ſhall him feare,
his heart is fully ſet,
He truſteth and beleeues the Lord,
that will him not forget.
8 A ſtabliſht heart within his breſt,
no feare where ſo he goes,
The Lord in iuſtice will reuenge,
the malice of his foes.
9 A hand that doth reliue the poore,
for which he may be ſure,
A good report will follow him,
that alwaies ſhall endure.
10 This ſhall the wicked ſee and fret,
and waſt away with ire,
Periſh ſhall and conſume to naught,
all that he doth deſire.

FINIS.



Blessed is he that fears the Lord, he walketh in his wayes,

& sets his great delight therein, the lēgth of all his daies. His seed & those which

of him come, mightie on earth shal-be: The race of such as faithfull are, men bles-

sed shall them see: men blessed shal them see: The race of such as faithfull are,

men blessed shall them see, men blessed shall them see.

Ord in thy wrath reproue me not, though I deserue thine yre,

Ne yet correct me in thy rage, ô Lord I thee desire. For I am weak, therfore (ô Lord)

of mercy me forbeare: And heale me Lord, for why: thou know'st, my bones do quake

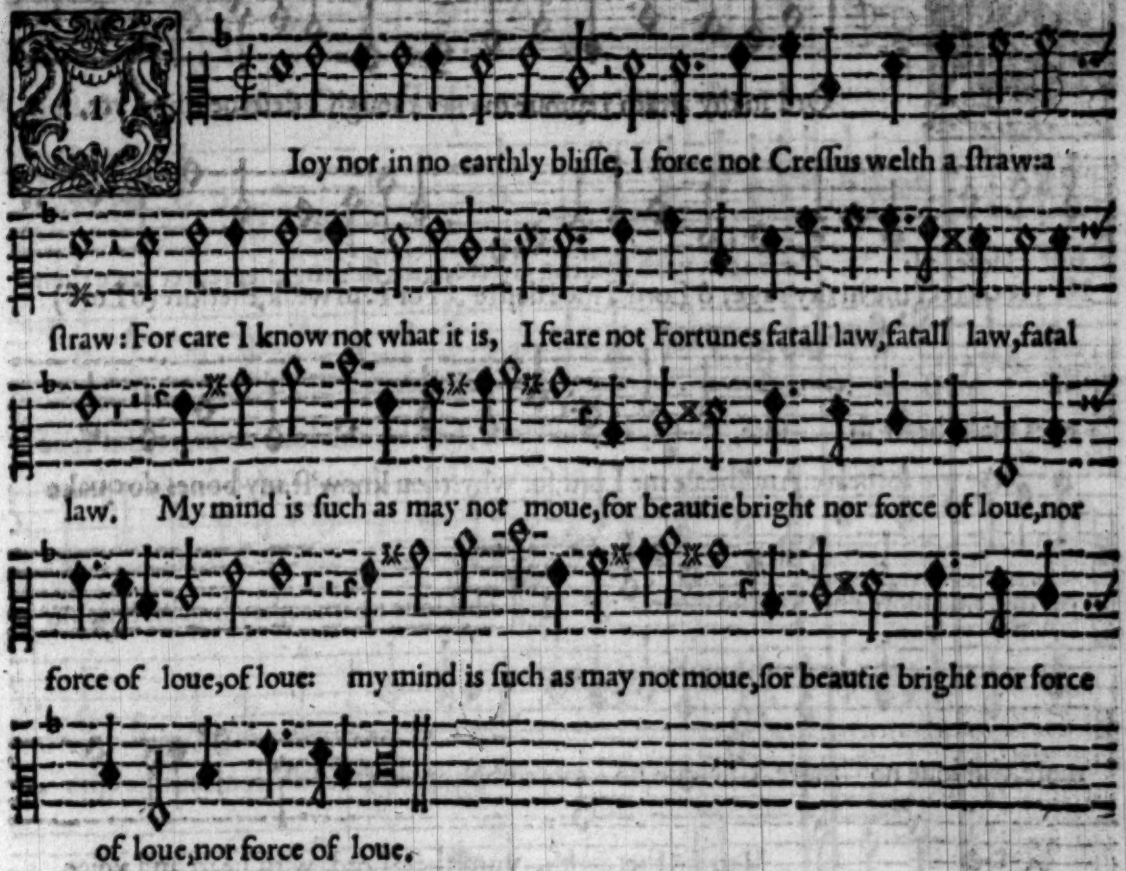
for feare, my bones doe quake for feare.

Ven frō the depth, vnto thee Lord, with heart and voice

I cry: Giue eare ô God vnto my playnt, & help my mi- serie, and help my mi-

serie, and help my miserie.

¶ *Heere endeth the Psalmes, and beginneth the Sonets and Pastorales.*

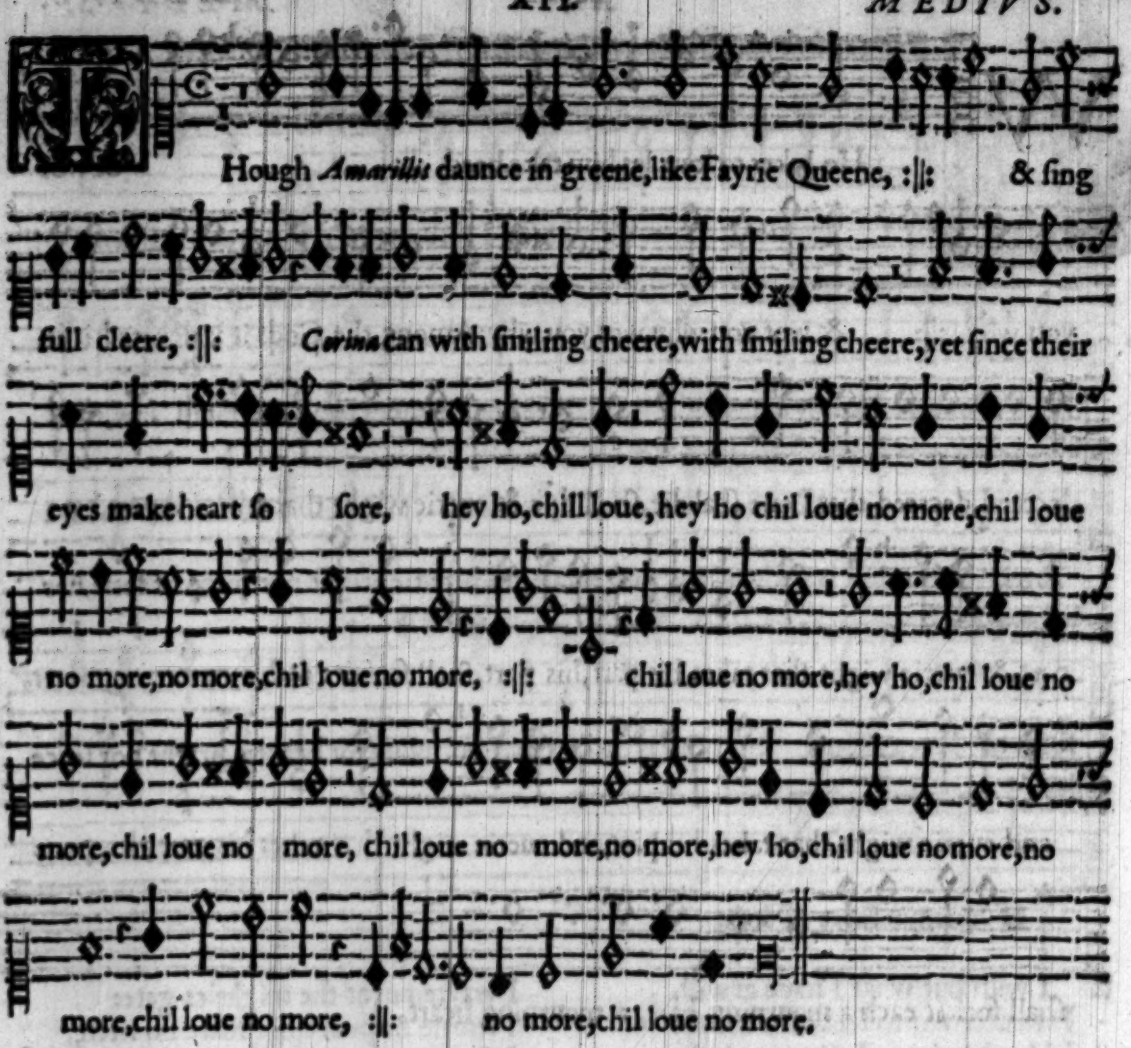


2 I wiſh but what I haue at will,
I wander not to ſeeke for more:
I like the plaine I clime no hill,
in greateſt ſtormes I ſitte on ſhore:
and laugh at them that toyle in vaine,
to get what muſt be loſt againe.

3 I kiſſe not where I wiſh to kill,
I faine not loue where moſt I hate:
I breake no ſleepe to winne my will,
I wayte not at the mightie gate:
I ſcorne no poore, nor feare no ritch,
I feele no want nor haue to much.

4 The Court and cart I like nor loath,
extreames are counted worſt of all:
the golden meane betweene them both,
doth ſureſt ſit and feare no fall:
this is my choyſe, for why I finde,
no wealth is like the quiet minde.

FINIS.



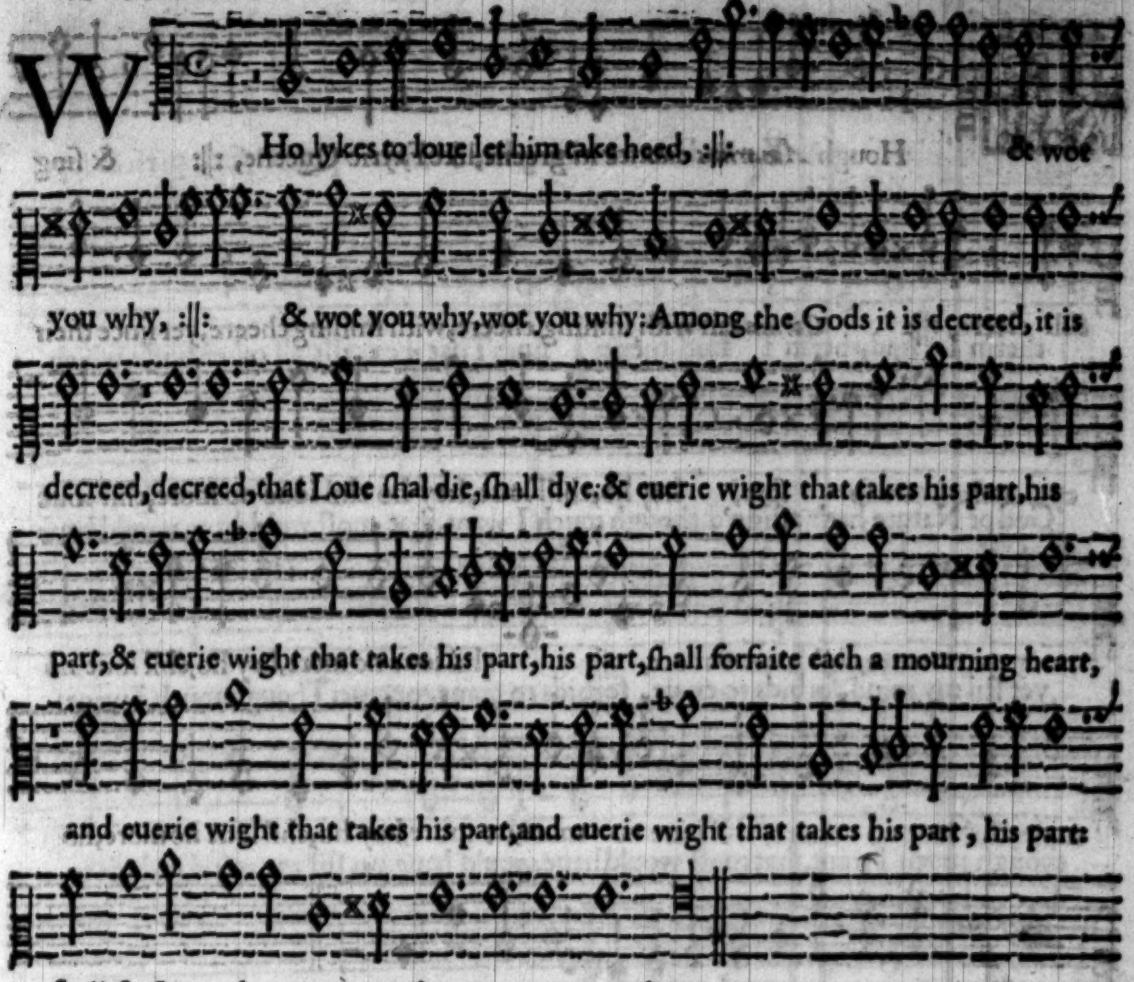
2 My sheepe are lost for want of foode.
and I so wood:
that all the day,
I sit and watch a heardmaid gaye:
who laughes to see me sigh so sore,
hey ho, chil loue no more.

3 Her louing lookes, her beautie bright,
is such delight:
that all in vaine,
I loue to like, and lose my gaine:
for her that thankes me not therefore,
hey ho chil loue no more.

4 Ah wanton eyes my friendlie foes,
and cause of woes:
your sweete desire,
breeds flames of Ise & freese in fire:
ye skorne to see me weepe so sore,
hey ho chil loue no more.

5 Loue ye who list I force him not,
sith God it wot,
the more I wayle,
the lesse my sighs and teares preuaile:
what shall I doe but say therefore,
hey ho chil loue no more.

FINIS.



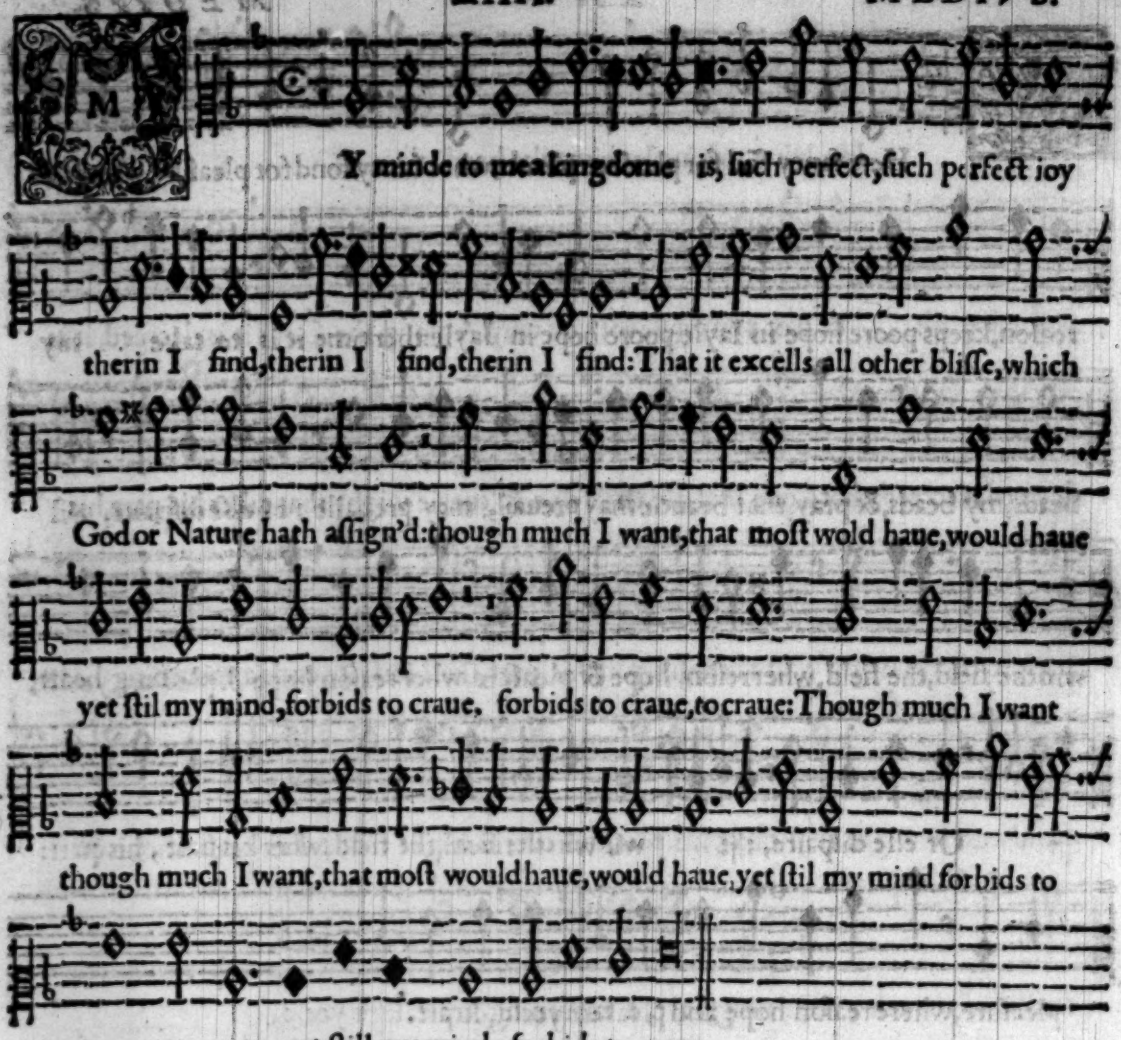
2 The cause is this as I haue heard,
a sort of dames,
whose beautie he did not regard,
nor secret flames,
complaind before the gods aboue,
that golde corrupts the God of loue,

3 The gods did storme to heare this newes
and there they swore,
that sith he did such dames abuse,
he should no more
be god of Loue, but that he should
both die, and forfait all his gold.

4 His bowe & shaftes they tooke away,
before their eies,
and gaue these dames a longer day,
for to deuise,
who should them keepe, & they be bound,
that loue for gold should not be found.

5 These Ladies striuing long, at last,
they did agree,
to giue them to a mayden chast,
whome I did see:
who with the same did perce my brest,
her beauties rare and so I rest.

 FINIS.



2 No prine'lie port nor welthie ſtore,
no force to winne a victorie:
no wylie wit to ſalue a ſore,
no ſhape to winne a louing eye:
to none of theſe I yeeld as thrall,
for why my mind deſpiſe them all,

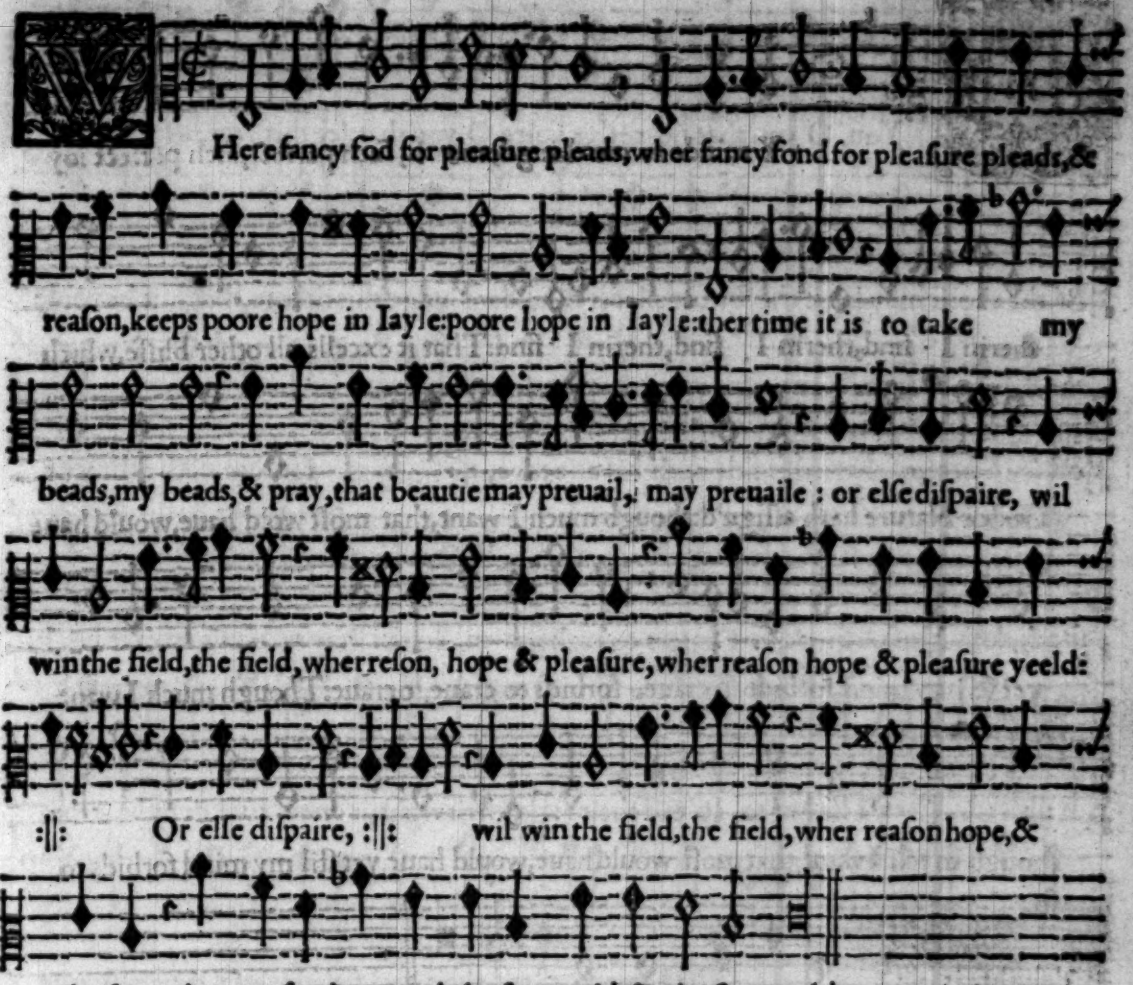
3 I ſee that plentie ſurfets oft,
and haſtie clymbers ſooneſt fall:
I ſee that ſuch as are aloft,
miſhap doth threaten moſt of all:
theſe get with toyle and keepe with feare,
ſuch cares my mind can neuer beare.

4 I preſſe to beare no haughtie ſway,
I wiſh no more then may ſuffice:
I doe no more then well I may,
looke what I want my mind ſupplies:
loe thus I triumph like a king,
my minde content with any thing.

5 I laugh not at anothers loſſe,
nor grudge not at anothers gaine:
no worldly waues my mind can toſſe,
I brooke that is an others bane:
I feare no foe nor fawne on friend,
I loth not life nor dread mine end.

6 My wealth is health & perfect eaſe,
and conſcience cleere my chiefe defence:
I neuer ſeeke by brybes to pleaſe,
nor by deſart to giue offence:
thus do I liue, thus will I die,
would all did ſo as well as I.

FINIS.



2 My eyes preſume to iudge this caſe,
whoſe iudgement reaſon doth diſdain:
but beautie with her wanton face,
ſtands to defend, the caſe is plaine:
and at the barre of ſweet delight,
ſhe pleads that fancie muſt be right.

3 But ſhame will not haue reaſon yeeld,
though griefe do ſweare it ſhall be ſo:
as though it were a perfect ſhield,
to bluſh, and feare to tell my woe:
where ſilence force will at the laſt,
to wiſh for wit when hope is paſt.

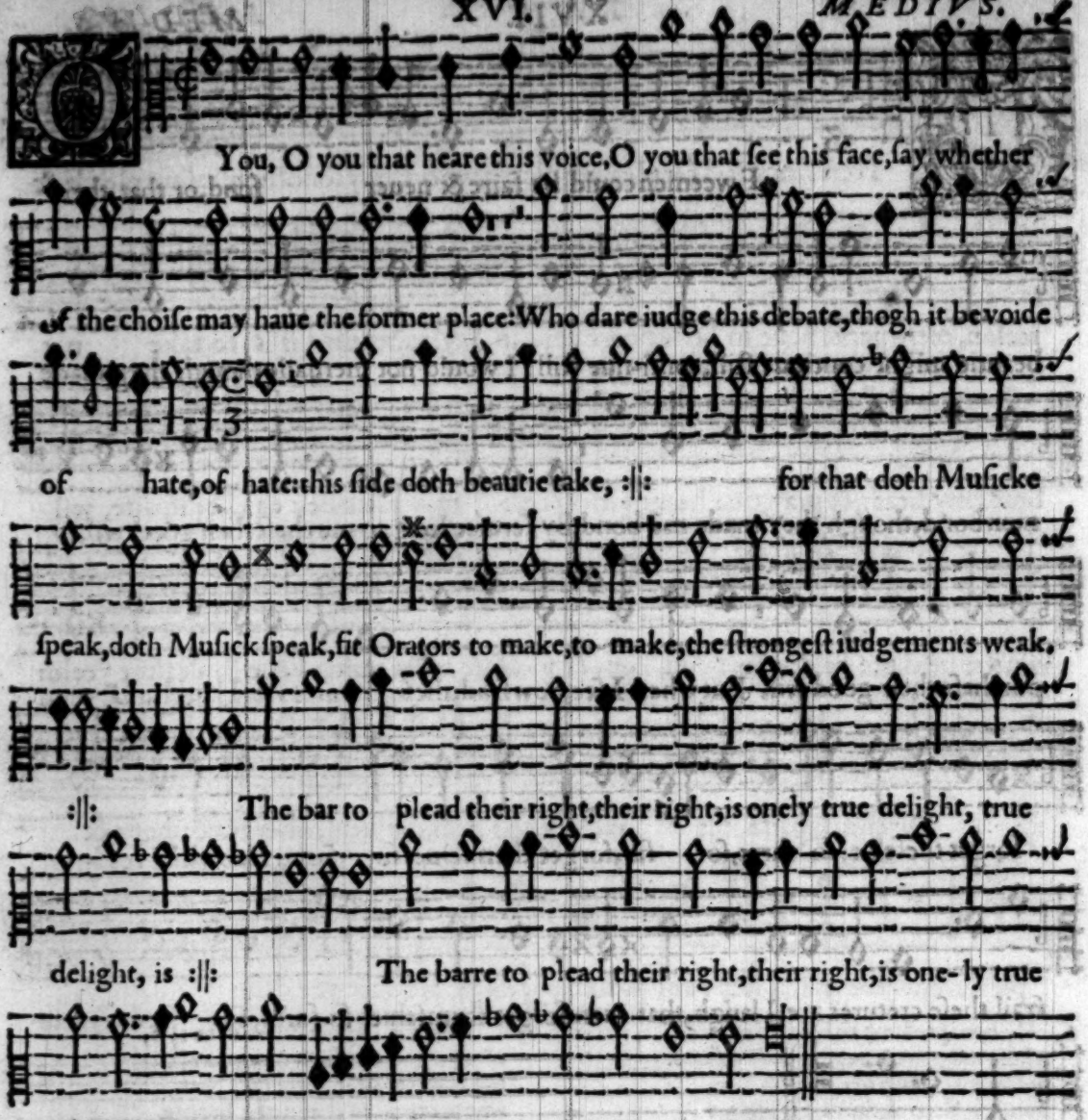
4 So farre hath fond deſire our runne,
the bond which reaſon ſet out firſt:
that where delight the fray begunne,
I would now ſay, if that I durſt:
that in her ſtead ten thouſand woes,
haue ſprong in field where pleaſure grows

5 O that I might declare the reſt,
of all the toies which fancy turnes:
like towrs of wind within my breſt,
where fire is hid that neuer burnes.
then ſhould I try one of the twaine,
either to loue, or to diſdaine.

6 But fine conceit dares not declare,
the ſtrange conflict of hope and feare:
leaſt reaſon ſhould be left ſo bare,
that loue durſt whiſper in mine eare,
and tell me how my fancie ſhall,
bring reaſon to be beawties thrall.

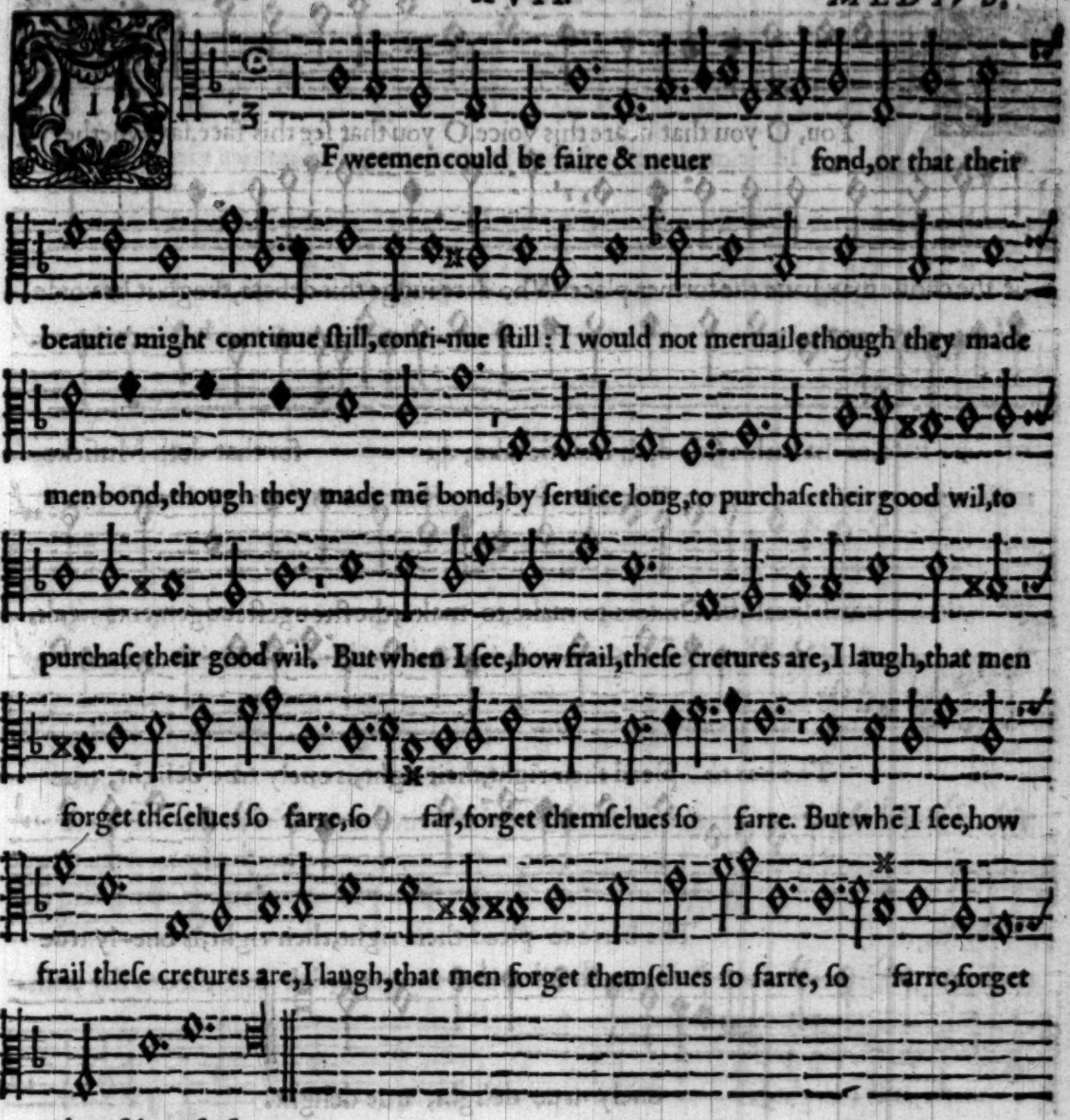
7 I muſt therefore with ſilence buyld,
the Laborinth of my delight:
till loue haue tri'd in open field,
which of the twaine ſhall win the fight:
I feare mee reaſon muſt giue place,
If fancie fond winne beauties grace.

 FINIS.



3 Thus doth the voyce and face,
these gentle lawiers wage:
like louing brothers cast.
for fathers heritage:
that ech, while ech contends,
it selfe to other lends.
4 For beautie beautifies,
with heauenly hewe and grace,
the heauenly harmonies,
and in that faultles face,
the perfect beauties be,
a perfect harmonie.
5 Musicke more loftie swells,
in phrases finely plac'd:
Beautie as farre excels,
in action aptly grac'd:
a friend ech partie drawes,
to countenance his cause.
6 Loue more affected seemes,
to Beauties louelie light,
and wonder more esteemes,
of Musicke wond'rous might,
but both to both so bent,
as both in both are spent.
7 Musicke doth witnesse call,
the eare his truth doth trie:
Beautie brings to the hall,
eye witnesse of the eye
eche in his obiect such,
as none exceptions touch,
8 The cõmon sense which might,
be arbiter of this:
to be forsoth vpright,
to both sides parciall is:
he layes on this chiefe prayse,
chiefe praise on that he layes.
9 Then reason, princesse hie,
which sits in throne of mind:
and Musicke can in skye,
with hidden beauties find,
say whether thou wilt crowne,
with limit lesse renowne.

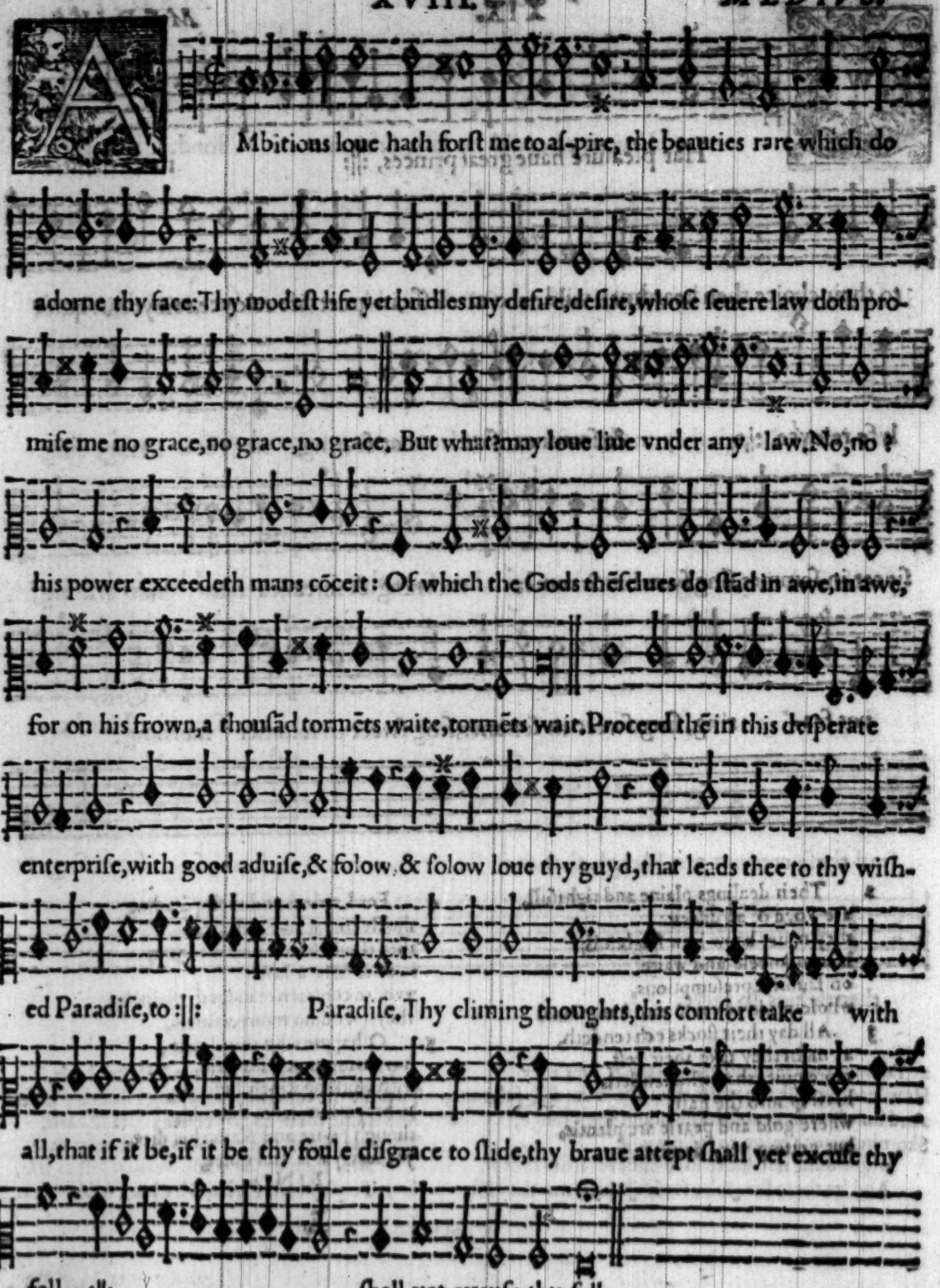
FINIS.

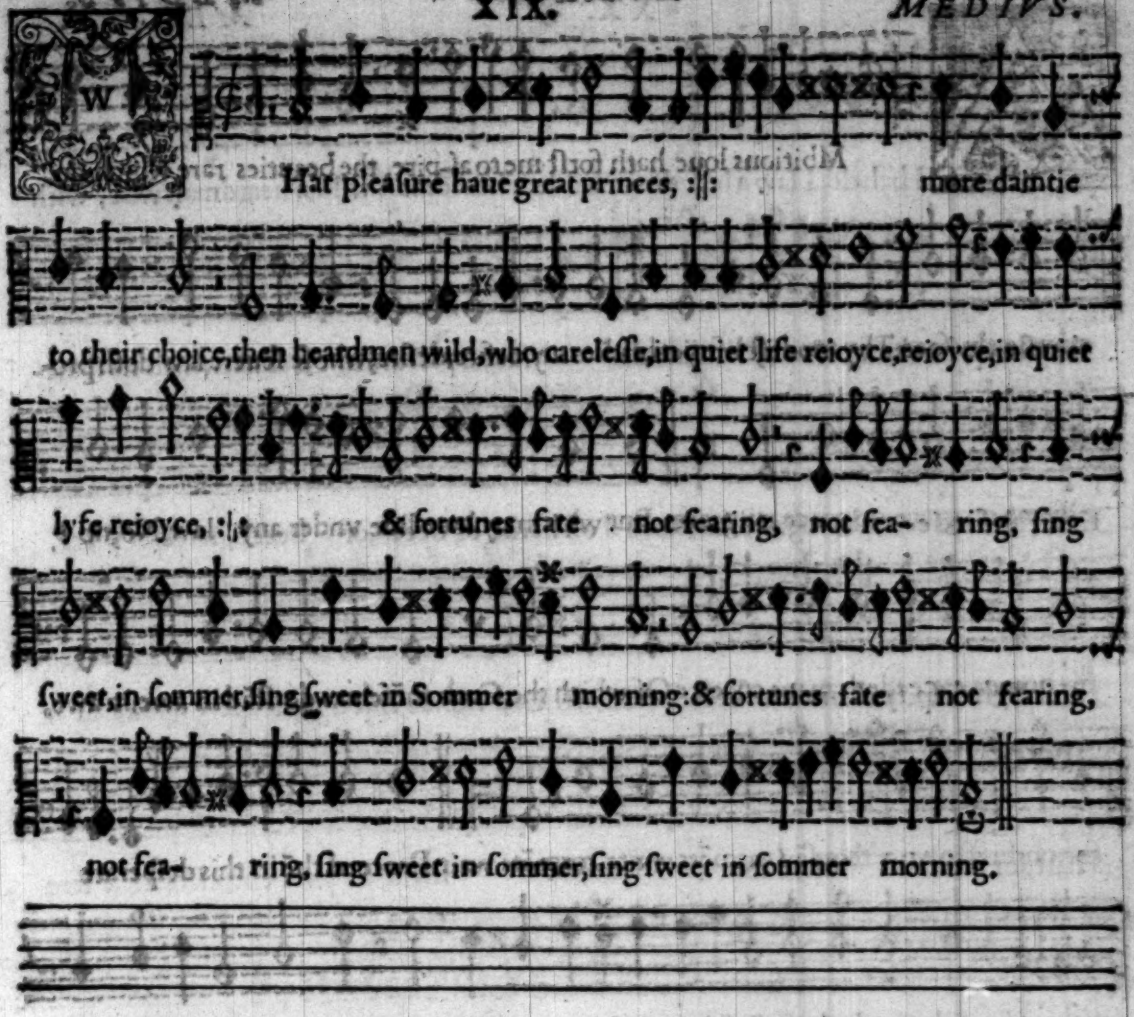


2 To marke what choiſe they make, & how they change,
How leauing beſt, the worſt they choſe out ſtill:
And how like haggards wilde, about they range,
Skorning after reaſon to follow will.
who would not ſhake ſuch buſtards from the fiſt,
And let them flie [faire fooles] which way they liſt.

3 Yet for our ſport, we fawne & flatter both,
To paſſe the time, when nothing elſe can pleaſe:
And traine them on, to yeeld by ſubtill oath,
The ſweet content, that giues ſuch humer eaſe.
And then we ſay, when we their follies trie,
To play with fooles, Oh what a foole was I.

FINIS.


AMbitious loue hath forst me to as-pire, the beauties rare which do
adorne thy face: Thy modest life yet bridles my desire, desire, whose seuere law doth pro-
mise me no grace, no grace, no grace. But what? may loue liue vnder any law. No, no?
his power exceedeth mans cõceit: Of which the Gods thẽselues do stãd in awe, in awe,
for on his frown, a thousãd tormẽts waite, tormẽts wait. Proceed thẽ in this desperate
enterprise, with good aduise, & solow, & solow loue thy guyd, that leads thee to thy wish-
ed Paradise, to :||: Paradise. Thy climing thoughts, this comfort take with
all, that if it be, if it be thy foule disgrace to slide, thy braue attẽpt shall yet excuse thy
fall, :||: shall yet excuse thy fall.



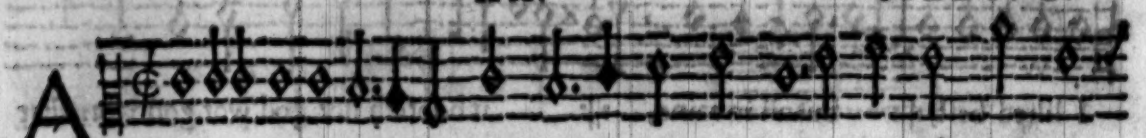
2 Their dealings plaine and rightfull,
are voyd of all diſceit:
they neuer know how ſpightfull,
it is to kneele and waite
on fauorite preſumptious,
whoſe pride is vaine and ſumptious.

3 All day their flocks each tendeth,
at night they take their reſt,
more quiet than who ſendeth
his ſhip into the Eaſt,
where gold and pearle are plentie,
but getting very daintie.

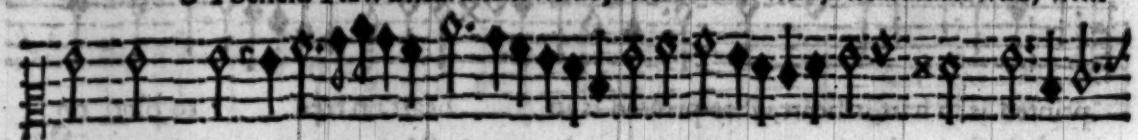
4 For Lawiers and their pleading
the'ſteeme it not a ſtraw,
they think that honeſt meaning
is of it ſelfe a law,
vvhere conſcience iudgeth plainely,
they ſpend no mony vainely.

5 O happie who thus liueth,
not caring much for gold,
with clothing which ſuffiſeth,
to keepe him from the cold,
though poore and plaine his diet,
yet merry it is and quiet.

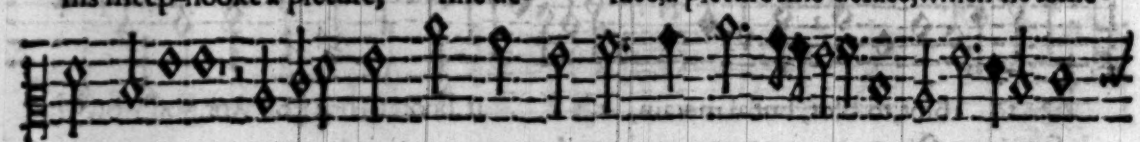
FINIS.



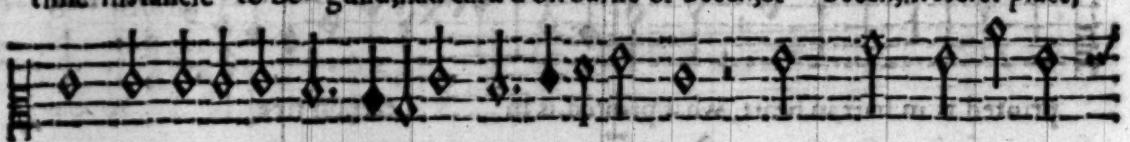
AS I beheld I ſaw a heardman wilde, a heardman wild, a heardman wild, with



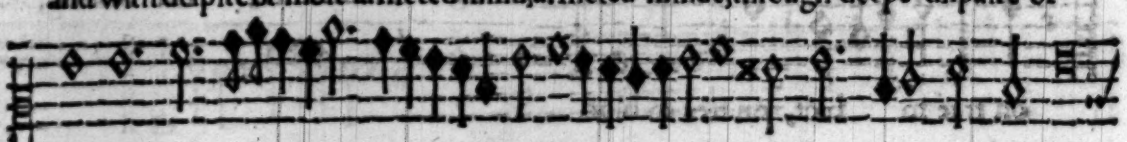
his ſheep-hooke a picture, fine de- face, a picture fine deface, which he ſome-



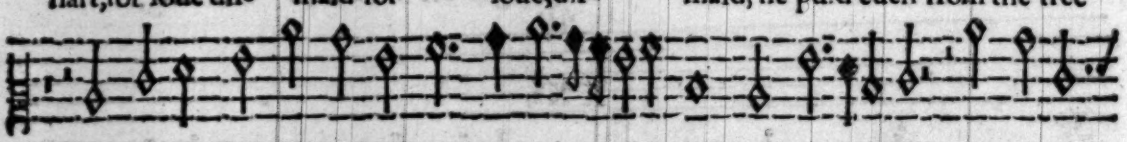
time his fancie to be- guild, had caru'd on barke of beech, of beech, in ſecret place,



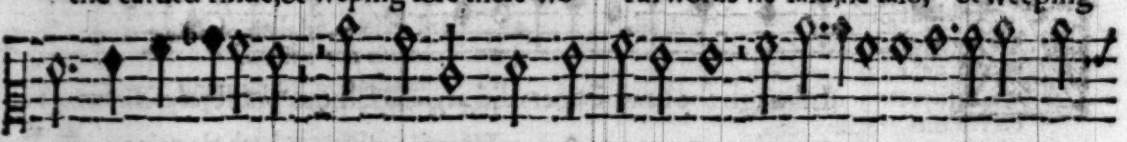
and with deſpite of moſt afflicted mind, afflicted minde, through deepe diſpaire of



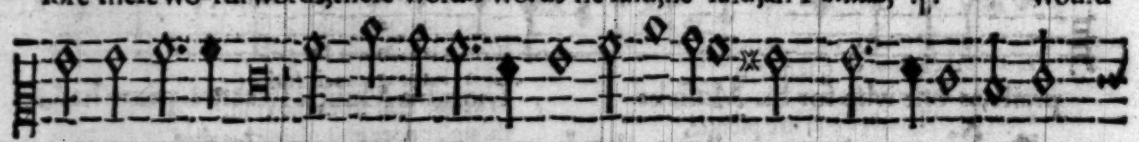
hart, for loue diſ- maid for loue, diſ- maid, he pul'd euen from the tree



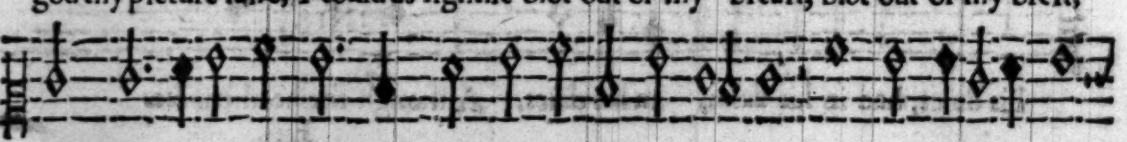
the carued rinde, & weping ſore theſe wo- ful words he ſaid, he ſaid, & weeping



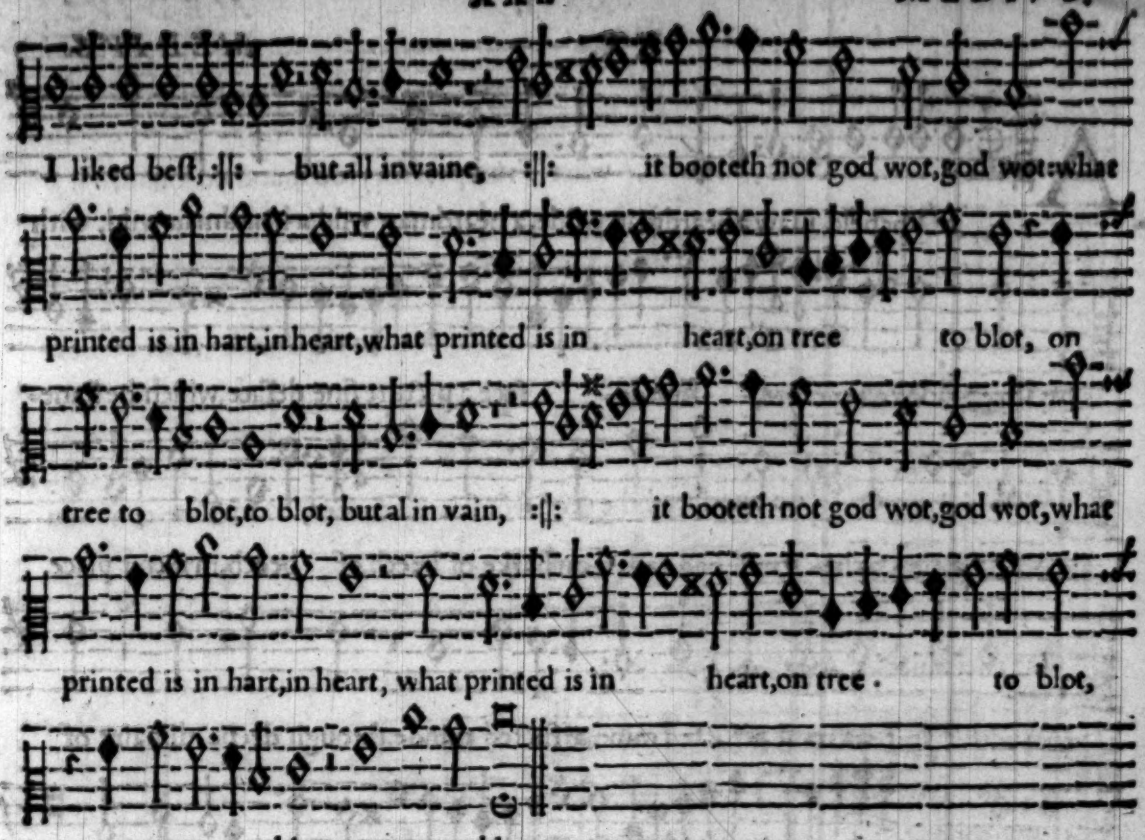
ſore theſe wo-ful words, theſe wofull words he ſaid, he ſaid, ah *Phillida*, :|: would



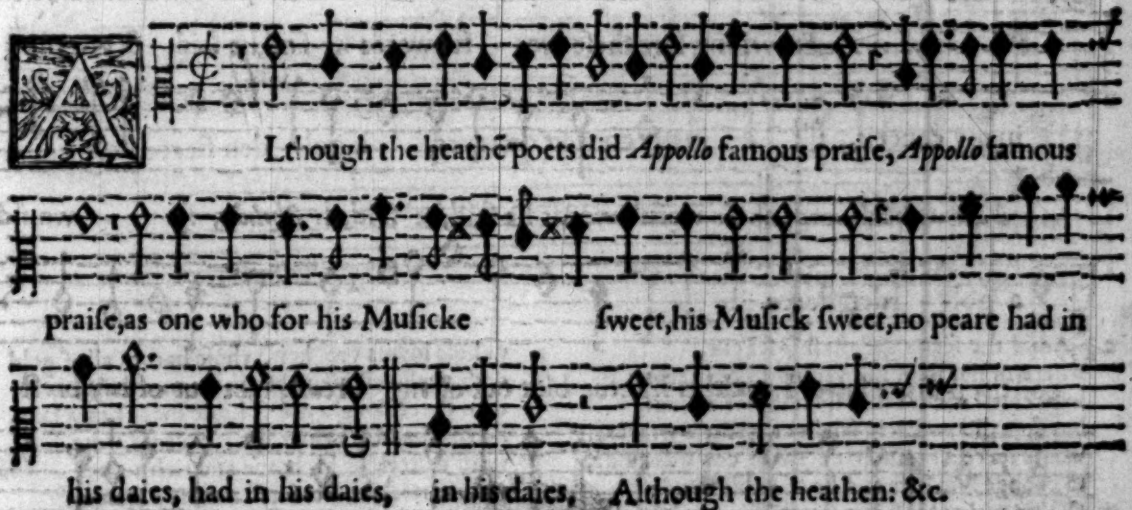
god thy picture faire, I could as lightlie blot out of my breaſt, blot out of my breſt,

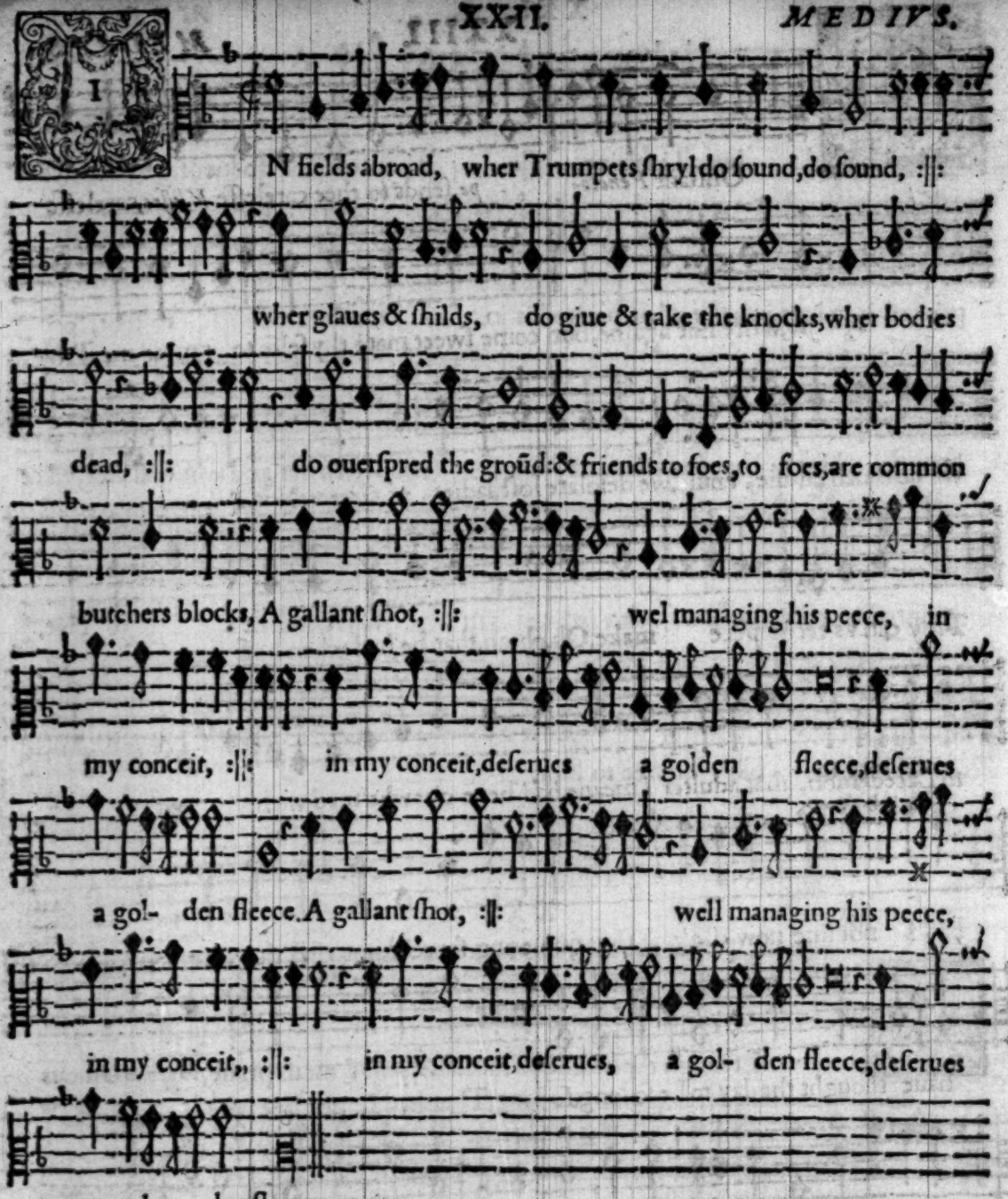


then ſhould I not thus rage, with great diſpight, & teare the thing ſometime I liked beſt,


I liked beſt, :|: but all in vaine, :|: it booteth not god wot, god wot: what
printed is in hart, in heart, what printed is in heart, on tree to blot, on
tree to blot, to blot, but al in vain, :|: it booteth not god wot, god wot, what
printed is in hart, in heart, what printed is in heart, on tree . to blot,
on tree to blot, on tree to blot.

XXI.


Although the heathē poets did Appollo famous praiſe, Appollo famous
praiſe, as one who for his Muſicke ſweet, his Muſick ſweet, no peare had in
his daies, had in his daies, in his daies, Although the heathen: &c.

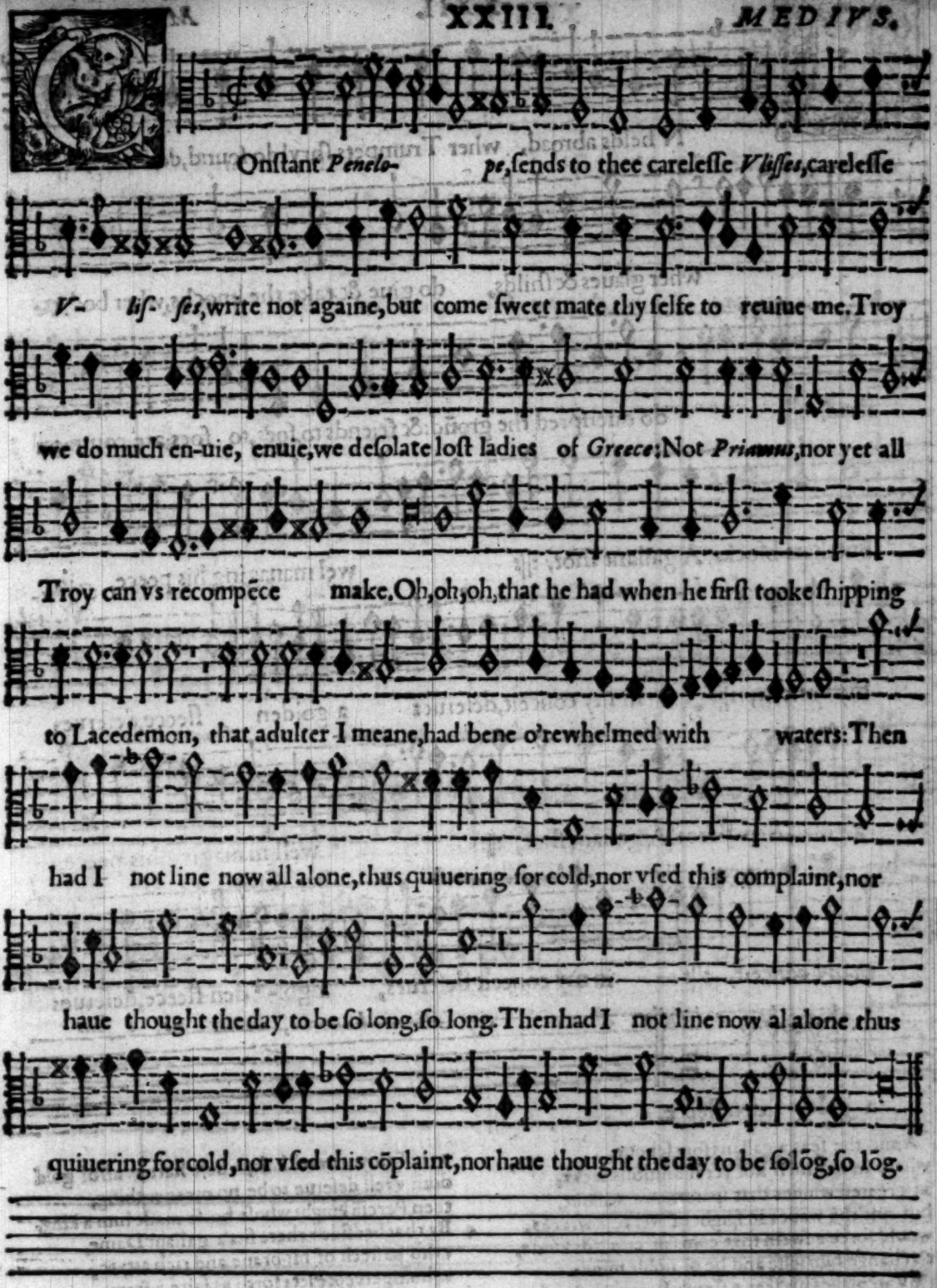


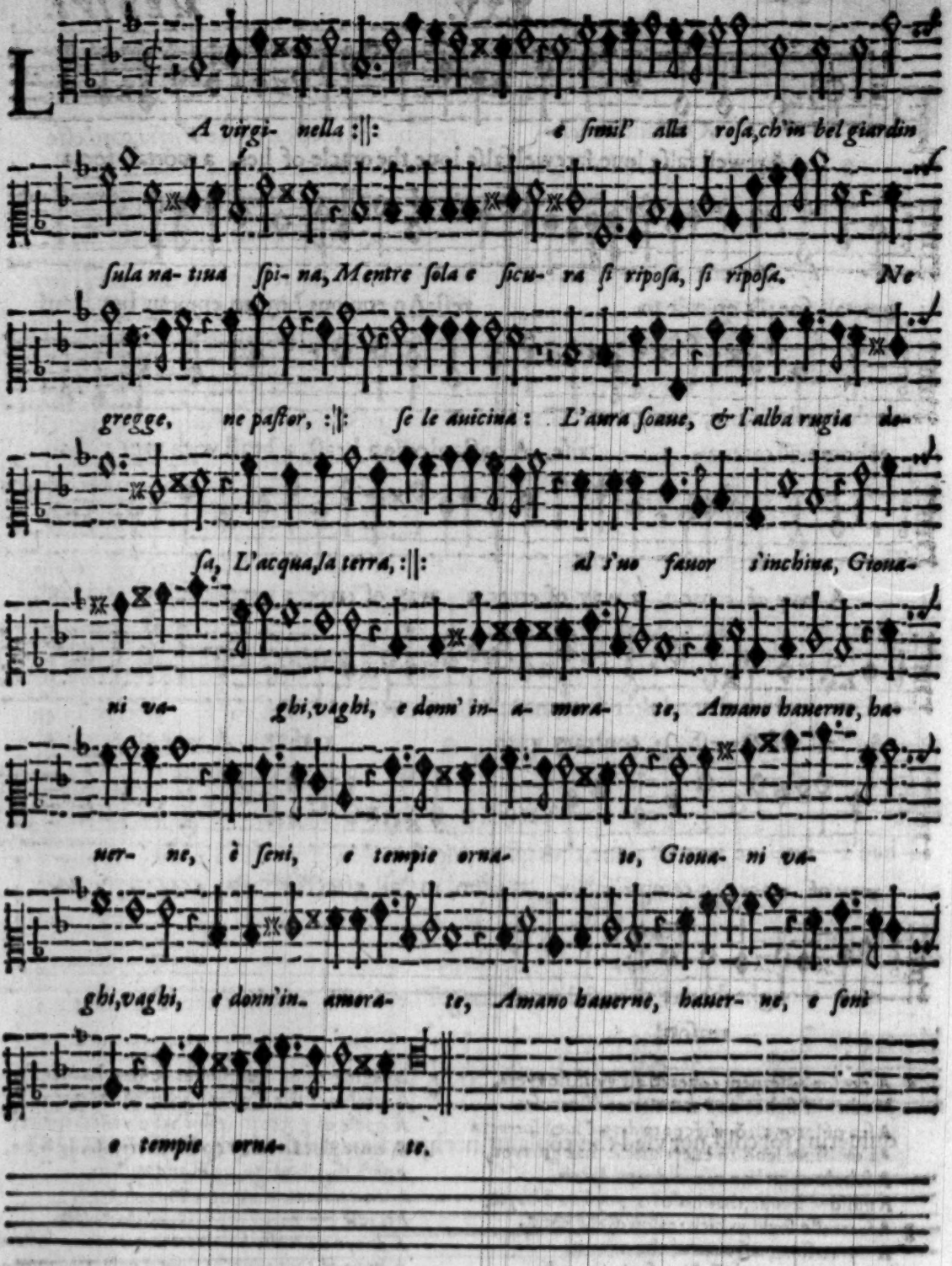
2 Amid the ſeas, a gallant ſhip ſet out,
where in nor men nor yet munitions lacks,
in greateſt windes that ſpareth not a clout,
but cuts the waues in ſpight of wethers wracks,
would force a ſwain that coms of cowards kinde,
to change him ſelfe and be of noble minde.

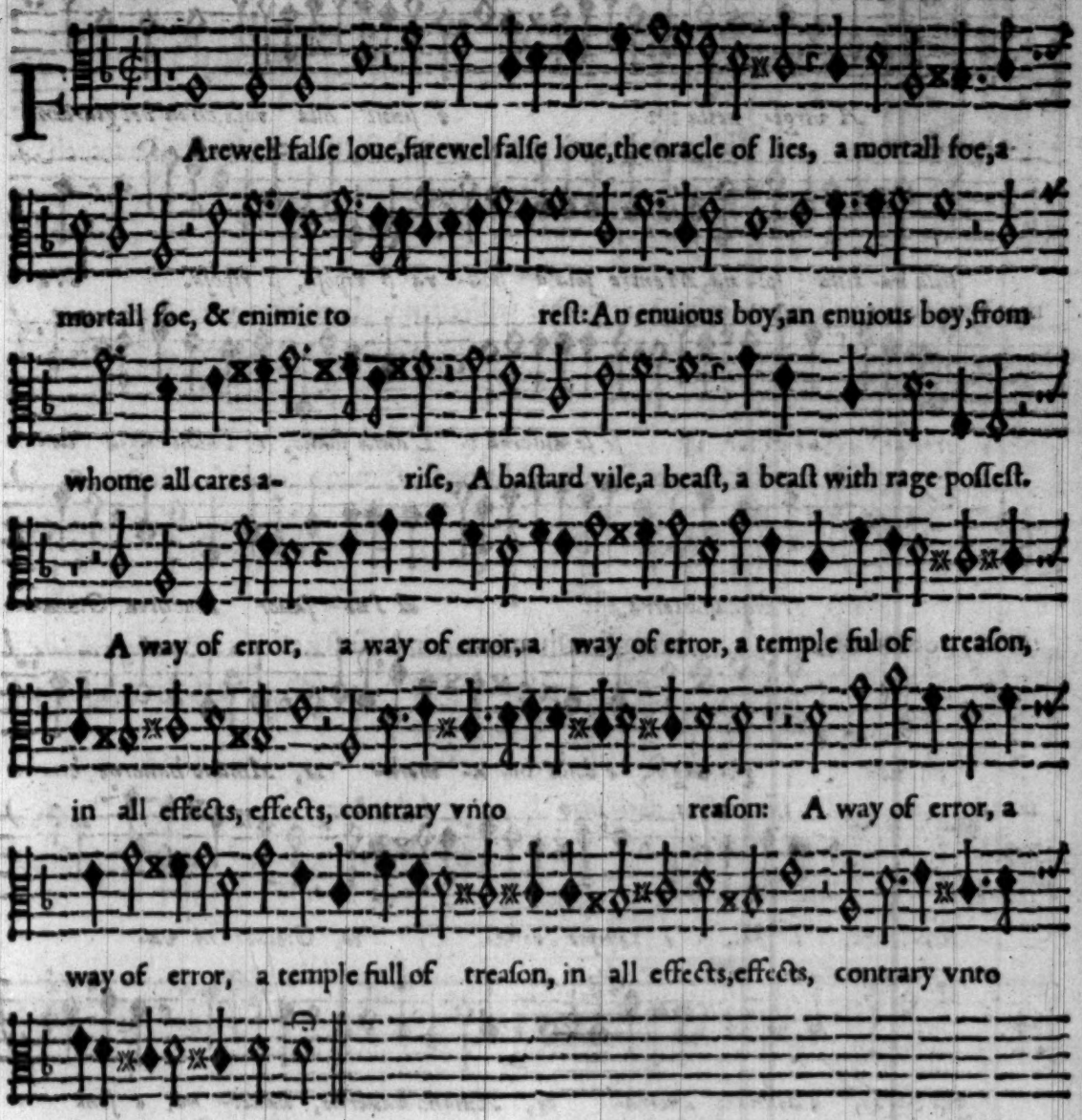
3 VVho makes his ſeat a ſtately ſtamping ſtead,
whoſe neighes & playes are princely to behold,
vvhoſe courage ſtout, vvhoſe eies are fiery red,
vvhoſe ioynts vvel knit, vvhoſe harnes all of gold
doth vvell deſerue to be no meaner thing,
then Perciã knight whoſe horſe made him a king.

4 By that bedſide vvhere ſits a gallant Dame,
vvho caſteth of hir braue and rich attyre,
vvhoſe petecote ſets forth as faire a frame,
as mortall men or gods can vvell deſire,
vvho ſits and ſees hir pettecote vnlaſt,
I ſay no more the reſt are all diſgraſt.

FINIS.

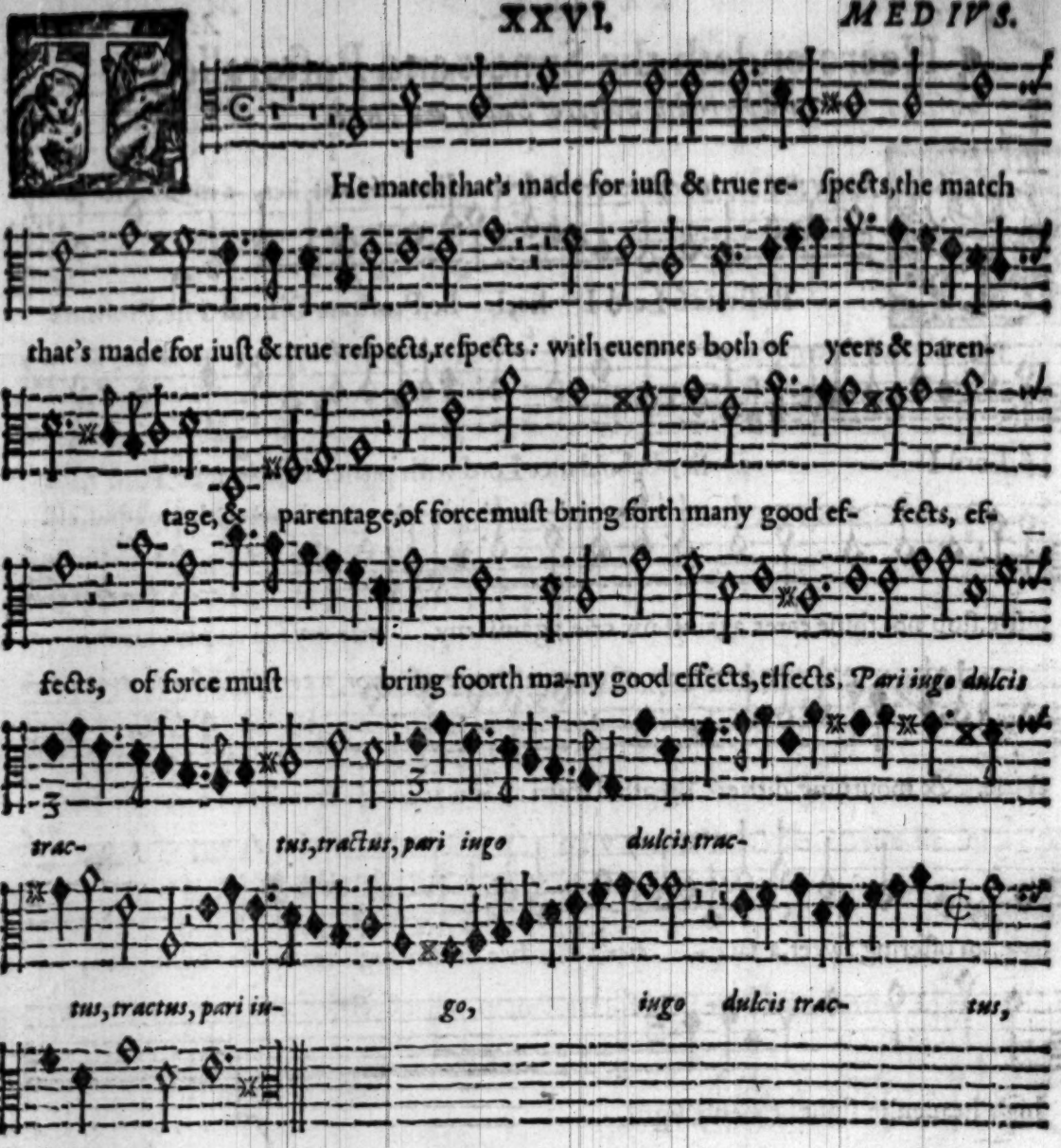

Onstant Penelo- pe, sends to thee careleſſe Vliſſes, careleſſe
V- liſ- ſes, write not againe, but come ſweet mate thy ſelfe to reuiue me. Troy
we do much en-uie, enuie, we deſolate loſt ladies of Greece: Not Priamus, nor yet all
Troy can vs recompēce make. Oh, oh, oh, that he had when he firſt tooke ſhipping
to Lacedemon, that adulter I meane, had bene o'rewhelmed with waters: Then
had I not line now all alone, thus quiuering for cold, nor vſed this complaint, nor
haue thought the day to be ſo long, ſo long. Then had I not line now al alone thus
quiuering for cold, nor vſed this cōplaint, nor haue thought the day to be ſo lōg, ſo lōg.


L
A virgi- nella :||: e simil' alla rosa, ch'in bel giardin
sula na- tiua spi- na, Mentre sola e sicu- ra si riposa, si riposa. Ne
gregge, ne pastor, :||: se le auicina: L'aura soaue, & l'alba rugia de-
sa, L'acqua, la terra, :||: al s'no fauor s'inchina, Giona-
ni va- ghi, vaghi, e donn' in- a- mora- te, Amano hauerne, ha-
uer- ne, è seni, e tempie orna- te, Giona- ni va-
ghi, vaghi, e donn'in- amora- te, Amano hauerne, hauer- ne, e seni
e tempie orna- te.



3 A poyſoned ſerpent couered all vvith flovvers,
Mother of ſighes and murtherer of repoſe,
A ſea of ſorovvs frō vvhēce are drawē ſuch ſhovvers
As moiſture lend to euery griefe that grovves,
A ſchole of guile, a net of deepe deceit,
A guilded hooke, that holds a poyſoned bayte,
3 A fortreſſe foyld, vvhich reaſon dyd defend,
A Syren ſong, a feauer of the minde,
A maze vvherein affection findes no end,
A raging cloud that runnes before the vvinde,
A ſubſtance like the ſhadovv of the Sunne,
A goale of griefe for vvhich the vviſeſt runne.
4 A quenchleſſe fire, a nurſſe of trembling feare,
A path that leads to perill and miſhap,
A true retreat of ſorrovv and diſpayre,
An idle boy that ſleepes in pleaſures lap,
A deepe miſtruſt of that vvhich certaine ſeemes,
A hope of that vvhich reaſon doubtfull deemes.

FINIS.



2 For vvhere chaſt loue and liking ſets the plant,
And concord vvaters vvith a firme good vvill,
Of no good thing there can be any vvant.
Pari ingo dulcis tractus.

3 Sound is the knot that chaſtitie hath tyde,
Sweet is the Muſicke vnitie doth make,
Sure is the ſtore that plentie doth prouide.
Pari ingo dulcis tractus.

4 VVher chaſtnes fayles, ther concord vvill decay,
VVher concord fleets, ther plentie vvill decreaſe,
VVher plenty vvants, ther loue vvill veare avvay
Pari ingo dulcis tractus.

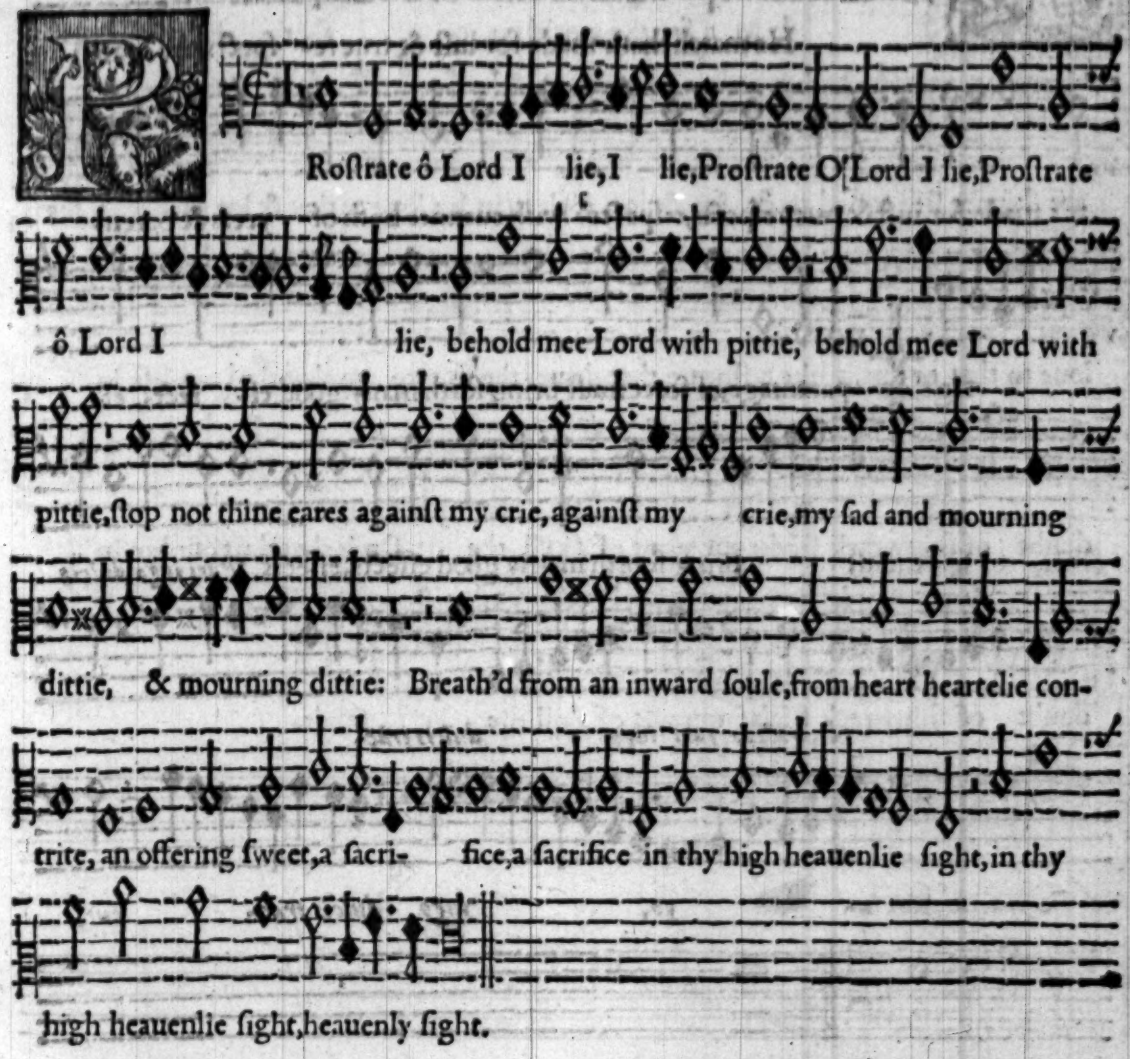
5 I chaſtitie reſtraine all ſtrange deſires,
I concord keepe the courſe of ſound conſent,
I plentie ſpare, and ſpend as cauſe requires.
Pari ingo dulcis tractus.

6 Make much of vs all ye that married bee,
Speake vvell of vs all ye that minde to bee,
The tyme may come, to vvant and vviſh all three.
Pari ingo dulcis tractus.

FINIS.

¶ Heere endeth the Sonets and Paſtoralles,

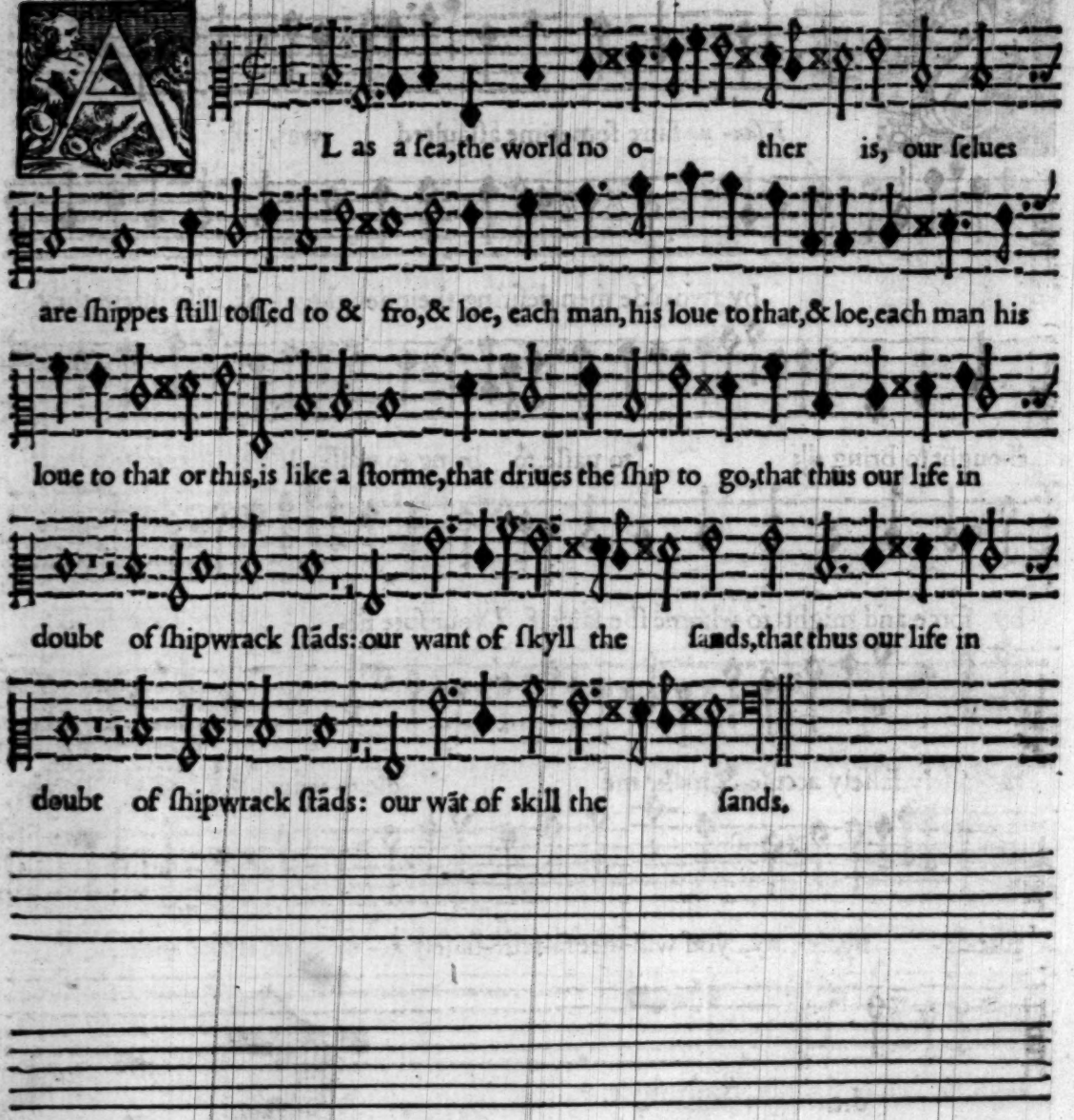
and beginneth Songes of Sadnes and Pietie.



2 Obſerue not ſinnes O Lord,
for vvho may then abide it,
but let thy mercie cancell them,
thou haſt not man deni'd it,
man melting vvith remorſe and thoughts,
thought paſt repenting,
O lighten Lord, O heare our ſongs,
our ſinnes full ſore lamenting.

3 The vvonders of thy vvorks,
aboue all reaſon reacheth,
and yet thy mercie aboue all
this, vs thy *Spirit* teacheth,
then let no ſinner fall,
in depth of foule diſpaire,
ſince neuer ſoule ſo foule there vvas,
but mercie made it faire.

FINIS.



2 Our paſſions be the Pirates ſtill that ſpoyle,
and ouerboard caſt's out our reaſons fraight:
the Marriners that day and night doe toyle,
be our conceits that doe on pleaſure vvaight:
pleaſure Maſter doth tirannize the ſhip,
and giueth vertue ſecretly the nip.

3 The Compaſſe is a minde to compas all,
both pleaſure, profit, place and fame for naught:
the vvinds that blovv, men ouer vveening call,
the Merchandiſe is vvit full deerely bought:
triall the'Anker, caſt vpon experience,
for labor, lyfe, and all a doe the recompence.

FINIS.

VSan- na faire ſometime aſſaulted was, :||:

by two olde men, deſiring their delight: whoſe falſe intent, they

thought to bring :||: to paſſe, to bring to paſſe, if not by tender loue,

by force and might: to whome ſhe ſaid, if I your ſute de- ny, de-ny, you will

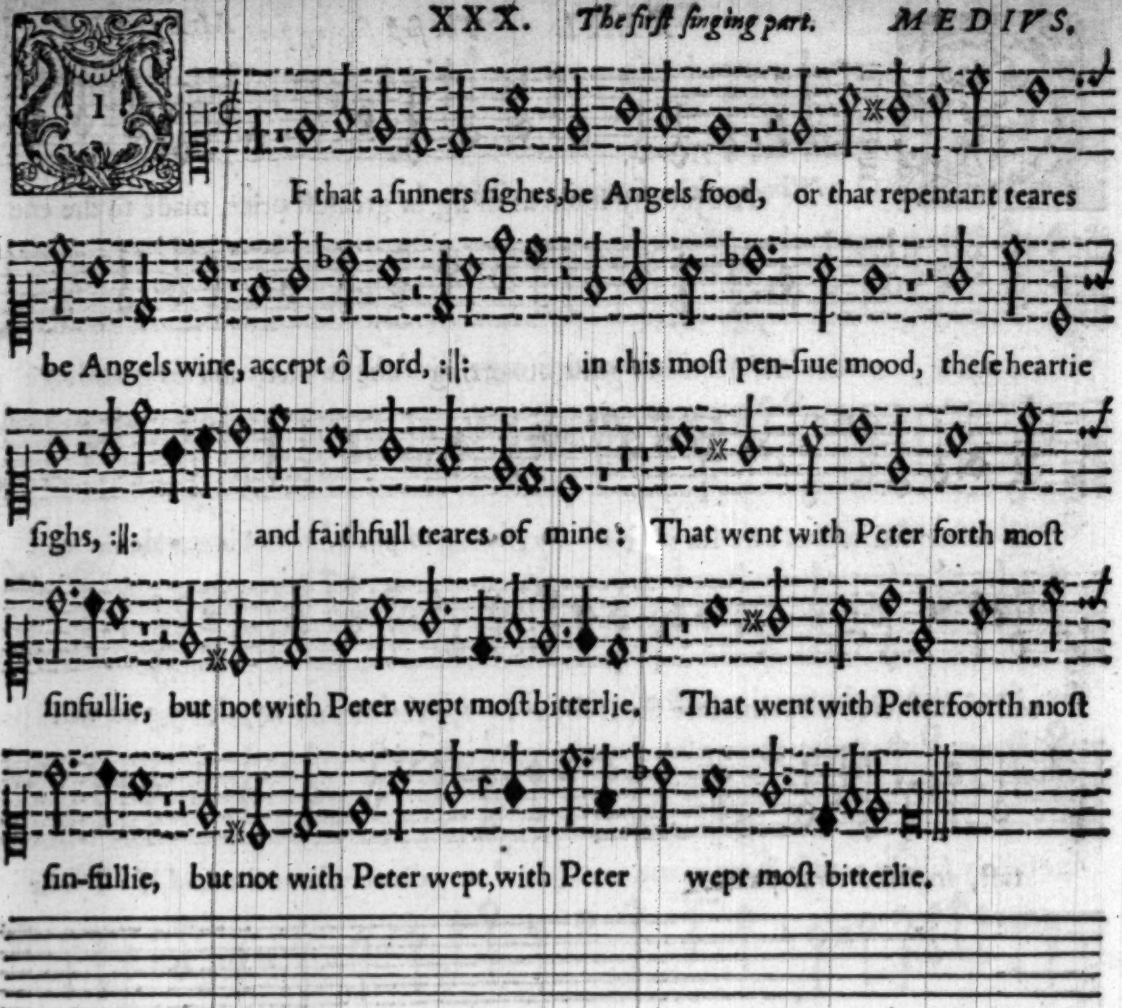
me falſely, falſely accuſe, & make me die: to whom ſhe ſaid, if I your

ſute de- ny, de- ny, you will mee falſelie, falſely ac- cuſe, and make mee

die.

2 And if I graunt to that vvhich you requeſt,
my chaſtitie ſhall then defloured bee,
vvhich is ſo deere to mee that I deteſt
my lyfe, if it bereſted bee from mee:
And rather vvould I dye of mine accord,
ten thouſand times, then once offend the Lord.

FINIS.



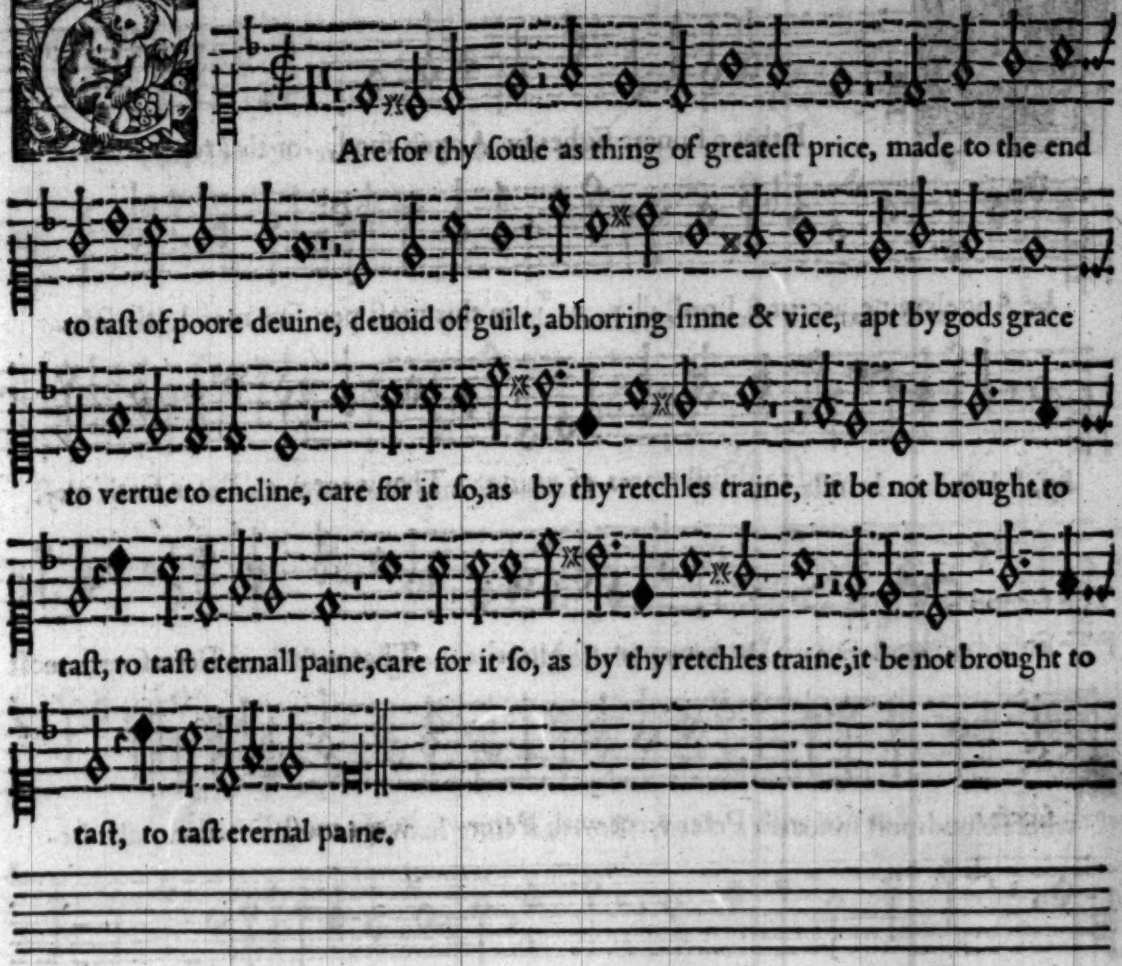
2 If I had Dauids crovvne to mee betide,
or all his purple robes that he did vveare,
I vvould lay then such honor all aside,
and onely seeke a sackcloth vveede to beare:
his Pallace vvould I leaue that I might shovv,
and mourne in cell for such offence, my woe.

3 Ther should these hãds beate on my pẽsiue brest,
and sad to death, for sorrovv rend my haire,
my voice to call on thee, should neuer rest,
vvhose grace I seeke, whose iudgement I do feare:
vpon the ground all groueling on my face,
I vvould beseech thy fauour and good grace.

4 But since I haue not meane to make the show
of my repentant minde, and yet I see
my sinne to greater heape then Peters grow,
vvhereby the danger more it is to mee,
I put my trust in his most precious bloud,
vvhose life vvas shed to purchase all our good.

5 Thy mercie greater is then any sinne,
thy greatnesse none can euer comprehend:
vvherfore O Lord, let mee thy mercie winne,
vvhose glorious name no time can euer end:
vvherefore I say all praise belongs to thee,
vvhom I beseech be mercifull to mee.

FINIS.



2 Care for thy corps, but chiefly for ſoules ſake,
cut of exceſſe, ſuſteyning food is beſt,
to vanquiſh pride, but comelie clothing take,
ſeeke after ſkill, deepe ignorance deteſt:
Care ſo I ſay, the fleſh to feede and cloth,
that thou harme not thy ſoule and bodie both.

3 Care for the world to do thy bodie right,
racke not thy vvit to winne thy wicked waies,
ſeeke not t'oppreſſe the weak by wrongful might,
to pay thy dew do baniſh all delayes:
Care to diſpend according to thy ſtore,
and in like ſort be mindefull of the poore.

4 Care for thy ſoule, as for thy chiefeſt ſtay,
care for thy bodie for thy ſoules auaile,
care for the world for bodies helpe alway,
care yet but ſo as vertue may preuaile,
care in ſuch ſort that thou be ſure of this,
care keepe thee not frō heauen & heauenly bliſſe.

FINIS.

VIla, lullaby, lul-la lulla-by, my ſweet lit- tle baby, :||:

what meaneſt thou to cry, Lulla, lulla-by, :||: la lulla, lulla-

by, la lulla la lulla-by, :||: Lul-la-by my ſweete lit- tle ba- by.

The ſecond part.

BE ſtill my bleſſed babe, though cauſe thou haſt to mourne

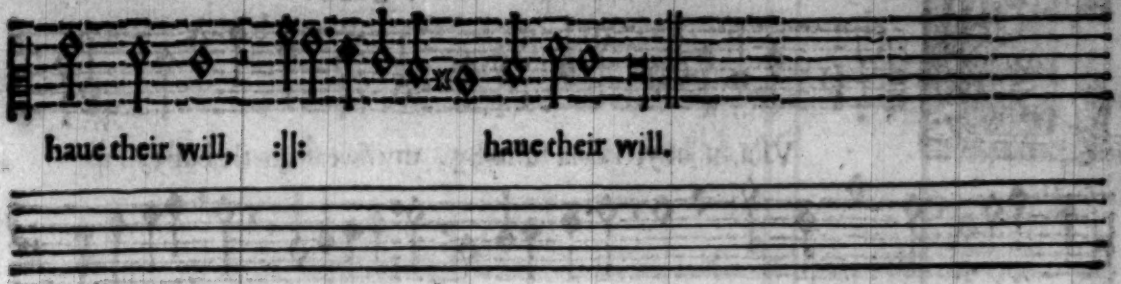
whoſe bloud moſt innocent to ſhed, the cruel king hath ſworne, & lo, alas, be-

hold, what ſlaughter he doth make, ſhedding the bloud of in-fants all, ſweet ſa- ui-

our for thy ſake. A King is borne they ſay: which king this king would kil, oh

woe, oh woe, & woful heauie daie, when wretches haue their wil, :||:

haue their wil, oh woe, oh woe, & wofull heauie day, when wretches



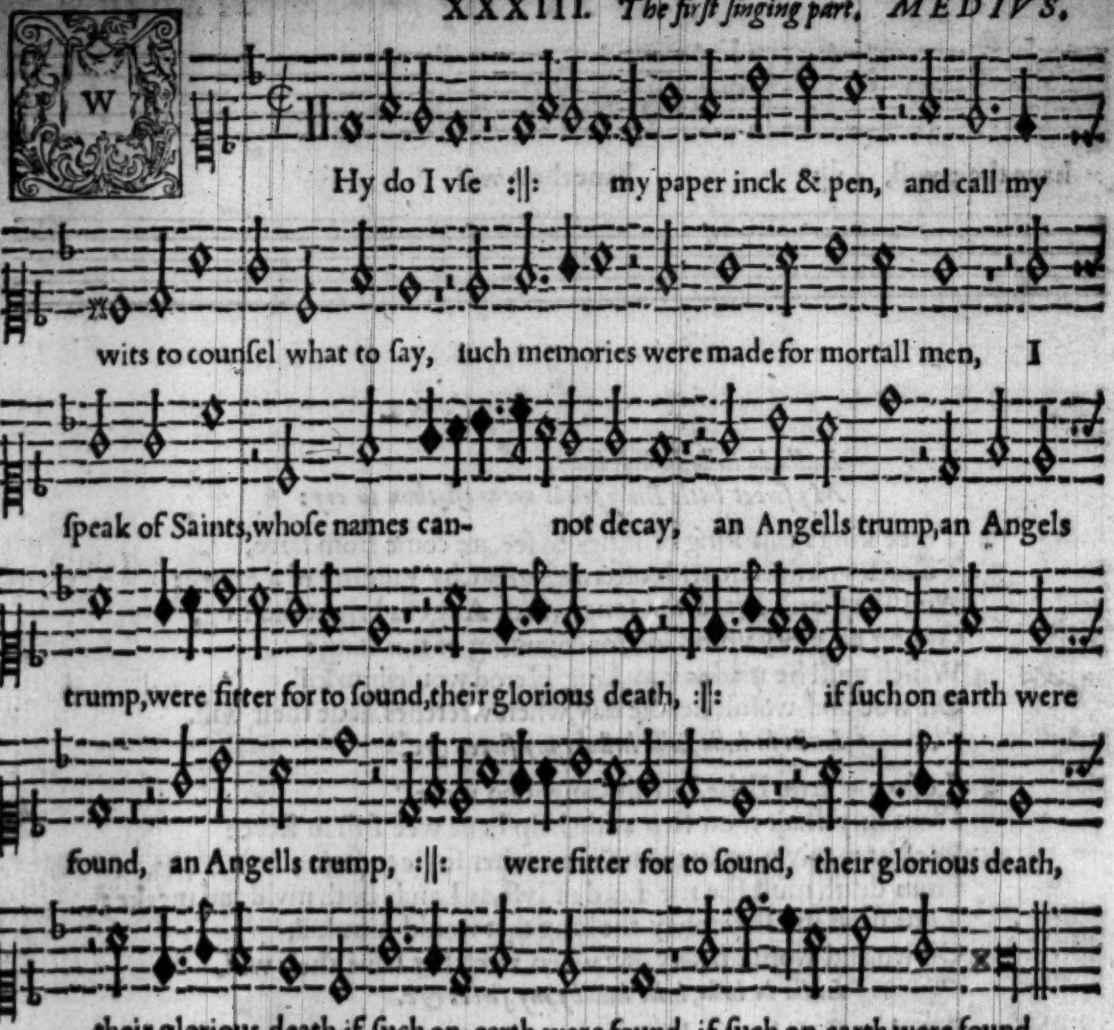
Lulla,la lulla,lulla lullaby,
My ſweet little Baby,what meaneſt thou to cry:

2 Three kings this king of kings to ſee,are come from farre,
To each vnknowen,with offerings great,by guiding of a Starre:
And ſhepherds heard the ſong,which Angells bright did ſing,
Giuing all glory vnto God,for comming of this king:
Which muſt be made away,king Herod would him kill,
Oh woe and wofull heauie day,when wretches haue their will.
Lulla,la lulla,lulla lullaby,my ſweet &c.

3 Lo,lo,my little Babe,be ſtill,lament no more,
From fury ſhalt thou ſtep aſide,help haue wee ſtill in ſtore:
Wee heauenly warning haue,ſome other ſoyle to ſeeke,
From death muſt flie the Lord of lyfe,as Lamb both myld and meeke:
Thus muſt my Babe obey the king that would him kill,
Oh wo,and wofull heauy day,when wretches haue their will.
Lulla la lulla,lulla lullaby,my ſweet &c.

4 But thou ſhalt liue and raigne,as *Sibilles* haue foreſaide,
As all the Prophets Propheſie,whoſe mother yet a maide,
And perfect virgin pure,with hir breſts ſhall vpbreed,
Both God and man that all hath made,the Sunne of heauenly ſeed:
Whom caytiues none can tray,whom tirants none can kill,
Oh ioy,and ioyfull happy day,when wretches want their will.

FINIS.



1 That ſtoare of ſuch were once on earth purſu'd,
the hiſtories of auncient times record,
whoſe conſtancie great tirants rage ſubdu'd,
through patiẽt death profeſſing Chriſt their Lord,
as his Apoſtles perfect witneſſe bare.
with many more that bleſſed Martirs were.

2 VVhoſe patiẽce rare & moſt couragious minde,
with fame renoum'd perpetuall ſhall endure,
by whoſe examples we may rightlie find,
of holie life and death a patterne pure:
that we therefore their vertues may embrace,
pray we to Chriſt to guide vs with his grace.

FINIS.

¶ The funerall Songs of that honorable Gent. Syr Phillip Sidney, Knight.

Come to mee grief for euer, :||: Come to mee teares,

day & night, day & night, Come to mee plaint, ah helples, plaint ah helples,

iuſt griefe, iuſt griefe, heart teares, plaint worthie, iuſt griefe, heart teares, plaint

worthie, iuſt griefe, heart teares, plaint worthie.

2 Go fro mee dread to die now,
Go fro mee care to liue more,
Go fro mee ioyes all on earth,
Sidney, *O Sidney* is Dead.

3 He whome the Court adorned,
He whome the country courtis'd,
He who made happie his friends,
He that did good to all men.

4 *Sidney* the hope of land ſtrange,
Sidney the floure of England,
Sidney the ſpirit heroic,
Sidney is dead, O dead, dead,

5 Dead? no, no, but renomed,
With the anointed oned,
Honor on earth at his feete,
Bliſſe euerlaſting his ſeate.

Come to mee griefe: &c.

That moſt rare breſt, O that moſt rare breſt, moſt rare

breſt, O that moſt rare breſt, moſt rare breſt, chriſtalline ſin-

cere, ſincere through which like gold, thy princely hart did ſhine, did ſhine,

O ſprite heroic, heroic, O vali-ant worthie knight, O Sidney, O Sidney, prince

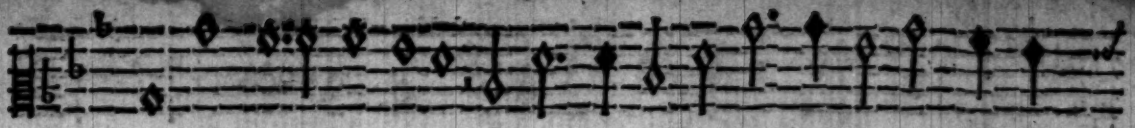
of fame, O Sidney, prince of fame & mens good will,

O Sidney, Sidney, O Sidney, :||: prince of fame, and mens good wil,

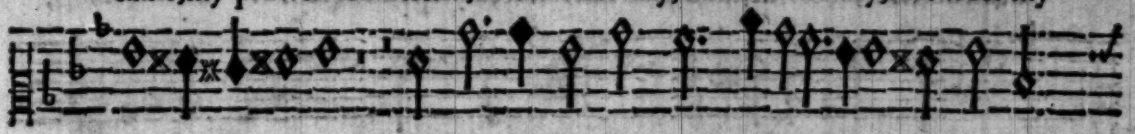
good will. For thee, for thee, both kings & princeſſes do mourne, for thee, both

kings & princeſſes do mourne, & princeſſes do mourne, do mourne,

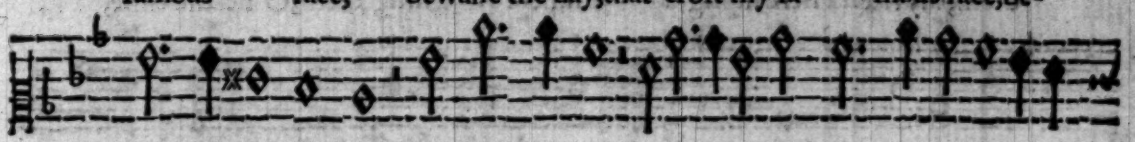
thy noble Tombe, three Cities ſtrange deſired, de- ſired, foes to the cauſe, the



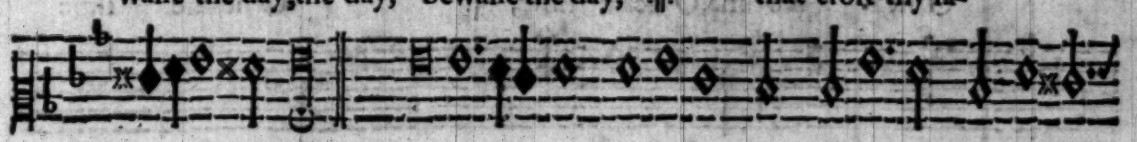
cauſe,thy prowes did defend,bewaile the day, bewaile the day,that croſt thy



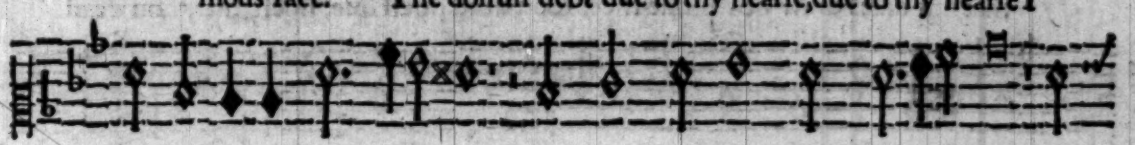
famous race, bewaile the day,that croſt thy fa- mous race,be-



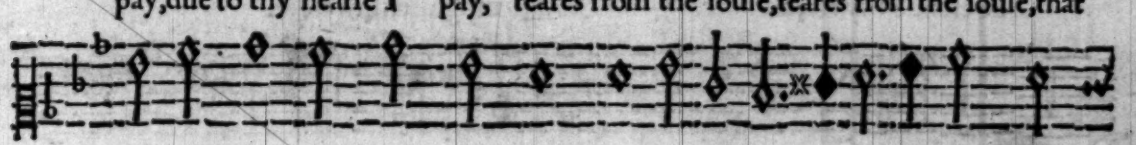
waile the day,the day, bewaile the day, :‖: that croſt thy fa-



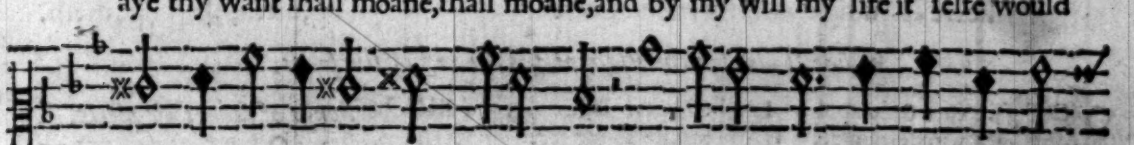
mous race. The dolfull debt due to thy hearſe,due to thy hearſe I



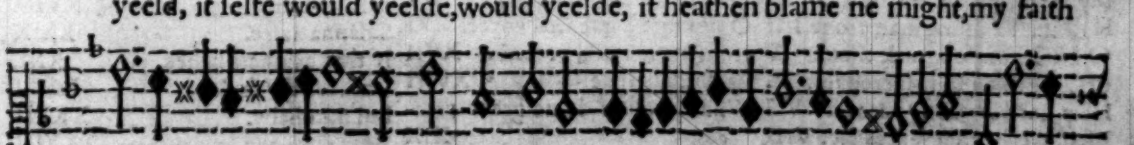
pay,due to thy hearſe I pay, teares from the ſoule,teares from the ſoule,that



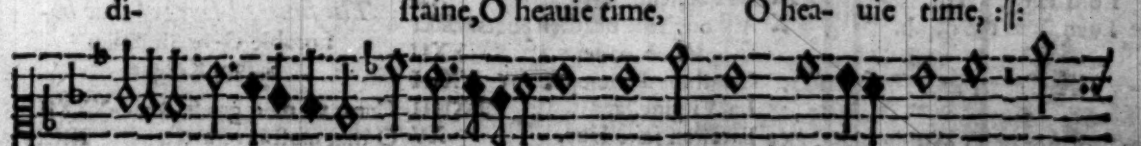
aye thy want ſhall moane,ſhall moane,and by my will my life it ſelfe would



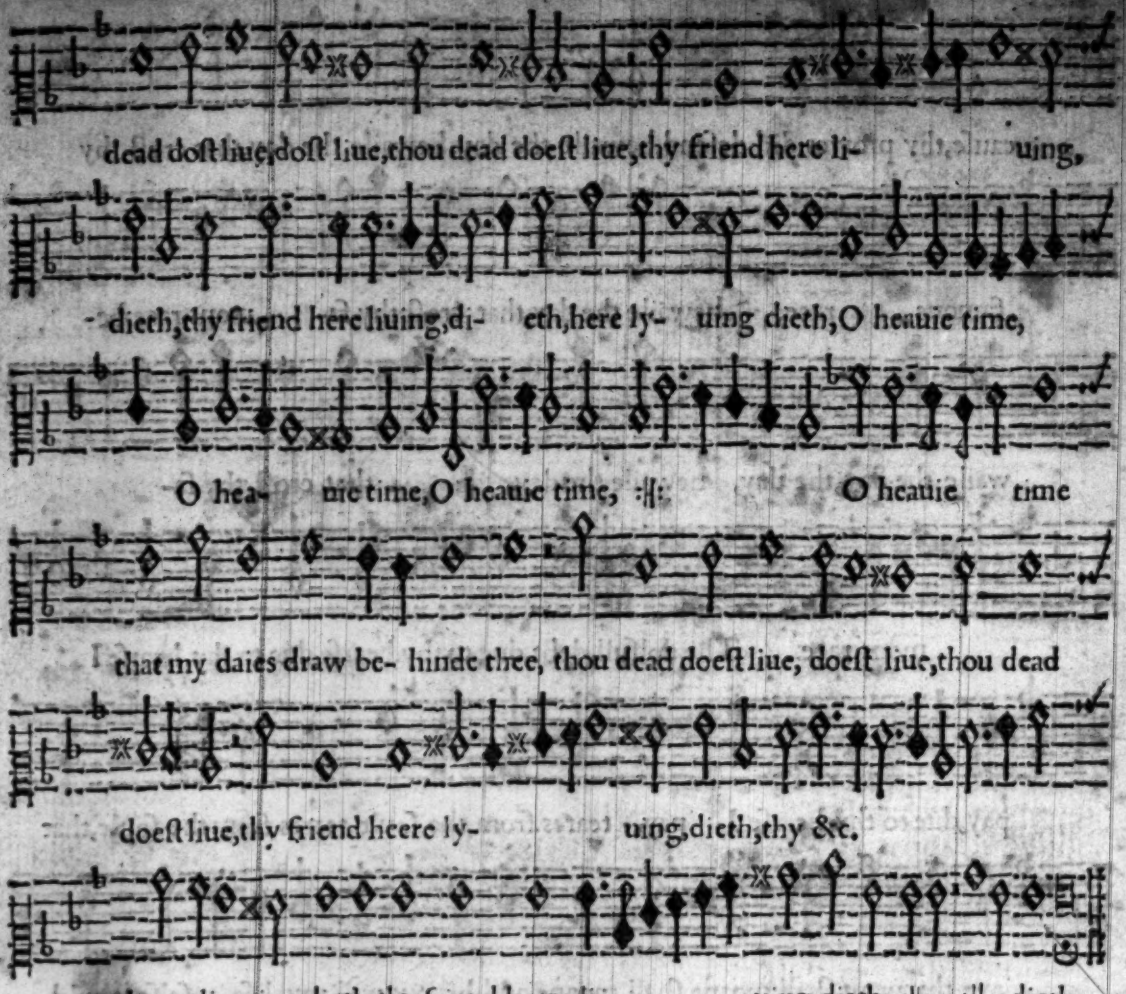
yeeld, it ſelfe would yeelde,would yeelde, if heathen blame ne might,my faith



di- ſtaine,O heauie time, O hea- uie time, :‖:



:‖: O heauie time,that my dayes draw be- hind thee,thou



¶ *The Table for the Pſalmes, and the reſt of the ſongs.*

O God giue eare & do apply. I
Mine eies with feruencie. II
My ſoule oppreſt with care. III
How ſhall a young man prone. IIII
O Lord how long wilt thou. V
O Lord who in thy ſacred ter. VI
Help Lord for walled are. &c. VII
Bleſſed is he that feares &c. VIII
Lord in thy wrath. IX
Euen from the depth. X

The Sonets and Paſtoralles.

I ioy not in no earthly bliſſe. XI
Though Amarillis. XII
Who likes to loue XIII
My minde to me &c. XIIII
Where fancie fond. XV
O you that heare this voyce. XVI
If woemen could be faire. XVII
Ambitious loue XVIII
What pleaſure haue great prin- ces. XIX
As I beheld. XX
Although the heathen poets. XXI
In fields abroade. XXII
Conſtant Penelope. XXIII
La Virginella. XXIIII
Farewell falſe loue. XV
The match that's made. XXVI

Songs of ſadnes & pietie.

Proſtrate O Lord. XXVII
All as a Sea. XXVIII
Suſanna faire. XXIX
If that a ſinners ſighes. XXX
Care for thy ſoule. XXXI
Lulla, Lullaby. XXXII
Why doe I vſe. XXXIII

The funerall ſongs of that honorable Gent. Sir Philip Sidney Knight.

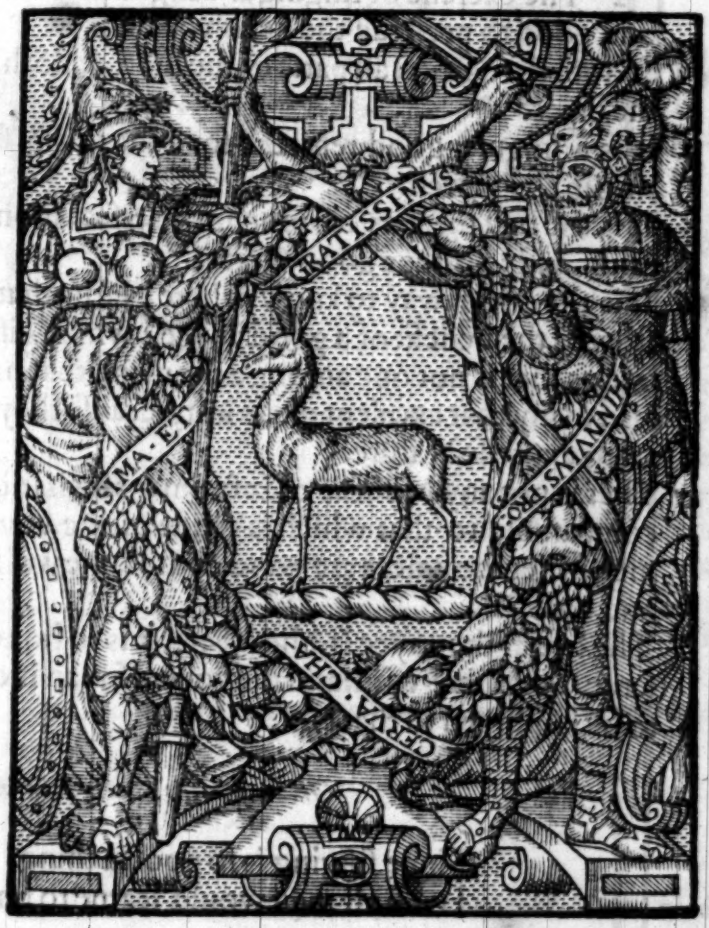
Come to mee griefe &c. XXXIIII
O that moſt rare breſt. XXXV

FINIS.

79637 (11.2)

TENOR.

Pſalmes, Sonets, & ſongs of ſadnes and pietie, made into Muſicke of fiue parts: whereof, ſome of them going abroad among diuers, in vntrue coppies, are heere truely corrected, and th'other being Songs very rare & newly compoſed, are heere publiſhed, for the recreation of all ſuch as delight in Muſick: By *William Byrd*, one of the Gent. of the Queenes Maieſties honorable Chappell.



Printed by Thomas Eaſt, the aſsigne of W. Byrd, and are to be ſold at the dwelling houſe of the ſaid T. Eaſt, by Paules wharfe. 1588.

Cum priuilegio Regiæ Maieſtatis.

¶ Reasons briefely set downe by th'auctor, to perswade euery one to learne to sing.

FIrst, it is a knowledge easely taught, and quickly learned, wher ther is a good Master, & an apt Scoler.

2 The exercise of singing is delightful to Nature, and good to preserue the health of man.

3 It doth strengthen all parts of the brest, & doth open the pipes.

4 It is a singuler good remedie for a stutting & stamaring in the speech.

5 It is the best meanes to procure a perfect pronunciation, and to make a good Orator.

6 It is the onely way to know where Nature hath bestowed the benefit of a good voyce: which gift is so rare, as ther is not one among a thousand that hath it: & in many that excelent gift is lost, because they want art to expresse Nature.

7 Ther is not any Musicke of Instruments whatsoeuer, comparable to that which is made of the voyces of men, wher the voices are good, & the same wel sorted and ordered.

8 The better the voyce is, the meeter it is to honour & serue God there-with: and the voice of man is chiefly to be imployed to that end.

Omnis spiritus laudet Dominum.

Since singing is so good a thing,
I wish all men would learne to sing.

¶TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE Sir Chriſtopher Hatton knight, Lord Chancellor of England, William Byrd wiſheth long life, and the ſame to be moſt healthie and happie.

THE often deſires of many my good friends, Right honorable, and the conſideration of many vntrue incorrected coppies of diuers my ſonges ſpred abroade, haue beene the two cauſes, chiefly mouing my conſent at length to put in Print the fruits of my ſmall ſkill and labors in Muſicke. Then the dutie, honor, and ſeruice due from me vnto your Lordſhip, together with the remembrance of your iudgement and loue of that Art, did moue and imbolden me to preſent this firſt printed worke of mine in Engliſh, to paſſe vnder your L. fauour & protectiō: vnworthie I cōfeſſe, the view or Patronage of ſo worthie a Perſonage. Yet remembring that ſmall things ſometime do great ſeruice, and that repoſe is beſt taſted by bodies forewearied: I hoped that (by this occaſion) theſe poore ſongs of mine might happely yeeld ſome ſweetneſſe, repoſe, and recreation vnto your Lordſhips minde, after your dayly paynes & cares taken in the high affaires of the Common wealth. Moſt humbly beſeeching your Lordſhip, that if my boldneſſe heerein be faultie, my dutifull good will, and good meaning may excuſe it: which if I may ſo fortunately perceiue, it ſhall incourage mee to ſuffer ſome other things of more depth and ſkill to follow theſe, which being not yet finiſhed, are of diuers expected and deſired. Inceſſantlie beſeeching our Lord to make your yeeres happie, and ende bleſſed, I wiſh there were any thing in me worthie of your Lordſhip to be commaunded.

Moſt humbly your L. euer to commaund

William Byrd.

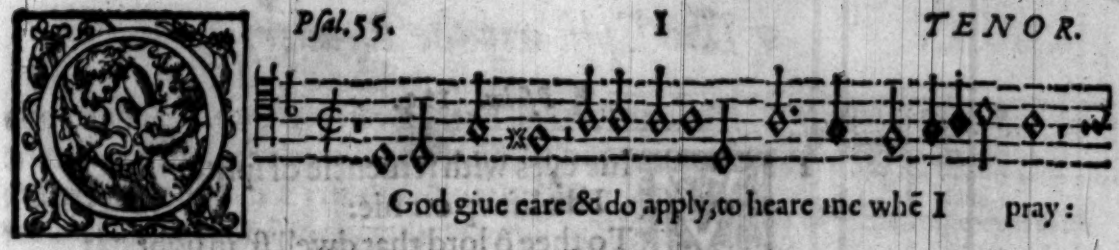
¶The Epiſtle to the Reader.

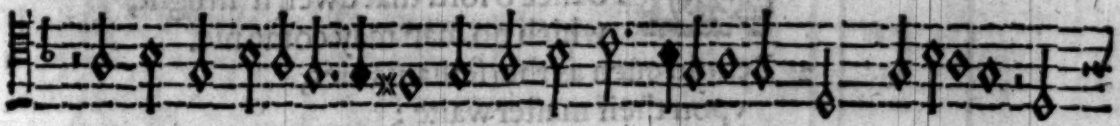
BEnigne Reader, heere is offered vnto thy courteous acceptation, Muſicke of ſundry ſorts, and to content diuers humors. If thou be diſpoſed to pray, heere are Pſalms. If to be merry, heere are Sonets. If to lament for thy ſinnes, heere are ſongs of ſadneſſe & pietie. If thou delight in Muſicke of great compaſſe, heere are diuers ſongs, which being originally made for inſtruments to expreſſe the harmony, & one voyce to pronoũce the dittie, are now framed in all parts for voyces to ſing the ſame. If thou deſire ſongs of ſmall compaſſe and fit for the reach of moſt voyces, heere are moſt in number of that ſort. Whatſoeuer pains I haue taken heerein, I ſhal think to be wel imploied, if the ſame be well accepted, Muſicke therby the better loued, and the more exerciſed. In the expreſſing of theſe ſongs, either by voyces or inſtruments, if there happen to be any iarre or diſſonance, blame not the Printer, who (I doe aſſure thee) through his great paines & diligence, doth heere deliuer to thee a perfect & true coppie. If in the compoſition of theſe ſongs, there be any fault by me committed, I deſire the skilful, either with courteſie to let the ſame be concealed, or in friendly ſort to be thereof admoniſhed: & at the next impreſſion he ſhall finde the error reformed: remembring alwaies, that it is more eaſie to finde a fault then to amend it. If thou finde any thing heere worthy of lykeing and commendation, giue prayſe vnto God, from whom (as from a moſt pure and plentifull fountaine) all good gifts of Science doe flow: whoſe name be glorified for euer.

The moſt aſſured friend to all
that loue or learne Muſicke:
William Byrd.

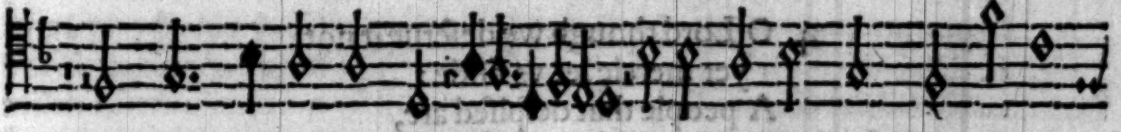
¶The names and number of thoſe ſongs which are of the higheſt compaſſe.

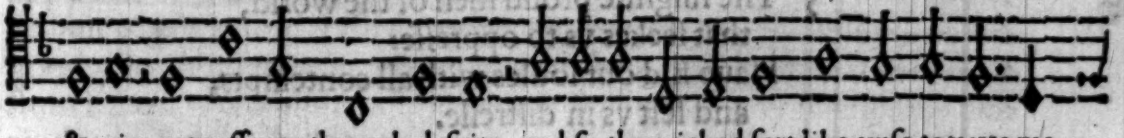
MY ſoule oppreſt with care and griefe. III
How ſhall a yong man prone to ill. IIII
O Lord how long wilt thou forget. V
O Lord who in thy ſacred tent. VI
Help Lord for waſted are all thoſe. VII
Bleſſed is he that feares the Lord. VIII
Lord in thy wrath. IX
La virginella. XXIIII
If that a ſinners ſighes. XXX
Care for thy ſoule. XXXI
Lullaby. XXXII
Why doe I vſe. XXXIII

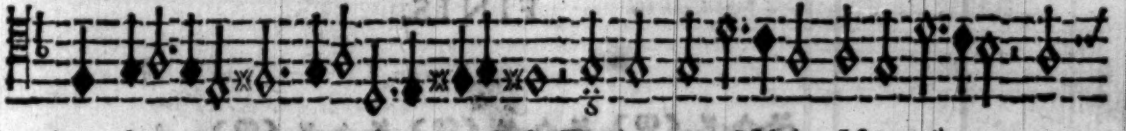

God giue eare & do apply, to heare me whē I pray:

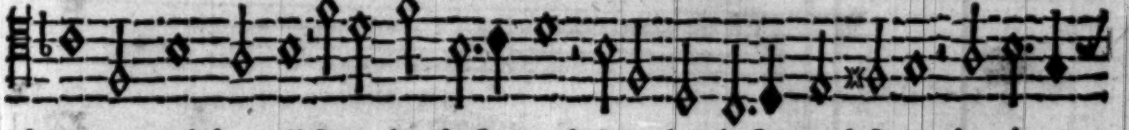

and whē to thee I call & cry, hide not thy ſelfe a- way. Take heed to me, :||:

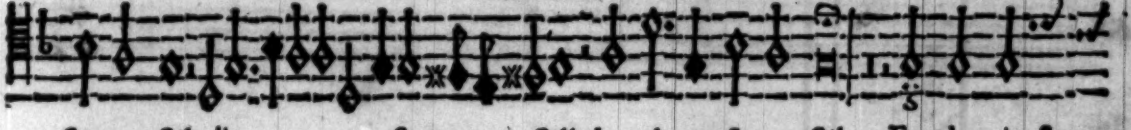
graūt my re-queſt, & aūſwere me a- gaine: With plaints I pray ful ſore oppreſt,


great griefe doth me conſtraine. :||: Becauſe my foes with threats & cries,


& cries, oppreſſe me through deſpite, and ſo the wicked ſort like-wiſe, to vexe me


haue de- light, haue de- light. For they in coūſel do cōſpire, :||: to


charge me with ſome ill, So in their haſty wrath, ſo in their haſty wrath & yre, they do pur-


ſue me ſtil, :||: purſue me ſtill, they do purſue me ſtil. For they in &c.

1 Ine eyes with feruencie of ſprite,
I do lift vp on hie:
To thee ô lord that dwell'ſt in light,
which no man may come nie.

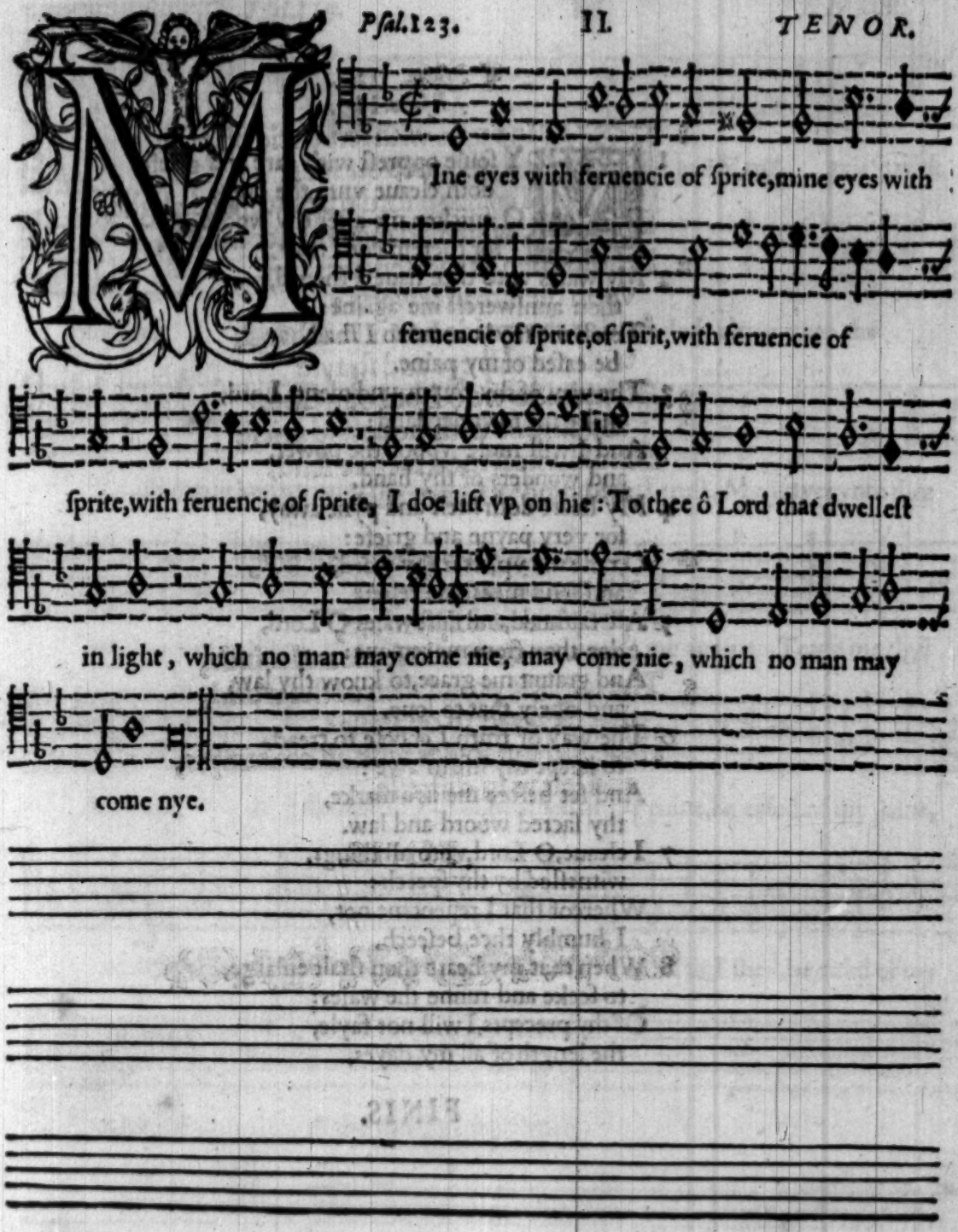
2 Behold euen as the ſeruants eies,
vpon their maſter waite:
And as the maide her miſtriſt hand,
with carefull eye and ſtrayte

3 Attends: So we ô Lord our God,
thy throne with hope and griefe
Behold, vntill thou mercie ſend,
and giue vs ſome relife.

4 O Lord though we deſerue it not,
yet mercie let vs finde:
A people that deſpiſed are,
throwne downe in ſoule and minde,

5 The mightie proud men of the world,
that ſeekes vs to oppreſſe:
Haue fild our ſoules with all contempts,
and left vs in diſtreſſe.

FINIS.


Mine eyes with feruencie of ſprite, mine eyes with
feruencie of ſprite, of ſprit, with feruencie of
ſprite, with feruencie of ſprite, I doe lift vp on hie: To thee ô Lord that dwelleſt
in light, which no man may come nie, may come nie, which no man may
come nye.

Psalm. 119.

1 MY ſoule oppreſt with care and griefe,
doth cleaue vnto the duſt:
O quicken me after thy woord,
for therein doe I truſt.

2 My waies vnto thee haue I ſhew'd,
thou aunſwereſt me againe:
Teach me thy law and ſo I ſhall,
be eaſed of my paine.

3 The way of thy commaund'ments Lord,
make me to vnderſtand:
And I will muſe vppon the power,
and wonders of thy hand.

4 My heart doth melt and pyne away,
for very payne and griefe:
O, raiſe me vp, after thy word,
and ſend mee ſome reliefe.

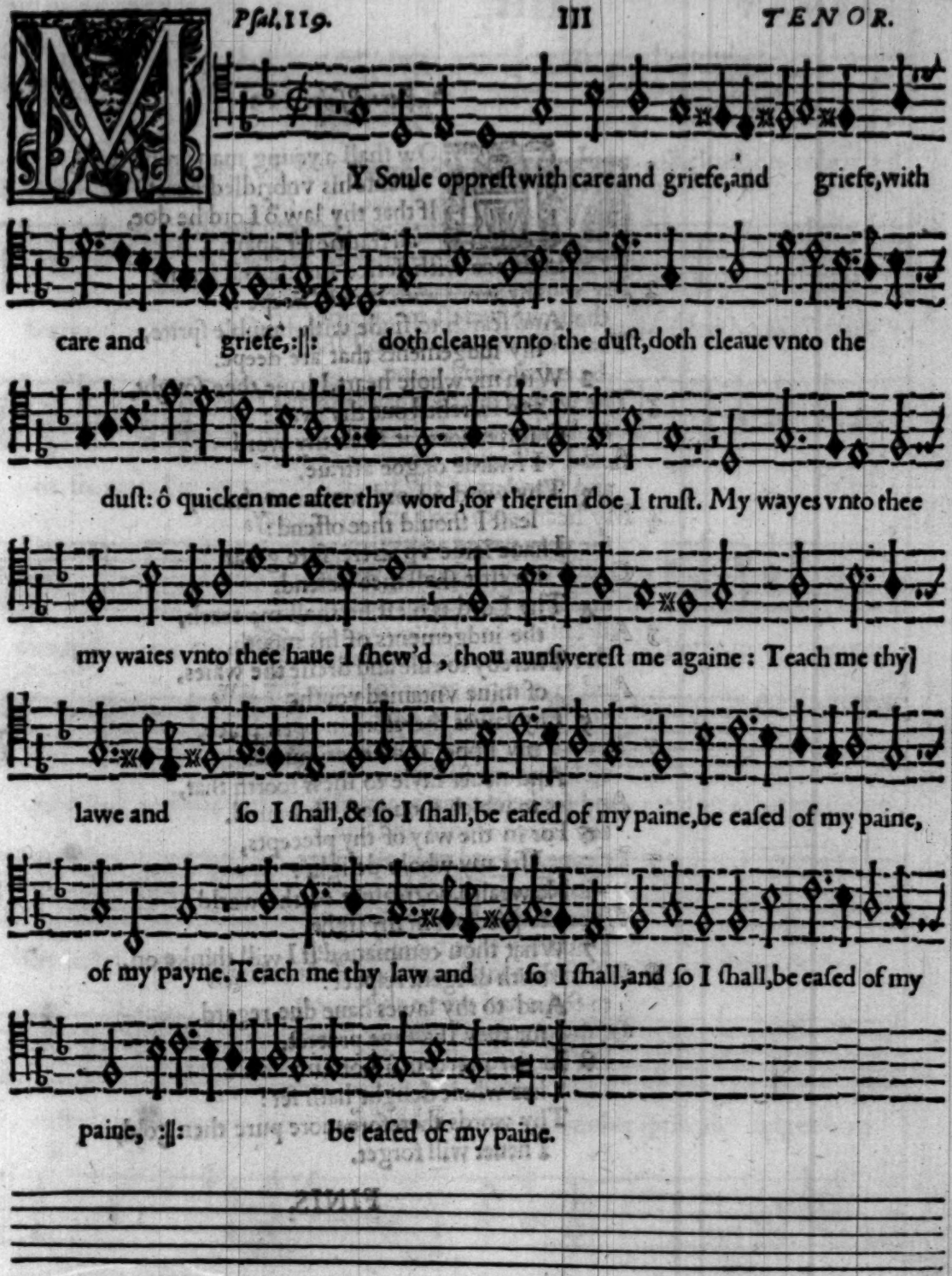
5 All falſhood, and falſe waies O Lord,
doe thou from me remoue:
And graunt me grace, to know thy law,
and onely that to loue.

6 The way of truth I chooſe to tread,
to keepe my life in awe:
And ſet before me as a marke,
thy ſacred woord and law.

7 I cleaue, O Lord, vnto all things,
witneſſed by thy ſpeech:
Whereof that I repent me not,
I humbly thee beſeech.

8 When that my heart thou ſhalt enlarge,
to ſeeke and runne the waies:
Of thy precepts, I will not fayle,
the length of all my dayes.

FINIS.


MY Soule oppreſt with care and griefe, and griefe, with
care and griefe, :||: doth cleaue vnto the duſt, doth cleaue vnto the
duſt: ô quicken me after thy word, for therein doe I truſt. My wayes vnto thee
my waies vnto thee haue I ſhew'd, thou aunſwereſt me againe: Teach me thy
lawe and ſo I ſhall, & ſo I ſhall, be eaſed of my paine, be eaſed of my paine,
of my payne. Teach me thy law and ſo I ſhall, and ſo I ſhall, be eaſed of my
paine, :||: be eaſed of my paine.

1 HOw shall a young man prone to ill,
cleanse his vnbridled heart?
If that thy law, ô Lord he doe,
all frailtie set apart.
Embrace with setled minde, and learne
thy word with care to keepe:
And search to finde with humble sprite,
thy iudgements that are deepe.

2 With my whole heart, I haue thee sought,
and searched out thy way:
O suffer not that from thy word
I swarue or goe astraie.

3 Thy word ô Lord, within my heart,
least I should thee offend:
I haue laide vp as treasure great,
for that shall mee defend.

4 The Lord is blest, he shall me teach,
the iudgements of his mouth,
Thereby to rule and dresse the waies,
of mine vntamed youth.

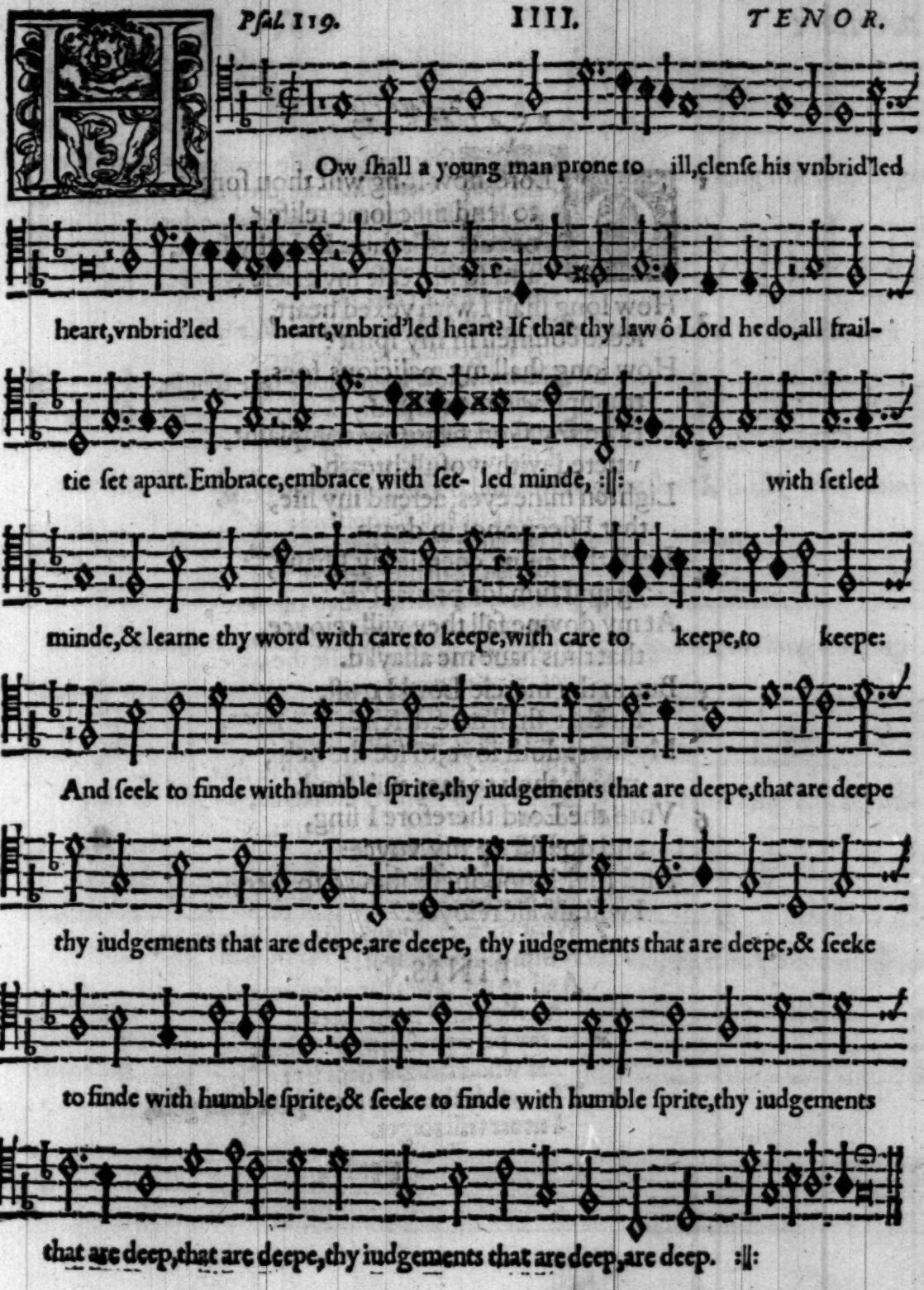
5 Thy lawes therefore, in open place,
my lippes shall euer sound:
And neuer fayle to shew foorth that,
to which thou hast me bound.

6 For in the way of thy precepts,
I set my whole delight:
No wealth, no treasure of the world,
so precious in my sight.

7 What thou commaund'st I will thinke on,
with diligent respect:
And to thy lawes haue due regard,
for they shall me protect.

8 In thy precepts, ô Lord, my soule
her whole delight hath set:
Thy words therefore more pure then gold,
I neuer will forget.

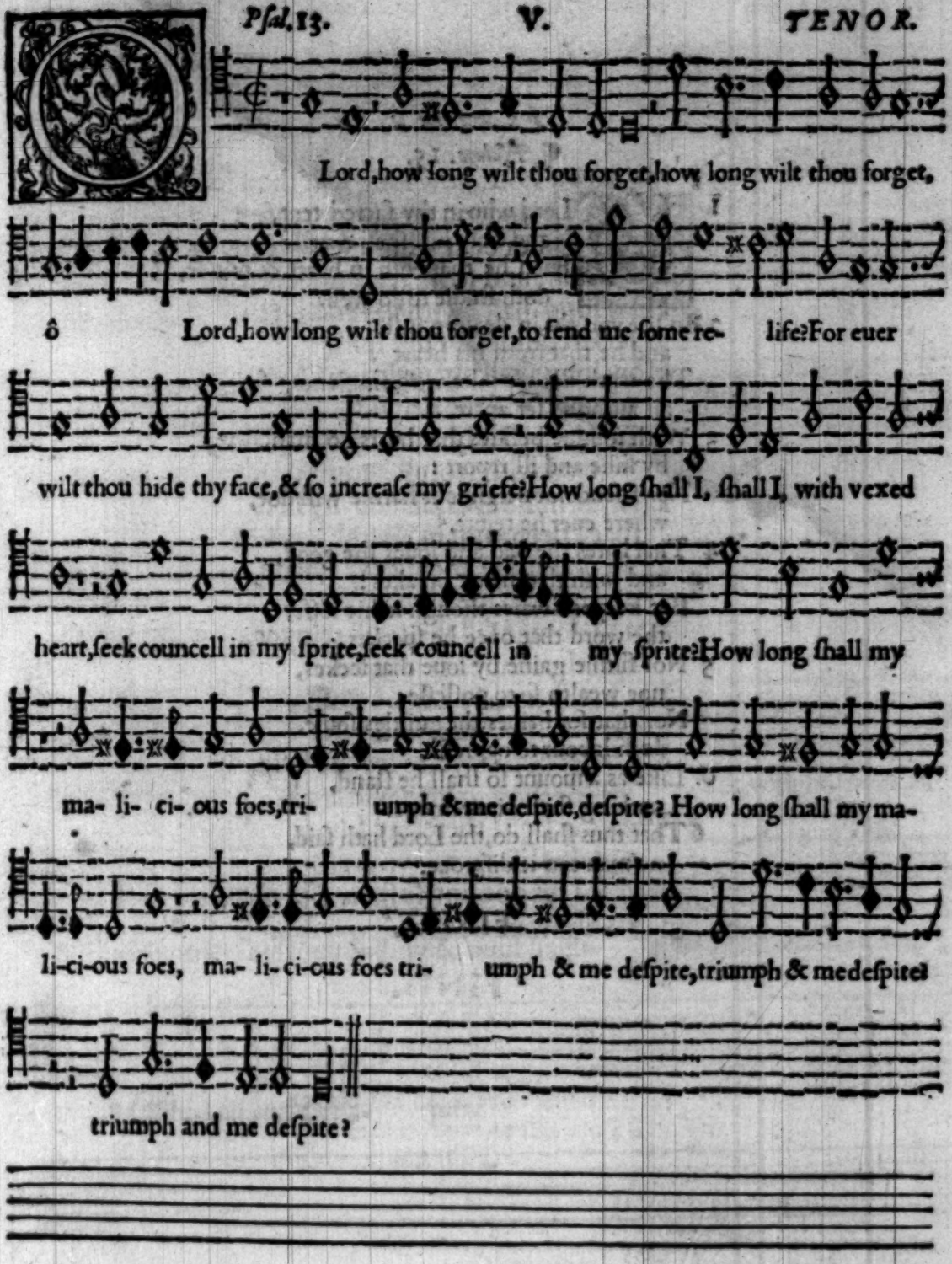
FINIS.


How ſhall a young man prone to ill, clenſe his vnbrid'led
heart, vnbrid'led heart, vnbrid'led heart? If that thy law ô Lord he do, all frail-
tie ſet apart. Embrace, embrace with ſet- led minde, :||: with ſetled
minde, & learne thy word with care to keepe, with care to keepe, to keepe:
And ſeek to finde with humble ſprite, thy iudgements that are deepe, that are deepe
thy iudgements that are deepe, are deepe, thy iudgements that are deepe, & ſeeke
to finde with humble ſprite, & ſeeke to finde with humble ſprite, thy iudgements
that are deep, that are deepe, thy iudgements that are deep, are deep. :||:

PSALME. 13.

1 O Lord, how long wilt thou forget,
to send mee some relife?
For euer wilt thou hide thy face,
and so increase my griefe?
2 How long shall I with vexed heart,
seeke counsell in my spirit?
How long shall my malicious foes,
triumph and me despit?
3 O Lord my God, heare my complaint,
vttered with wofull breath:
Lighten mine eyes, defend my life,
that I sleepe not in death.
4 Least that mine enemie say I haue,
against him loe preuayl'd:
At my downe fall they will reioyce,
that thus haue me assayl'd.
5 But in thy mercie Lord I trust,
for that shall mee defend:
My heart doth ioye, to see the help,
which thou to mee wilt send.
6 Vnto the Lord therefore I sing,
and doe lift vp my voyce:
And for his goodnesse shew'd to mee,
I will alwaie reioyce.

FINIS.


Lord, how long wilt thou forget, how long wilt thou forget,
O Lord, how long wilt thou forget, to ſend me ſome re- life? For euer
wilt thou hide thy face, & ſo increaſe my griefe? How long ſhall I, ſhall I, with vexed
heart, ſeek councell in my ſprite, ſeek councell in my ſprite? How long ſhall my
ma- li- ci- ous foes, tri- umph & me deſpite, deſpite? How long ſhall my ma-
li-ci-ous foes, ma- li- ci-ous foes tri- umph & me deſpite, triumph & me deſpite?
triumph and me deſpite?

¶ *Psalme.* 15.

1 O Lord who in thy ſacred tent,
and holy hill ſhall dwell:
Euen he that both in heart & minde,
doth ſtudie to do well.

2 In life vpright, in dealing iuſt,
and he that from his heart
The truth doth ſpeake with ſinglenes,
all falſhood ſet apart,

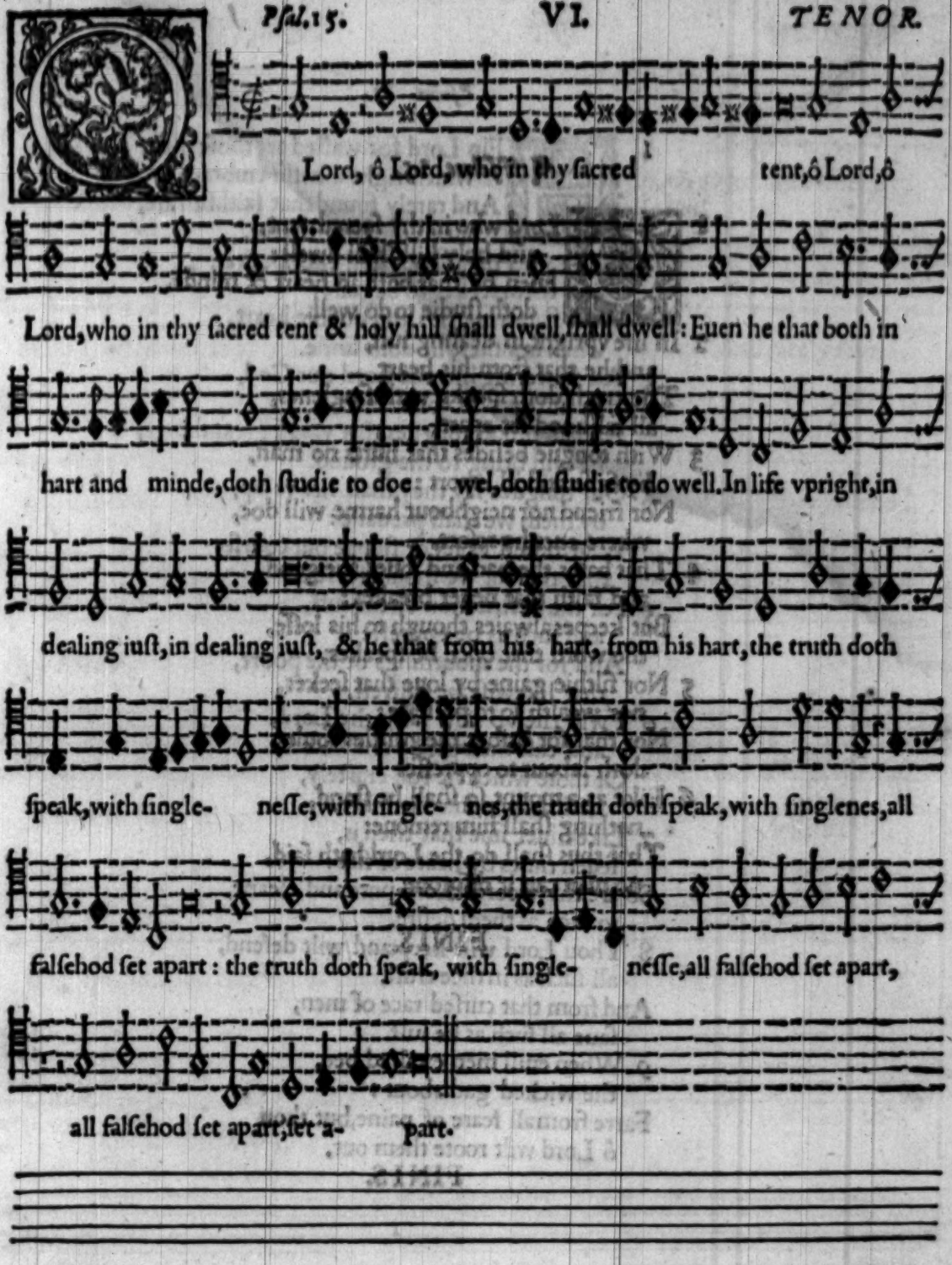
3 With tongue beſides that hurts no man,
by falſe and ill report:
Nor friend nor neighbour harme will doe,
where euer he reſort.

4 That hates the bad, and loues the good,
and faith that neuer breakes:
But keepes alwaies though to his loſſe,
the word that once he ſpeakes.

5 Nor filthie gaine by loue that ſeekes,
nor wealth ſo to poſſeſſe:
Nor that for bribes, the guiltles ſoule,
doth labour to oppreſſe.

6 Like as a mount ſo ſhall he ſtand,
nothing ſhall him remoue:
That thus ſhall do, the Lord hath ſaid,
no man can it diſproue.

FINIS.


Lord, ô Lord, who in thy ſacred tent, ô Lord, ô
Lord, who in thy ſacred tent & holy hill ſhall dwell, ſhall dwell: Euen he that both in
hart and minde, doth ſtudie to doe wel, doth ſtudie to do well. In life vpright, in
dealing iuſt, in dealing iuſt, & he that from his hart, from his hart, the truth doth
ſpeak, with ſingle- neſſe, with ſingle- nes, the truth doth ſpeak, with ſinglenes, all
falſehod ſet apart: the truth doth ſpeak, with ſingle- neſſe, all falſehod ſet apart,
all falſehod ſet apart, ſet a- part.

1 HElp Lord for waſted are thoſe men,
which right vſneſſe embrace:
And rarely found that faithfull are,
but all the truth deface.

2 Each to his neighbour falſhood ſpeakes,
and them ſeekes to beguile:
With flattering lips and double heart,
when ſmootheſt he doth ſmile.

3 All flattering lips, the Lord our God,
in iuſtice will confound:
And all proud tongues, that vaunt great things,
he will bring to the ground.

4 Our tongues ſay they, ſhall lift vs vp,
by them we ſhall preuaile:
Who ſhould vs let, or ſtoppe our courſe,
that thereof we ſhould fayle.

5 For the deſtruction of the iuſt,
and ſuch as be oppreſt:
And for the mournings of the poore,
that likewiſe be diſtreſt.

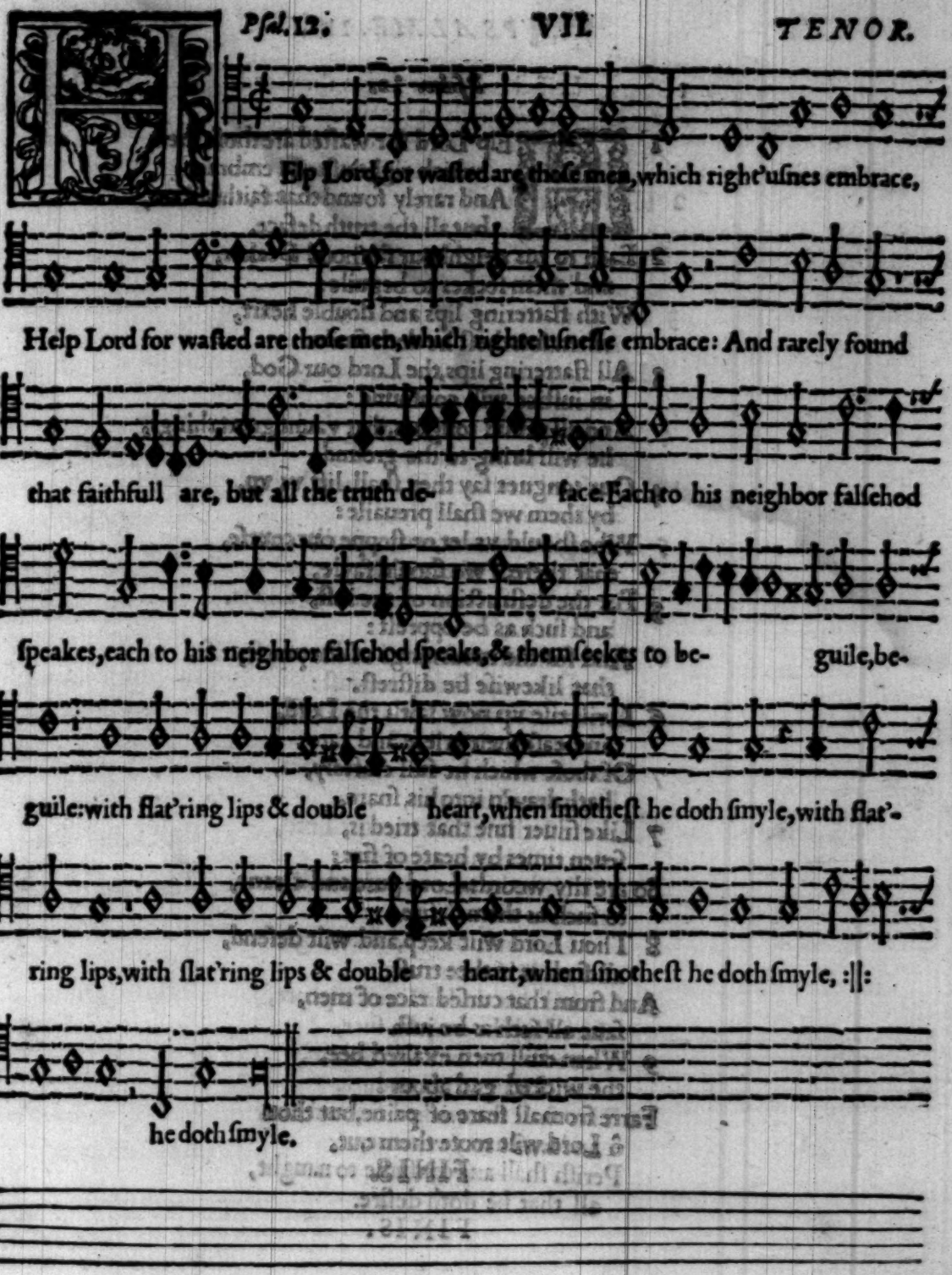
6 I will riſe vp now ſaith the Lord,
and eaſe their griefe and care:
Of thoſe which he full craftely,
hath draw'n into his ſnare.

7 Like ſiluer fine that tried is,
ſeuen times by heate of fire:
So are thy woords Lord pure and cleane,
to ſuch as them deſire.

8 Thou Lord wilt keep, and wilt defend,
all ſuch as in thee truſt,
And from that curſed race of men,
ſaue all ſuch as be iuſt.

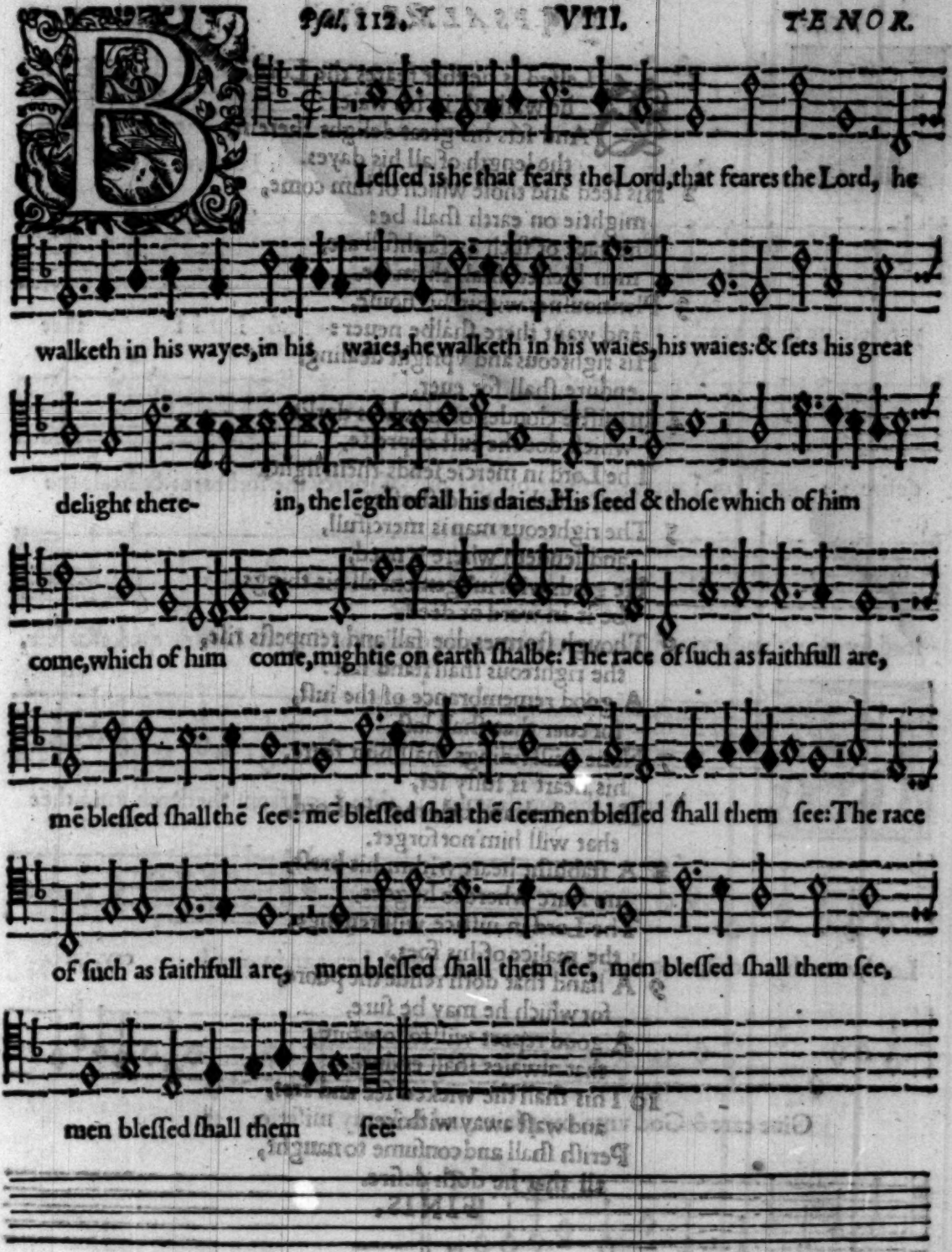
9 When euill men exalted bee,
the wicked gad about:
Farre from all feare of paine, but thou
ô Lord wilt roote them out.

FINIS.


Help Lord, for wasted are those men, which right'usnes embrace,
Help Lord for wasted are those men, which righte'usnesse embrace: And rarely found
that faithfull are, but all the truth de- face. Each to his neighbor falsehod
speakes, each to his neighbor falsehod speaks, & them seekes to be- guile, be-
guile: with flat'ring lips & double heart, when smotheſt he doth smyle, with flat'-
ring lips, with flat'ring lips & double heart, when smotheſt he doth smyle, :||:
he doth smyle.

1 BLeſſed is he that feares the Lord,
he walketh in his waies:
And ſets his great delight therein,
the length of all his dayes.
2 His ſeed and thoſe which of him come,
mightie on earth ſhall be:
The race of ſuch as faithfull are,
men bleſſed ſhall them ſee.
3 Plentiouſnes within his houſe,
and want there ſhalbe neuer:
His righteous and vpright dealing,
endure ſhall for euer.
4 In miſtie cloudes of troubles darke,
which doe the iuſt oppreſſe,
The Lord in mercie ſends them light,
and eaſeth their diſtreſſe.
5 The righteous man is mercifull,
and lendeth where is need,
He guids with iudgement all his things,
be it in word or deed.
6 Though ſtormes doe fall and tempeſts riſe,
the righteous ſhall ſtand faſt:
A good remembrance of the iuſt,
for euer that ſhall laſt.
7 None euill tidings ſhall him feare,
his heart is fully ſet,
He truſteth and beleeues the Lord,
that will him not forget.
8 A ſtabliſht heart within his breſt,
no feare where ſo he goes,
The Lord in iuſtice will reuenge,
the malice of his foes.
9 A hand that doth reliue the poore,
for which he may be ſure,
A good report will follow him,
that alwaies ſhall endure.
10 This ſhall the wicked ſee and fret,
and waſt away with ire,
Periſh ſhall and conſume to naught,
all that he doth deſire.

FINIS.


Leſſed is he that fears the Lord, that feares the Lord, he
walketh in his wayes, in his waies, he walketh in his waies, his waies: & ſets his great
delight there- in, the lēgth of all his daies. His ſeed & thoſe which of him
come, which of him come, mightie on earth ſhalbe: The race of ſuch as faithfull are,
mē bleſſed ſhall thē ſee: mē bleſſed ſhal thē ſee: men bleſſed ſhall them ſee: The race
of ſuch as faithfull are, men bleſſed ſhall them ſee, men bleſſed ſhall them ſee,
men bleſſed ſhall them ſee:

Ord in thy wrath reproue me not, though I deserue thine

yre, deserue thine yre: Ne yet correct me in thy rage, ô Lord I thee

desire, :||: For I am weak, therefore (ô Lord) of mercy me forbeare: & heale me

lord, for why? thou know'st, :||: my bones do quake for fear, my bons do quake for fear.

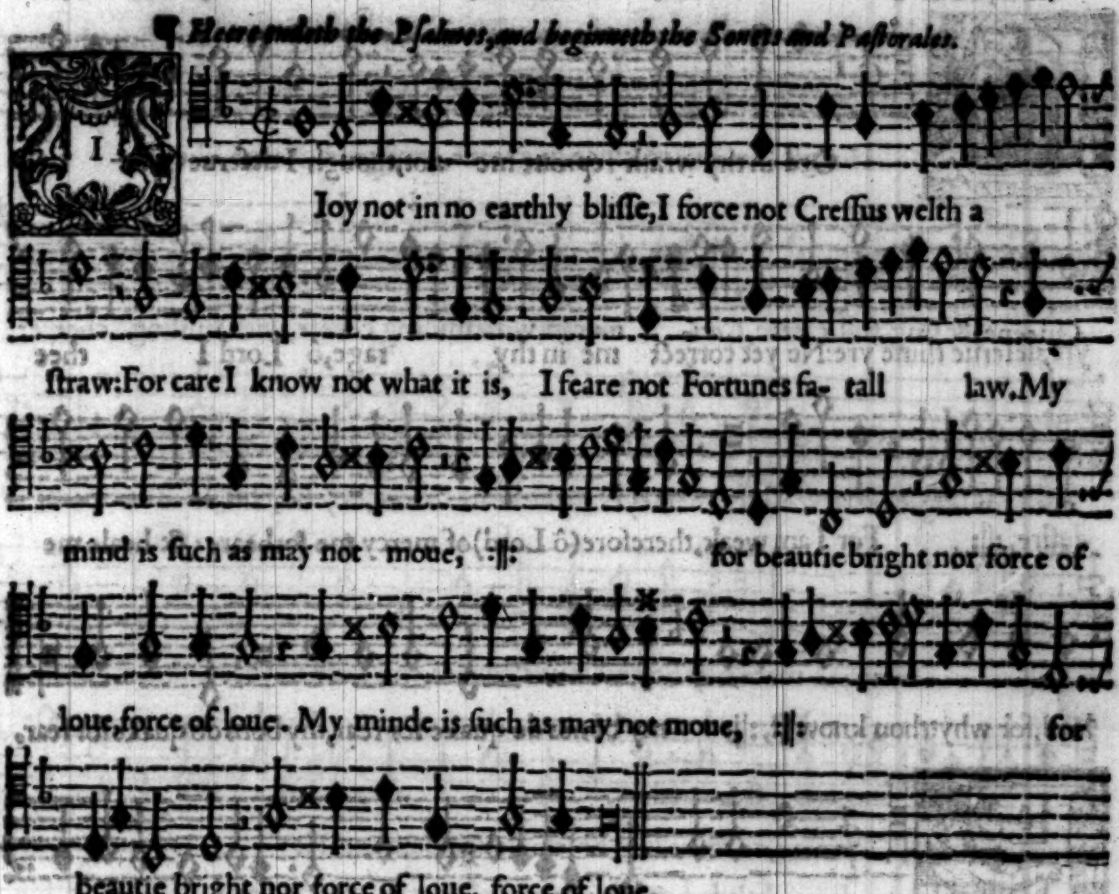
Ven frō the depth, vnto thee Lord, from the depth vnto thee

Lord, vnto thee Lord, vnto thee Lord, thee Lord, with heart and voice I cry, :||:

Giue eare ô God vnto my plaint, and help my miserie, :||:

and help my mi- serie.

Heere endeth the Psalmes, and beginneth the Sonets and Pastorales.

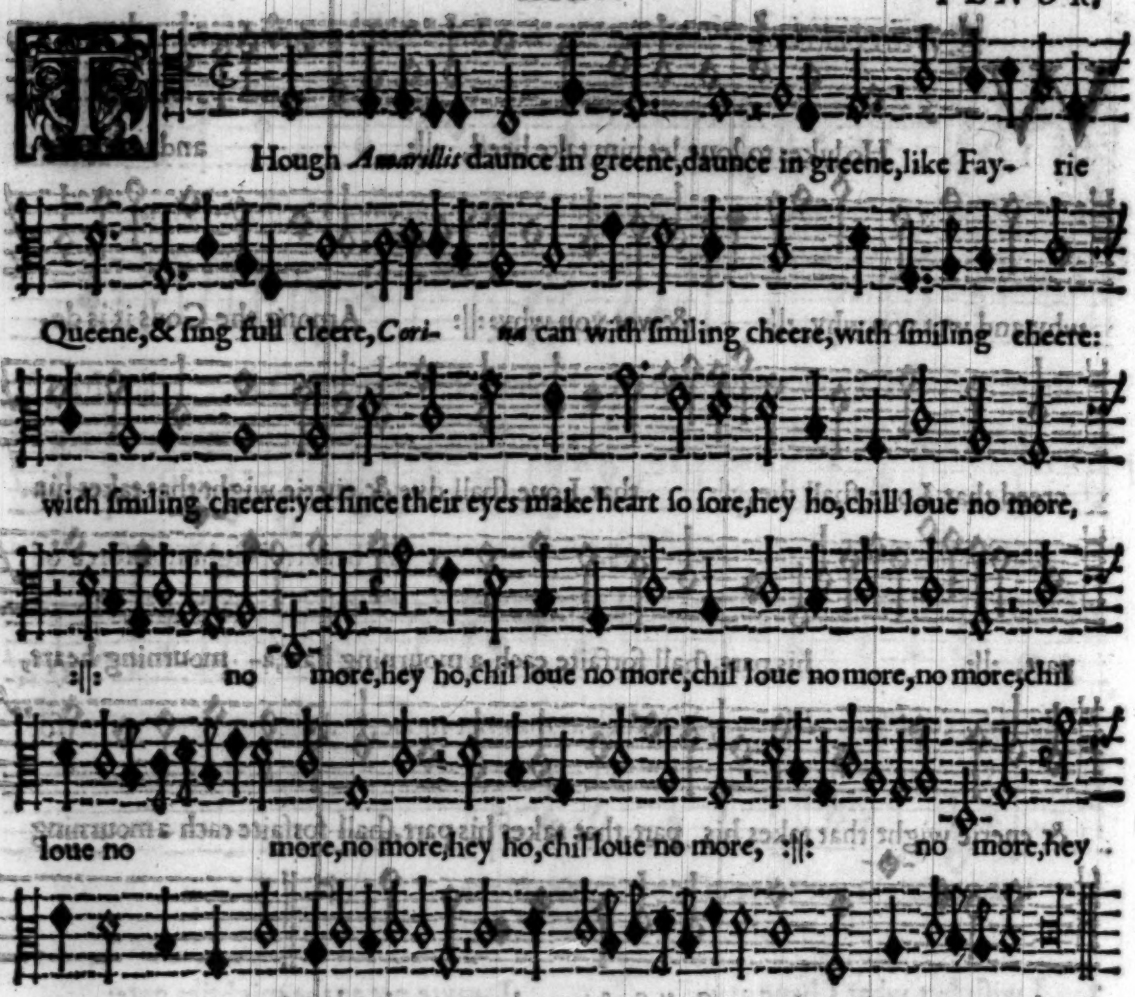


2 I wiſh but what I haue at will,
I wander not to ſeeke for more:
I like the plaine I clime no hill,
in greateſt ſtormes I ſitte on ſhore:
and laugh at them that toyle in vaine,
to get what muſt be loſt againe.

3 I kiſſe not where I wiſh to kill,
I faine not loue where moſt I hate:
I breake no ſleepe to winne my will,
I wayte not at the mightyes gate:
I ſcorne no poore, nor feare no ritch,
I feele no want nor haue to much.

4 The Court and cart I like nor loath,
extreames are counted worſt of all:
the golden meane betweene them both,
doth ſureſt ſit and feare no fall:
this is my choyſe, for why I finde,
no wealth is like the quiet minde.

FINIS.



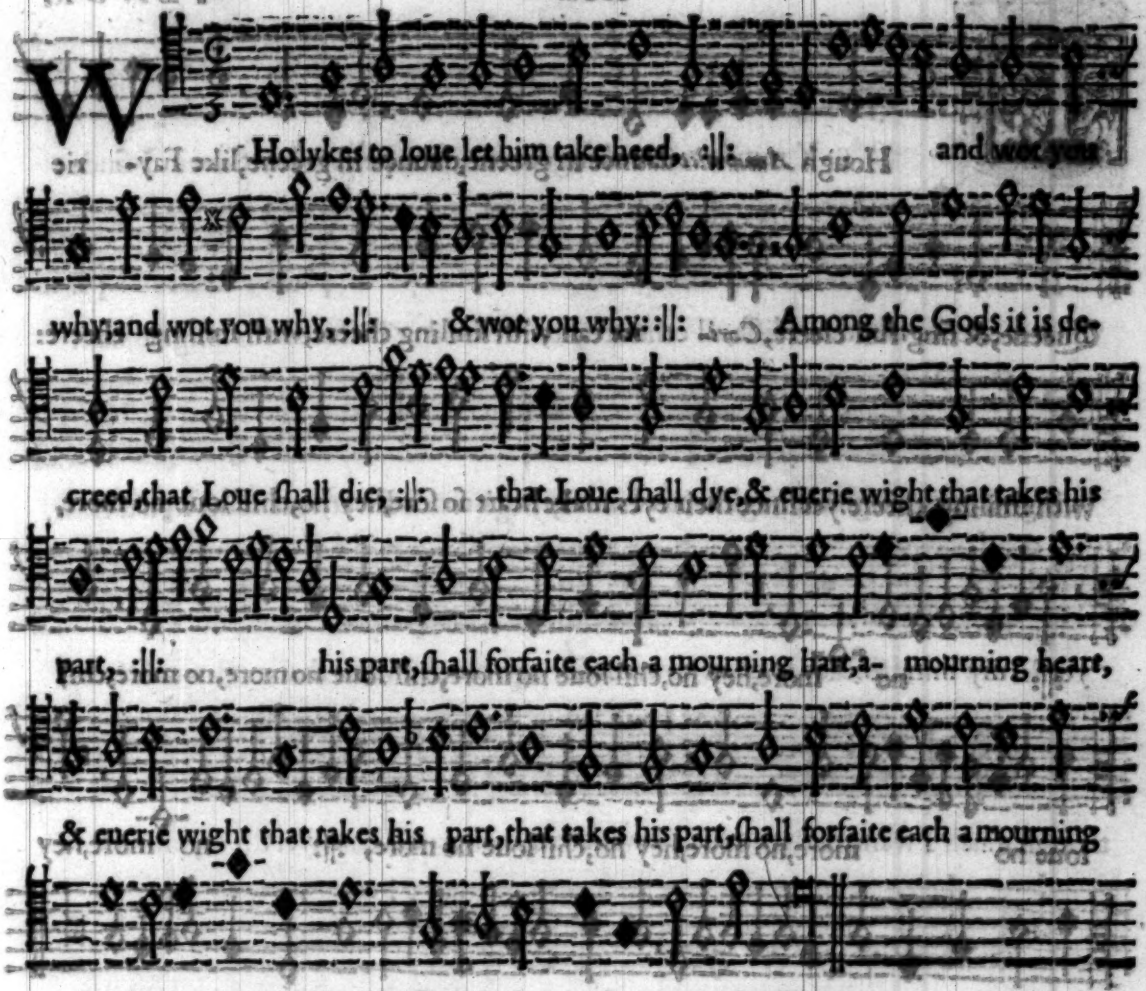
2 My ſheepe are loſt for want of foode.
and I ſo wood:
that all the day,
I ſit and watch a heardmaid gaye:
who laughes to ſee me ſigh ſo ſore,
hey ho, chil loue no more.

3 Her louing lookes, her beautie bright,
is ſuch delight:
that all in vaine,
I loue to like, and loſe my gaine:
for her that thankes me not therefore,
hey ho chil loue no more.

4 Ah wanton eyes my friendlie foes,
and cauſe of woes:
your ſweete deſire,
breeds flames of Iſe & freeſe in fire:
ye ſkorne to ſee me weepe ſo ſore,
hey ho chil loue no more.

5 Loue ye who liſt I force him not,
ſith God it wot,
the more I wayle,
the leſſe my ſighs and teares preuaile:
what ſhall I doe but ſay therefore,
hey ho chil loue no more.

FINIS.



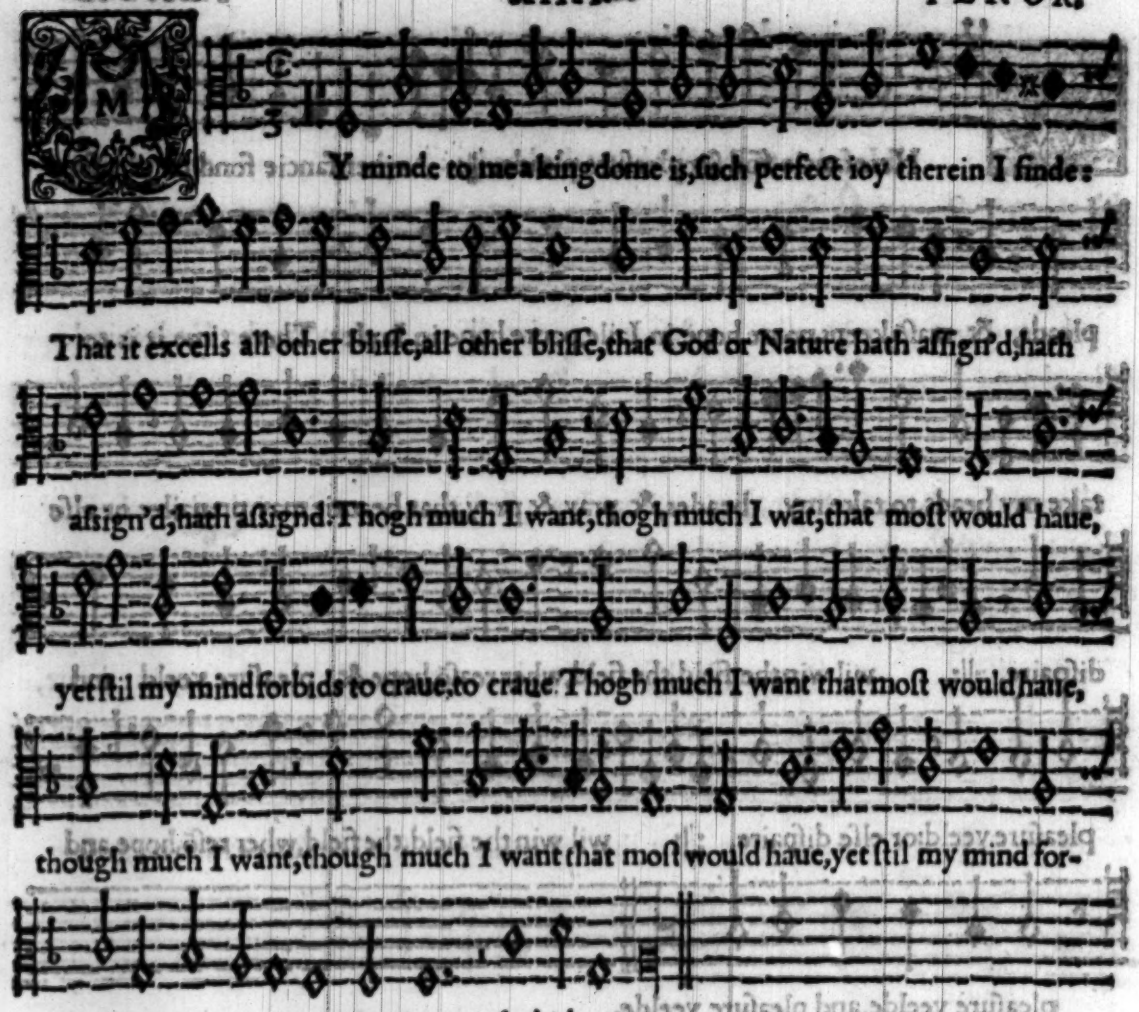
2 The cauſe is this as I haue heard,
a ſort of dames,
whoſe beautie he did not regard,
nor ſecret flames.
complaind before the gods aboue,
that golde corrupts the God of loue.

3 The gods did ſtorme to heare this newes
and there they ſwore,
that ſith he did ſuch dames abuſe,
he ſhould no more
be god of Loue, but that he ſhould
both die, and forfait all his gold.

4 His bowe & ſhaftes they tooke away,
before their eies,
and gaue theſe dames a longer day,
for to deuiſe,
who ſhould them keepe, & they be bound,
that loue for gold ſhould not be found.

5 Theſe Ladies ſtriuing long, at laſt,
they did agree,
to giue them to a mayden chaſt,
whome I did ſee:
who with the ſame did perce my breſt,
her beauties rare and ſo I reſt.

 FINIS.



2 No princ'lie port nor welthie ſtore,
no force to winne a victorie:
no wylie wit to ſalue a ſore,
no ſhape to winne a louing eye:
to none of theſe I yeeld as thrall,
for why my mind deſpiſe them all.

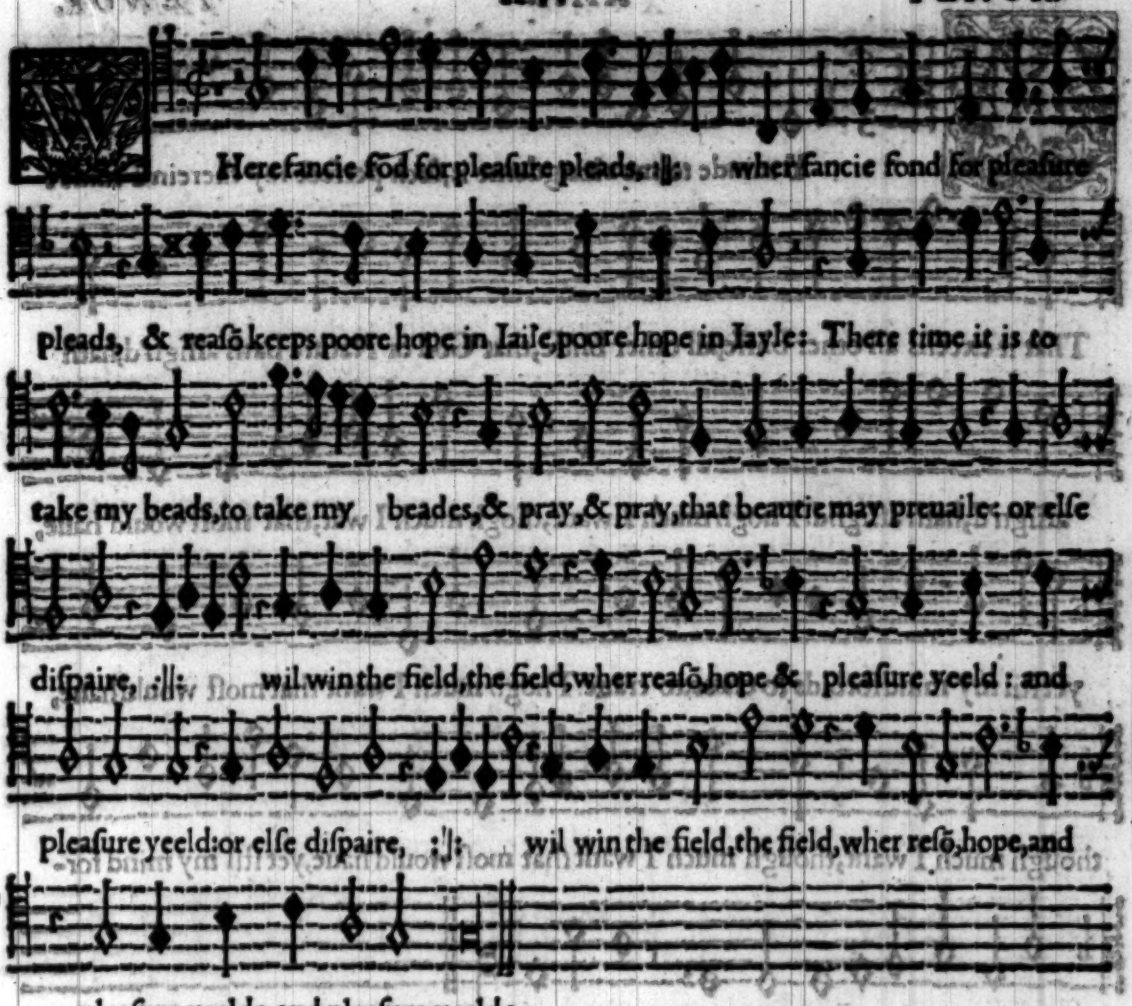
3 I ſee that plentie ſurfets oft,
and haſtie clymbers ſooneſt fall:
I ſee that ſuch as are aloft,
miſhap doth threaten moſt of all:
theſe get with toyle and keepe with feare,
ſuch cares my mind can neuer beare.

4 I preſſe to beare no haughtie ſway,
I wiſh no more then may ſuffice:
I doe no more then well I may,
looke what I want my mind ſupplies:
loe thus I triumph like a king,
my minde content with any thing.

5 I laugh not at anothers loſſe,
nor grudge not at anothers gaine:
no worldly waues my mind can toſſe,
I brooke that is an others bane:
I feare no foe nor fawne on friend,
I loth not life nor dread mine end.

6 My wealth is health & perfect eaſe,
and conſcience cleere my chiefe defence:
I neuer ſeeke by brybes to pleaſe,
nor by deſart to giue offence:
thus do I liue, thus will I die,
would all did ſo as well as I.

FINIS.



2 My eyes presume to iudge this case,
whose iudgement reason doth disdain:
but beautie with her wanton face,
stands to defend, the case is plaine:
and at the barre of sweet delight,
she pleads that fancie must be right.

3 But shame will not haue reason yeeld,
though griefe do sweare it shall be so:
as though it were a perfect shield,
to blush, and feare to tell my woe:
where silence force will at the last,
to wish for wit when hope is past.

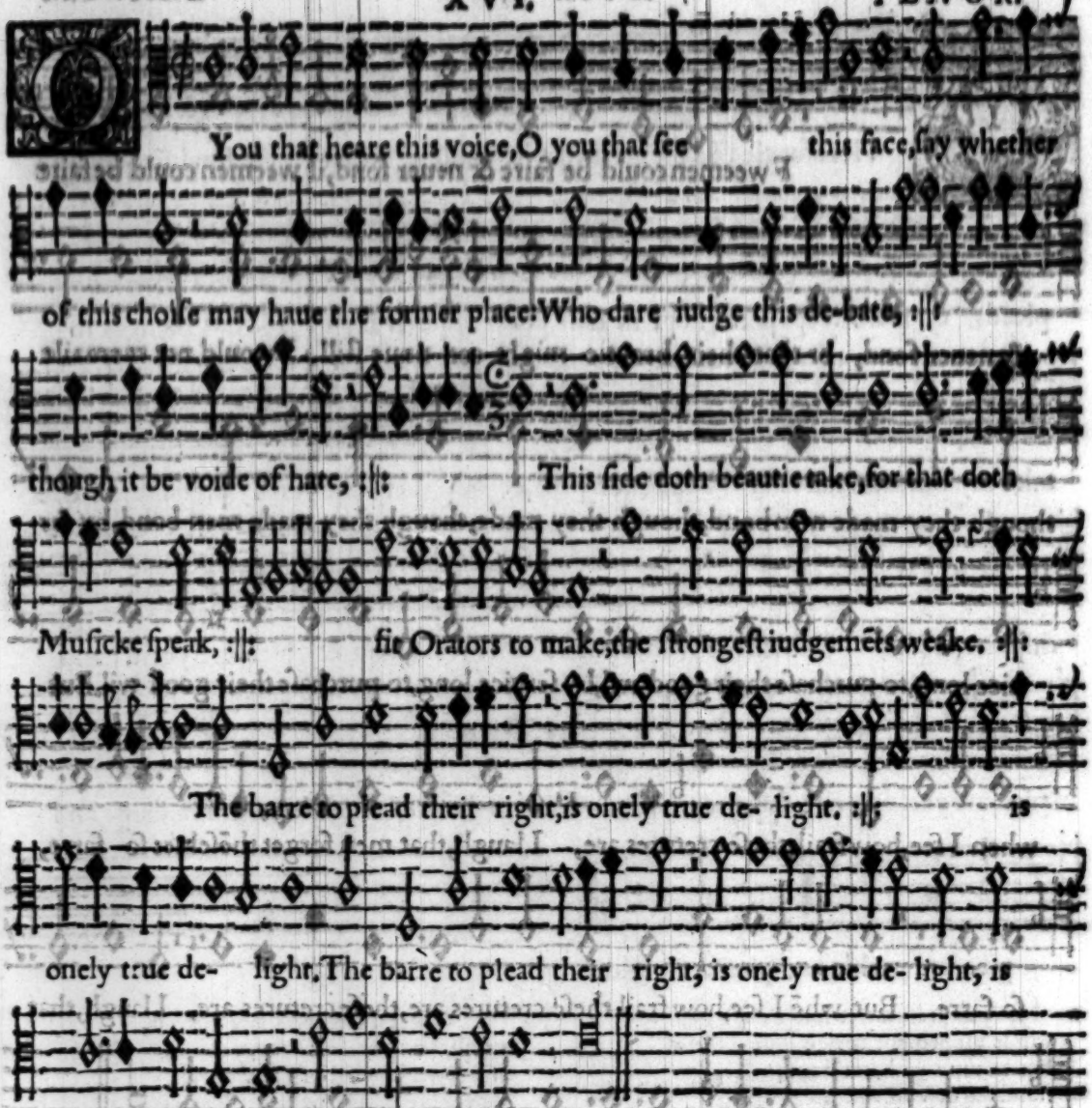
4 So farre hath fond desire out runne,
the bond which reason set out first:
that where delight the fray begunne,
I would now say, if that I durst:
that in her stead ten thousand woes,
haue sprong in field where pleasure grows

5 O that I might declare the rest,
of all the toies which fancy turnes:
like towrs of wind within my brest,
where fire is hid that neuer burnes.
then should I try one of the twaine,
either to loue, or to disdaine.

6 But fine conceit dares not declare,
the strange conflict of hope and feare:
least reason should be left so bare,
that loue durst whisper in mine eare,
and tell me how my fancie shall,
bring reason to be beawties thrall.

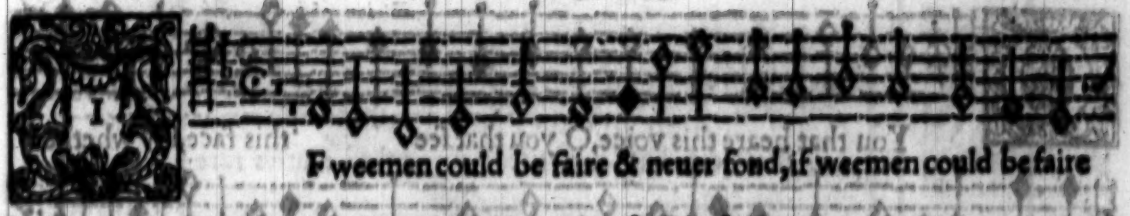
7 I must therefore with silence buyld,
the Laborinth of my delight:
till loue haue tri'd in open field,
which of the twaine shall win the fight:
I feare mee reason must giue place,
If fancie fond winne beauties grace.

 FINIS.



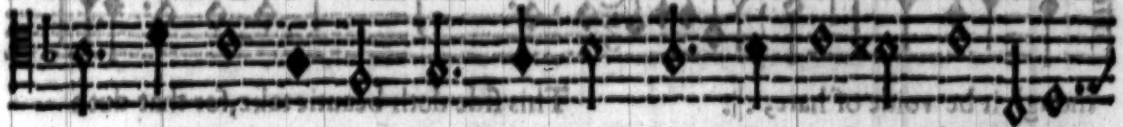
3 Thus doth the voyce and face,
these gentle lawiers wage:
like louing brothers cast.
for fathers heritage:
that ech, while ech contends,
it selfe to other lends.
4 For beautie beautifies,
with heauenly hewe and grace,
the heauenly harmonies,
and in that faultles face,
the perfect beauties be,
a perfect harmonie.
5 Musicke more loftie swells,
in phraises finely plac'd:
Beautie as farre excels,
in action aptly grac'd:
a friend ech partie drawes,
to countenance his cause.
6 Loue more affected seemes,
to Beauties louelie light,
and wonder more esteemes,
of Musicke wond'rous might,
but both to both so bent,
as both in both are spent.
7 Musicke doth witnesse call,
the eare his truth doth trie:
Beautie brings to the hall,
eye witnesse of the eye
eche in his obiect such,
as none exceptions touch,
8 The cõmon sense which might,
be arbiter of this:
to be forsoth vpright,
to both sides parciall is:
he layes on this chiefe prayse,
chiefe praise on that he layes.
9 Then reason, princesse hie,
which sits in throne of mind:
and Musicke can in skye,
with hidden beauties find,
say whether thou wilt crowne,
with limit lesse renowne.

FINIS.

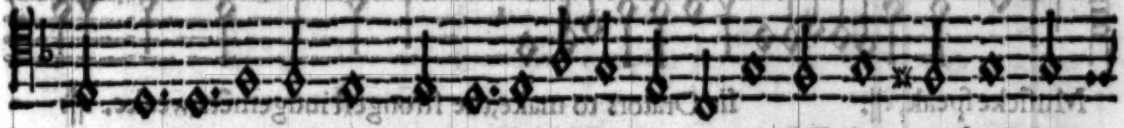


If weemen could be faire & neuer fond, if weemen could be faire

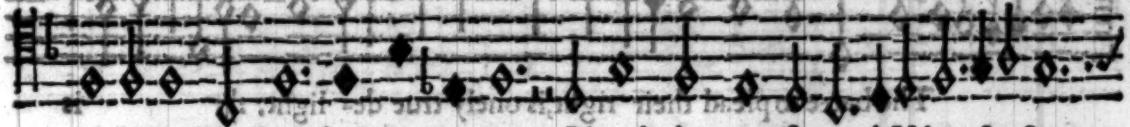
& neuer fond, or that their beautie might con-tinue ſtill: I would not meruaile



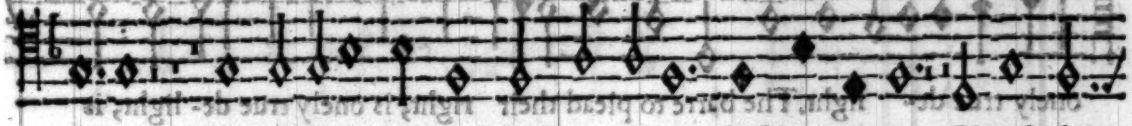
though they made men bond, though they made, though they made men bond, by ſer-



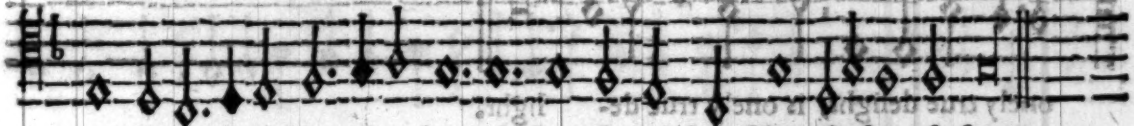
uice long, to purchaſe their good wil, by ſeruice long, to purchaſe their good wil. But



when I ſee, how frail, theſe cretures are, I laugh, that men forget thēſelues ſo farre,



ſo farre. But whē I ſee, how frail theſe cretures are, theſe cretures are, I laugh, that



men forget themſelues ſo farre, ſo farre, forget themſelues ſo farre, ſo farre.

2 To marke what choiſe they make, & how they
How leauing beſt, the worſt they chooſe out ſtill: [change,
And how like haggards wilde, about they range,
Skorning after reaſon to follow will.
who would not ſhake ſuch buſſards from the fiſt,
And let them flie [faire fooles] which way they liſt.

3 Yet for our ſport, we fawne & flatter both,
To paſſe the time, when nothing elſe can pleaſe:
And traine them on, to yeeld by ſubtill oath,
Theſweet content, that giues ſuch humer eaſe.
And then we ſay, when we their follies trie,
To play with fooles, Oh what a foole was I.

FINIS.

Mbitious loue hath forſt me to aſpire, the beauties rare which do

adorne thy face: Thy modeſt life yet bridles my de- ſire, whoſe ſeuere law doth promiſe

me no grace, doth promiſe me no grace. But what? may loue liue vnder any law. No,

no? his power exceedēth mans cōceit: Of which the Gods thēſelues do ſtand in awe

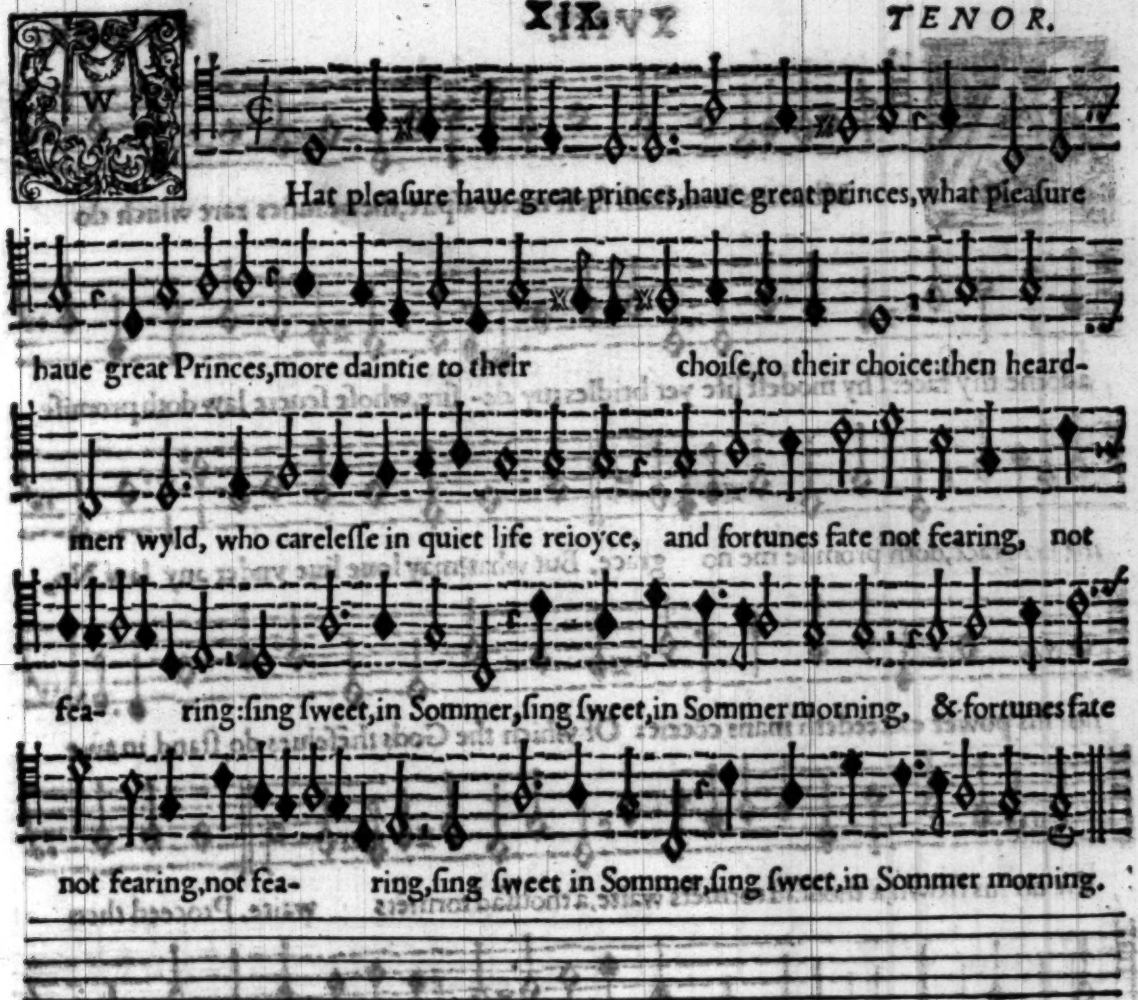
for on his frown, a thouſād tormēts waite, a thouſād tormēts waite. Proceed then

in this deſperate enterpriſe, with good aduiſe, aduiſe, & follow loue thy guyd, that

leads thee to, that leads thee to thy wiſhed Paradiſe, to thy wiſhed Paradiſe. Thy clim-

ing thoughts, this comfort take with all, that if it be, it be thy foule diſgrace to ſlide,

thy braue attempt, :||: ſhall yet excuſe thy fall, :||: thy fall.



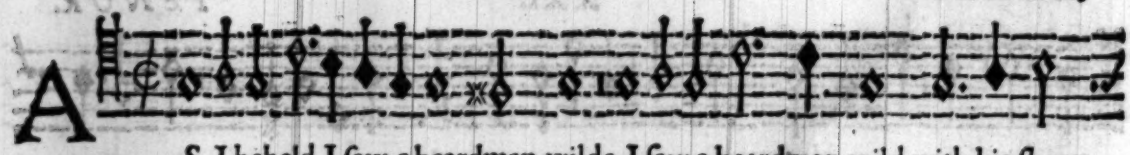
3 Their dealings plaine and rightfull,
are voyd of all diſceit:
they neuer know how ſpightfull
it is to kneele and waite
on fauorite preſumptious,
whoſe pride is vaine and ſumptious.

3 All day their flocks ech tendeth,
at night they take their reſt,
more quiet than who ſendeth
his ſhip into the Eaſt,
where gold and pearle are plentie,
but getting very daintie.

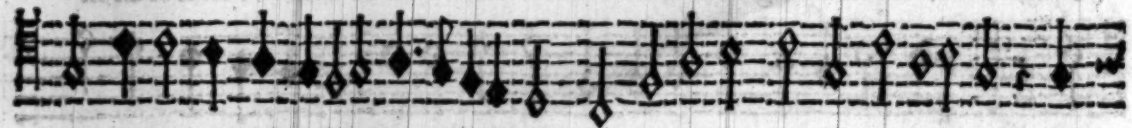
4 For Lawiers and their pleading
the'ſteeme it not a ſtraw,
they think that honeſt meaning
is of it ſelfe a law,
vvhere conſcience iudgeth plainely,
they ſpend no mony vainely.

4 O happie who thus liueth,
not caring much for gold,
with clothing which ſufficeth,
to keepe him from the cold,
though poore and plaine his diet,
yet merry it is and quiet,

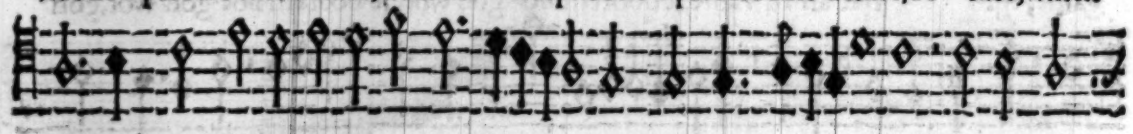
FINIS.



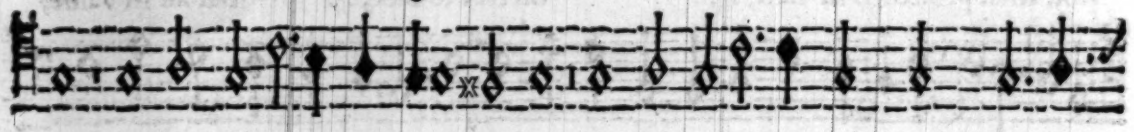
AS I beheld I ſaw a heardman wilde, I ſaw a heardman wild, with his ſheep-



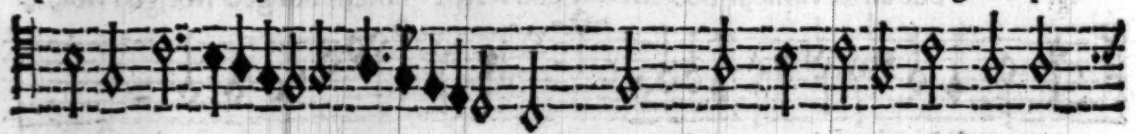
hooke a picture fine deface, with his ſheephooke a picture fine deface, de- face, which



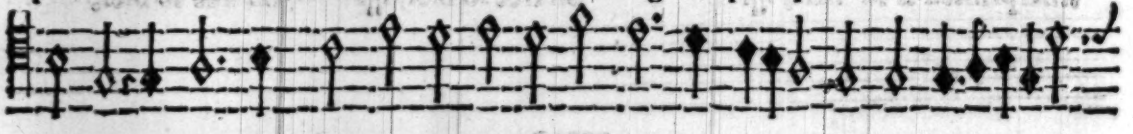
he ſome time his fancie to beguild, had caru'd on barke of beech in ſecret



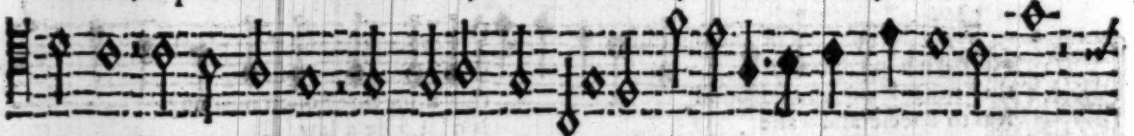
place: and with deſpite of moſt afflicted mind, of moſt afflicted mind, through deep diſ-



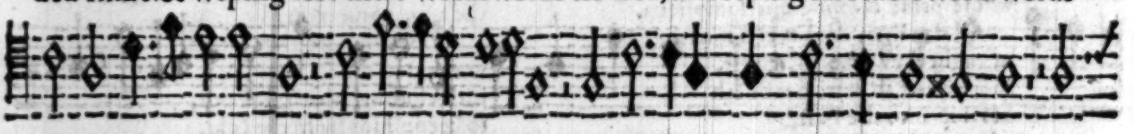
paire of hart, for loue diſ- maid, through deepe diſpaire of heart, for loue



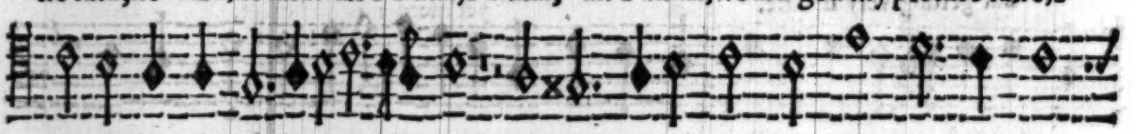
diſmaid, he puld euen from the tree, the carued rinde, the carued rind, the car-



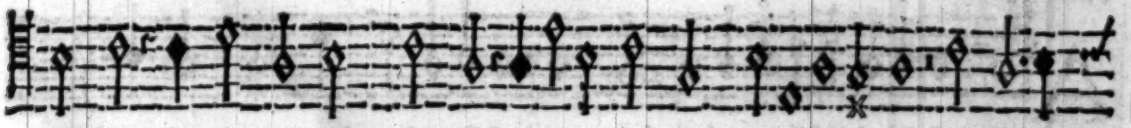
ued rinde: & weping ſore theſe woful words he ſaid, & weeping ſore theſe woful words



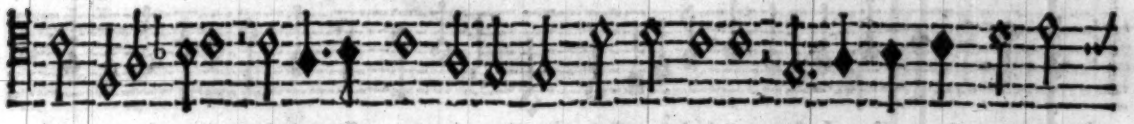
he ſaid, he ſaid, he ſaid: ah *Philida, Philida,* ah *Philida,* would god thy picture faire, I



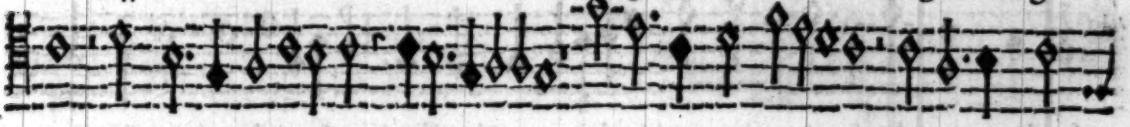
could as lightlie blot out of my breaſt, thē ſhould I not thus rage, with great diſpight,



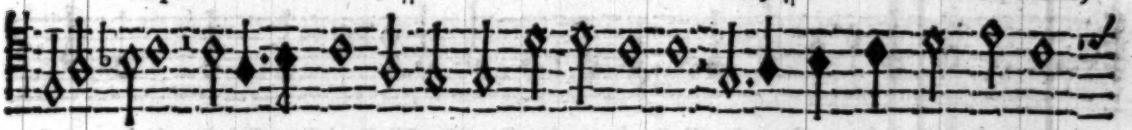
deſpight, & teare the thing ſome time I liked beſt, ſometime I liked beſt: But all in



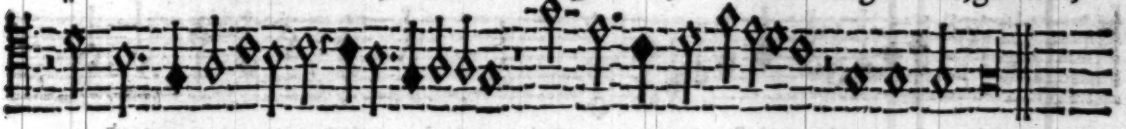
vaine, :||: but all in vaine, it booteth not god wot, it booteth not god wot, god



wot: what printed is in hart, :||: on tree to blot, :||: but all in vaine,

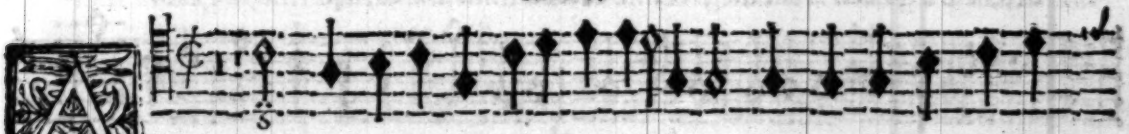


:||: but all in vaine, it booteth not god wot, it boteth not god wot, god wot,

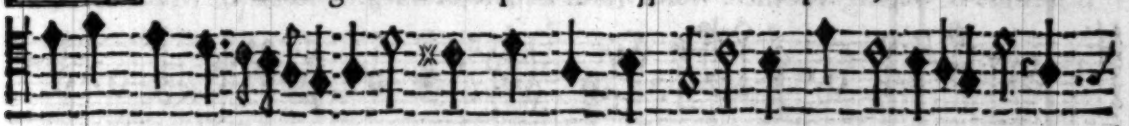


what printed is in hart, :||: on tree to blot, :||: on tree to blot.

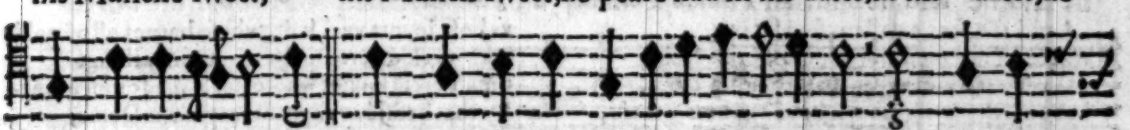
XXI.



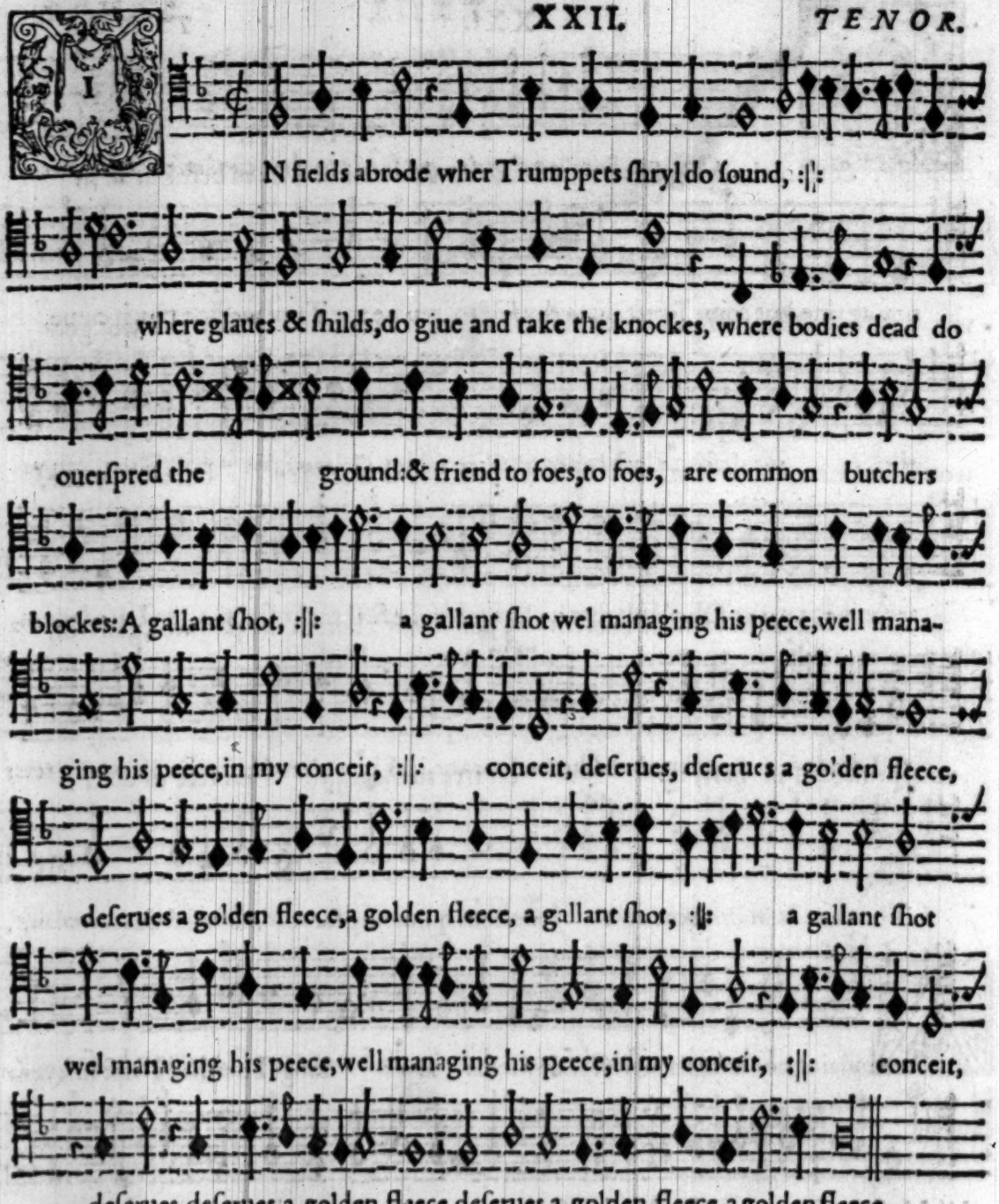
Although the heathē poets did *Appollo* famous praiſe, as one who for



his Muſicke ſweet, his Muſick ſweet, no peare had in his daies, in his daies, no



peere had in his daies. Although the heathen poets did, poets did, Although the



2 Amid the ſeas, a gallant ſhip ſet out,
where in nor men nor yet munitions lacks,
in greateſt windes that ſpareth not a clout,
but cuts the waues in ſpight of wethers wracks,
would force a ſwain that coms of cowards kinde,
to chance him ſelfe and be of noble minde.

3 VVho makes his ſeat a ſtately ſtamping ſtead,
whoſe neighes & playes are princely to behold,
vvhoſe courage ſtout, vvhoſe eies are fiery red,
vvhoſe ioynts vvel knit, vvhoſe harnes all of gold
doth vvell deſerue to be no meaner thing,
then Percii knight whoſe horſe made him a king.

4 By that bedſide vvhere ſits a gallant Dame,
vvho caſteth of hir braue and rich attyre,
vvhoſe petecote ſets forth as faire a frame,
as mortall men or gods can vvell deſire,
vvho ſits and ſees hir pettecote vnlaſt,
I ſay no more the reſt are all diſgraſt.

FINIS.

Onſtant *Penelope, Penelo- pe*, ſends to thee careleſſe *Vliſſes*, write

not againe, but come ſweet mate thy ſelf to reuiue me. Troy we doe much enuie,

:||: we deſolate loſt ladies of *Greece*: Not *Priamus*, nor yet all Troy, can vs

recompẽce make. Oh, oh, oh, that he had when he firſt tooke ſhipping to Lacedemon,

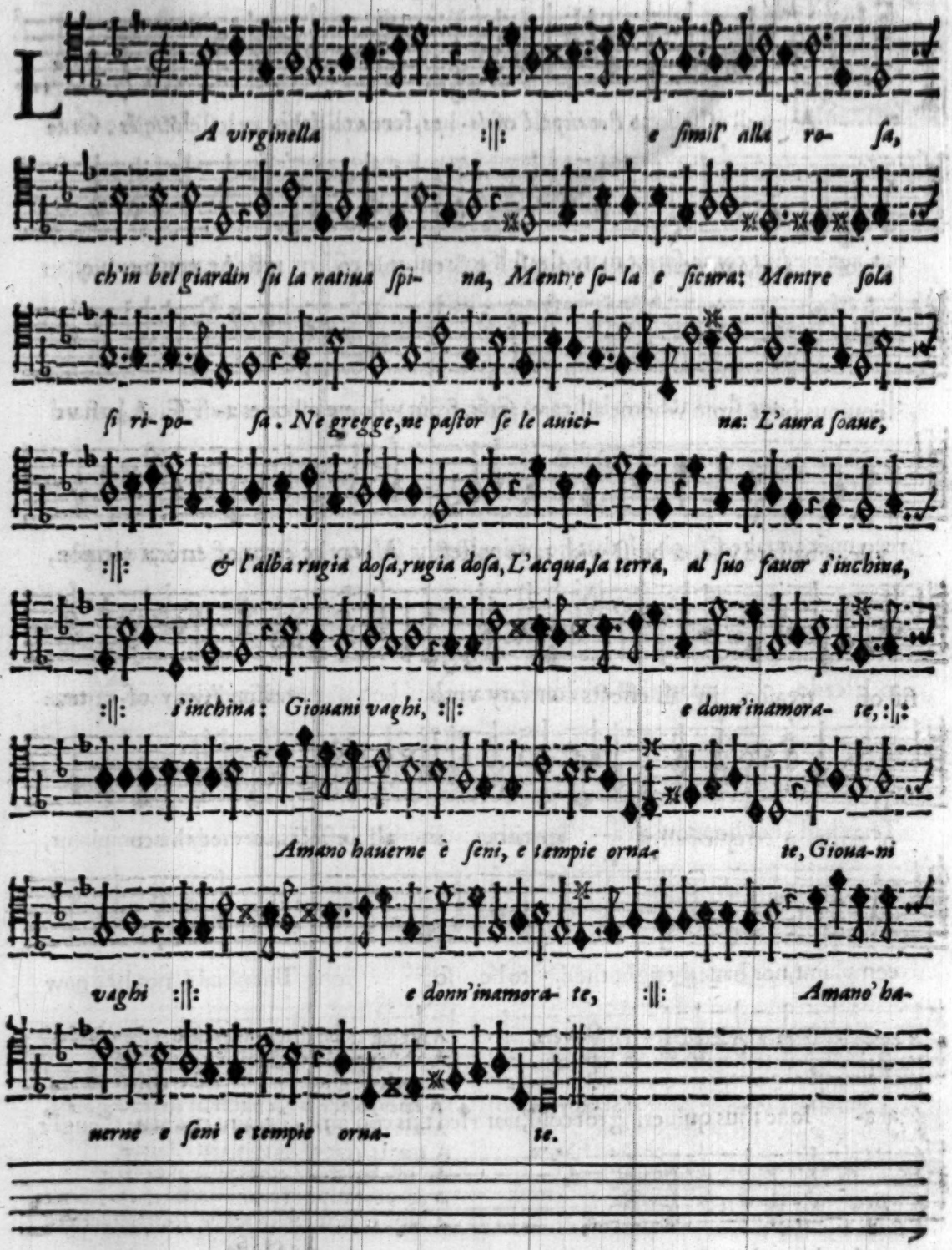
to Lacede- mon, that adulter I meane, had ben o'rewhelmed with wa- ters:

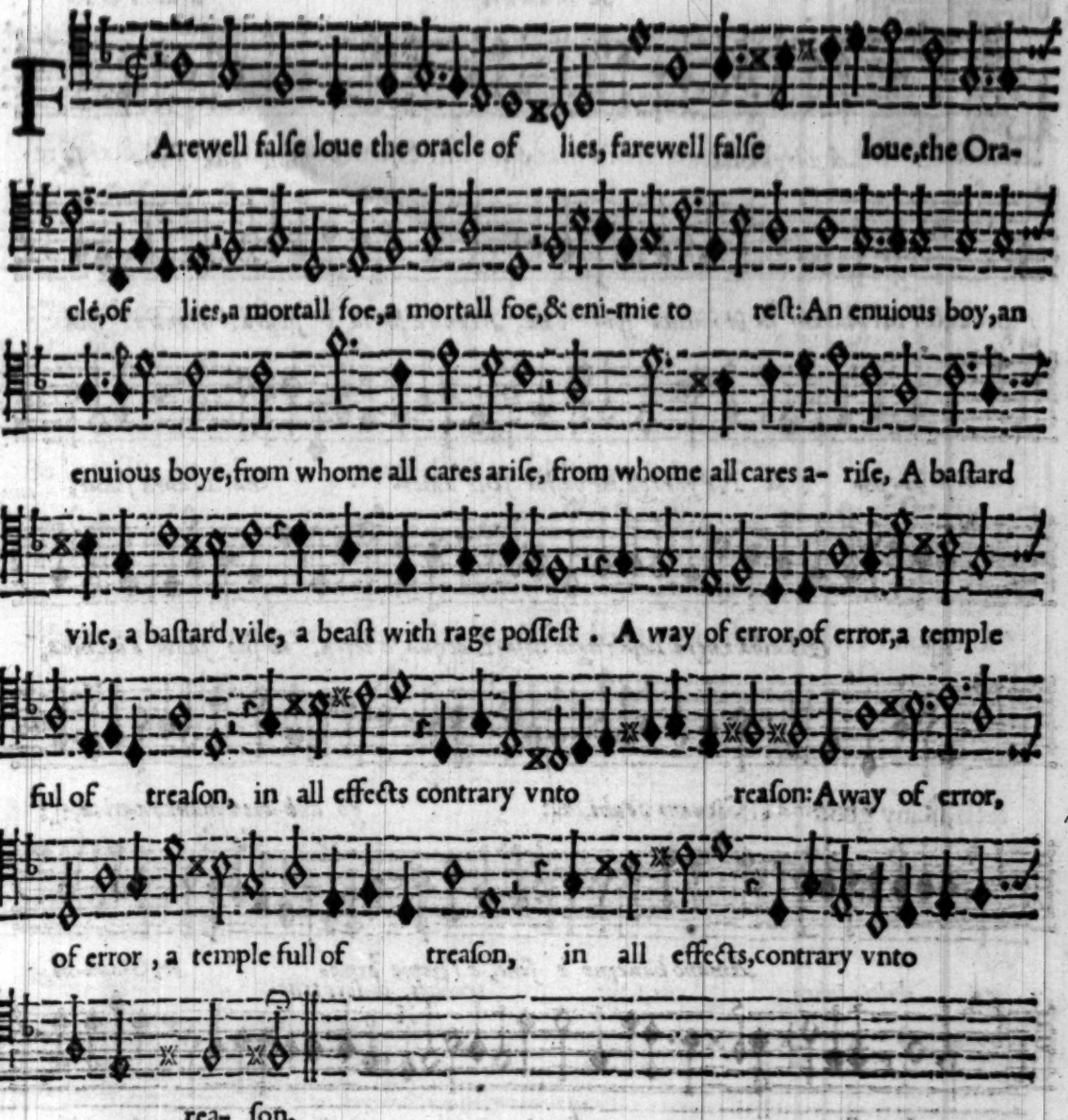
Then had I not line now all a- lone, thus quiuering for cold, nor vſed this complaint,

complaint, nor haue thought the day to be ſo long. Then had I not line now

al a- lone thus quiuering for cold, nor vſed this cõplaint, cõplaint, nor haue thought

the day to be ſo long.


L
A virginella :||: e ſimil' alla roſa,
ch'in bel giardin ſu la natiua ſpina, Mentre ſola e ſicura: Mentre ſola
ſi ripoſa. Ne gregge, ne paſtor ſe le auicina: L'aura ſoaue,
:||: & l'alba rugia doſa, rugia doſa, L'acqua, la terra, al ſuo fauor s'inchina,
:||: s'inchina: Giouani vaghi, :||: e donn'inamorate, :||:
Amano hauerne è ſeni, e tempie ornate, Giouani
vaghi :||: e donn'inamorate, :||: Amano' hauerne e ſeni e tempie ornate.

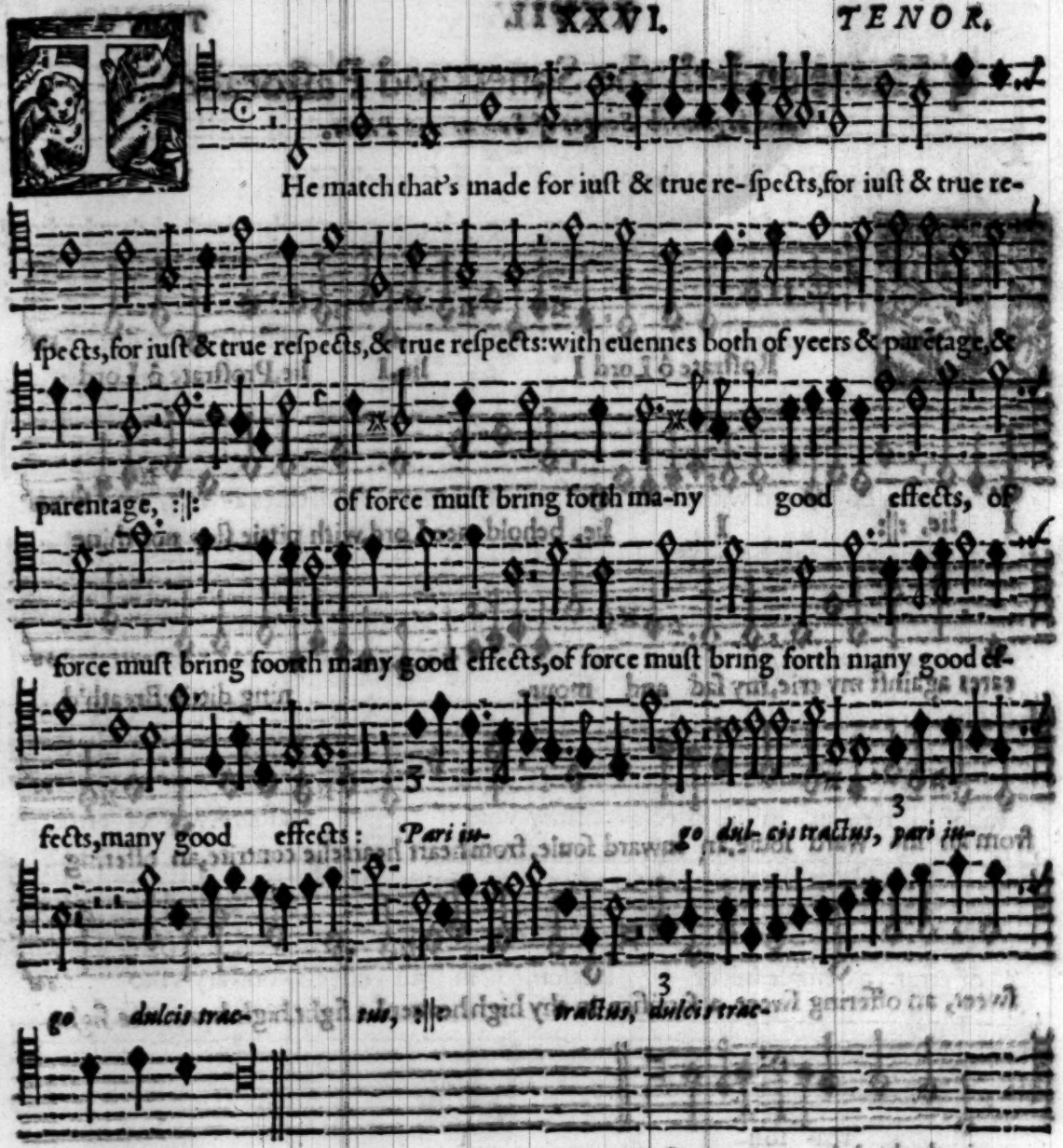


2 A poyſoned ſerpent couered all vvith flovvers,
Mother of ſighes, and murtherer of repoſe,
A ſea of ſorovvs frō vvhēce are drawē ſuch ſhovvers
As moiſture lend to euery griefe that grovves,
A ſchole of guile, a net of deepe deceit,
A guilded hooke, that holds a poyſoned bayte.

3 A fortreſſe foyld, vvhich reaſon dyd defend,
A Syren ſong, a feauer of the minde,
A maze vvherein affection finds no end,
A raging cloud that runnes before the vvinde,
A ſubſtance like the ſhadovv of the Sunne,
A goale of griefe for vvhich the vvyſeſt tunne.

4 A quenchleſſe fire, a nurſſe of trembling feare,
A path that leads to perill and miſhap,
A true retreat of ſorrovv and diſpayre,
An idle boy that ſleepes in pleaſures lap,
A deepe miſtruſt of that vvhich certaine ſeemes,
A hope of that vvhich reaſon doubtfull deemes.

FINIS.



tus.

a For vvhere chaſt loue and liking ſets the plant,
And concord vvaters vvith a firme good vvill,
Of no good thing there can be any vvant.
Pari iugo dulcis tractus.

3 Sound is the knot that chaſtitie hath tyde,
Sweet is the Muſicke vnitie doth make,
Sure is the ſtore that plentie doth prouide.
Pari iugo dulcis tractus.

4 VVher chaſtnes fayles, ther concord vvill decay,
VVher concord fleets, ther plentie vvill decreaſe,
VVher plenty vvants, ther loue vvill veare avvay
Pari iugo dulcis tractus.

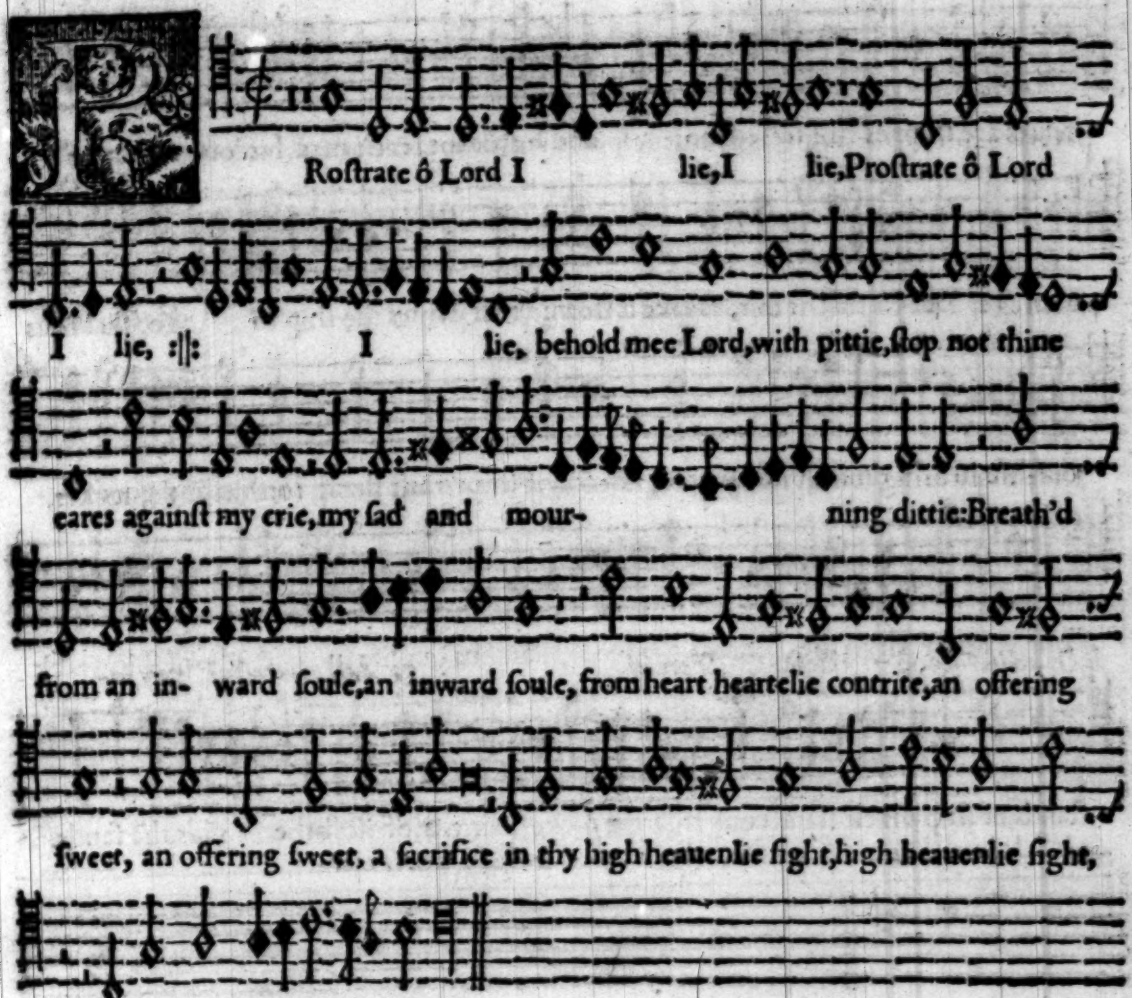
5 I chaſtitie reſtraine all ſtrange deſires,
I concord keepe the courſe of ſound conſent,
I plentie ſpare, and ſpend as cauſe requires.
Pari iugo dulcis tractus.

6 make much of vs all ye that married bee,
Speake vvell of vs all ye that minde to bee,
The tyme may come, to vvant and vviſh all three.
Pari iugo dulcis tractus.

FINIS.

¶ Heere endeth the Sonets and Paſtoralles,

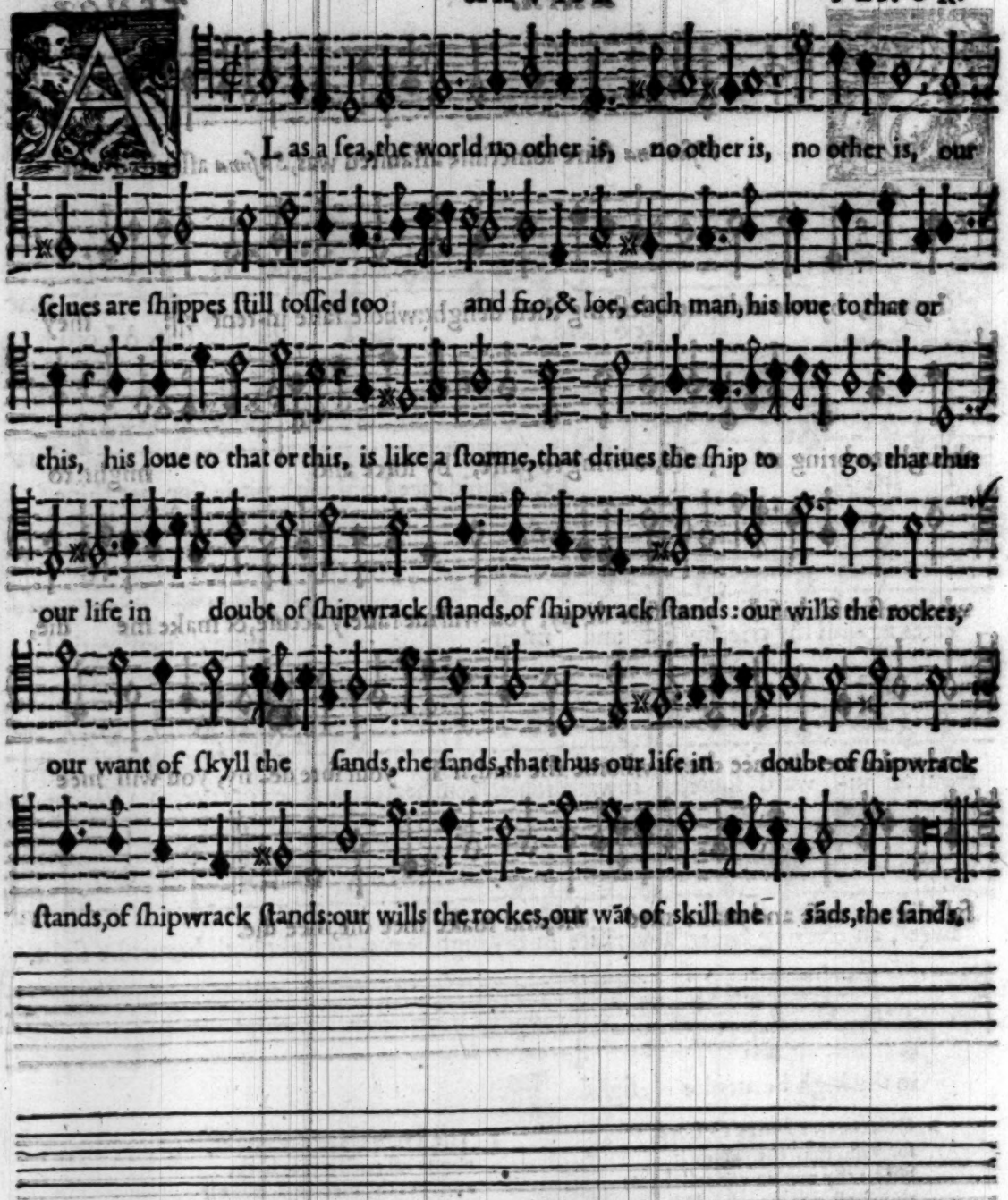
and beginneth Songes of Sadnes and Pitie.



2 Obſerue not ſinnes O Lord,
for vvho may then abide it,
but let thy mercie cancell them,
thou haſt not man deni'd it,
man melting vvith remorſe and thoughts,
thought paſt repenting,
O lighten Lord, O heare our ſonge,
our ſinnes full ſore lamenting.

3 The vvonders of thy vvorks,
aboue all reaſon reacheth,
and yet thy mercie aboue all
this, vs thy Spirit teacheth.
then let no ſinner fall,
in depth of ſoule diſpaire,
ſince neuer ſoule ſo foule there vvas,
but mercie made it faire.

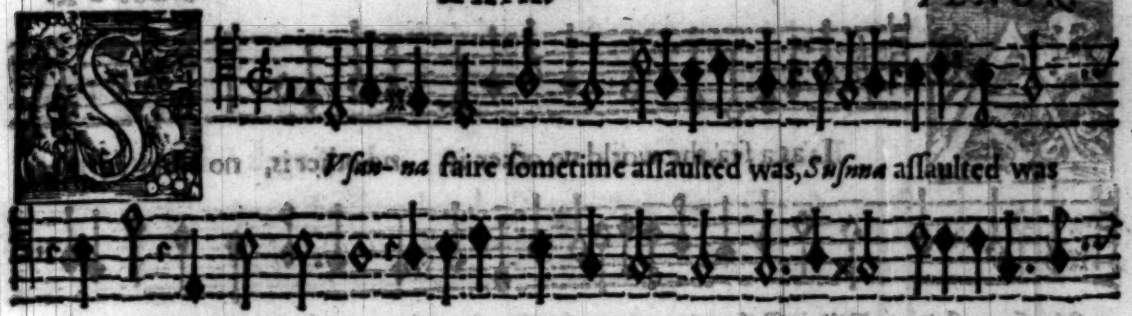
FINIS.



2 Our paſſions be the Pirates ſtill that ſpoyle,
and ouerboard caſt's out our reaſons fraight:
the Marriners that day and night doe toyle,
be our conceits that doe on pleaſure vvaight:
pleaſure Maſter doth tirannize the ſhip,
and giueth vertue ſecretly the nip.

3 The Compaſſe is a minde to compas all,
both pleaſure, profit, place and fame for naught:
the vvinds that blovv, men ouer vveening call,
the Merchandiſe is vvit full deerely bought:
triall the Anker, caſt vpon experience,
for labor, lyfe, and all a doe the recompence.

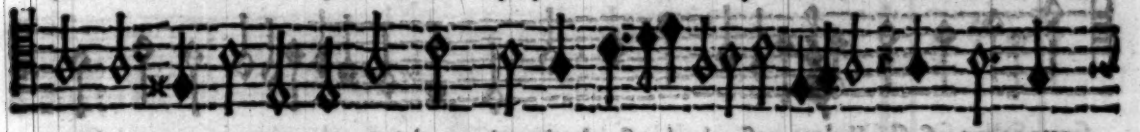
FINIS.



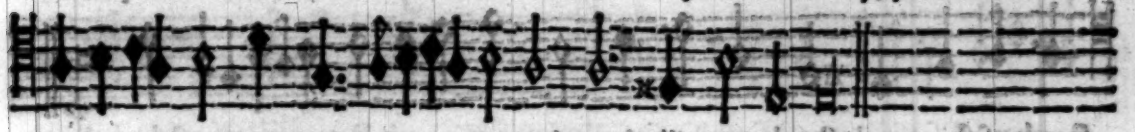
by two, by two olde men, desiring their delight: whose false in-tent :||: they

thought to bring to passe, to bring to passe, by force and might: to

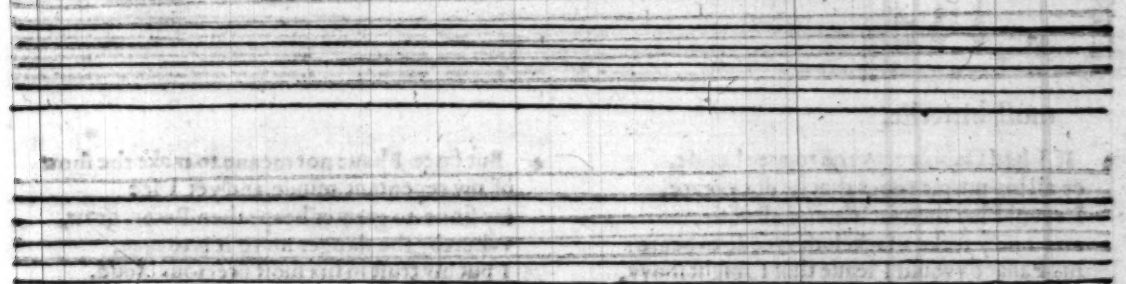
whome she said, if I your sute de-ny, you will me falsely accuse, & make me die,



and make me die, mee die: to whome she said, if I your sute de- ny, you will mee

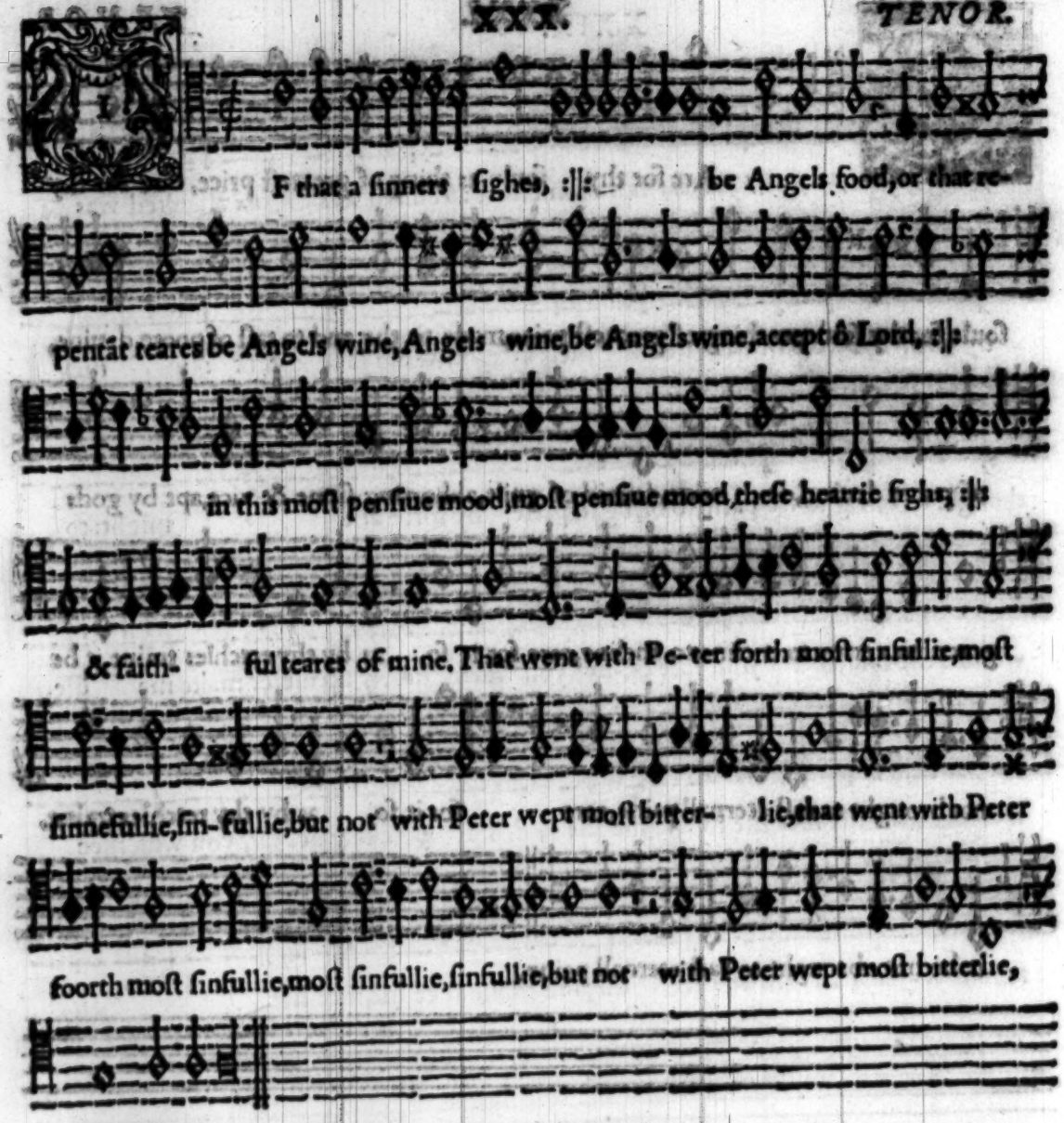


falselie ac- cuse and make mee die, and make mee die, mee die.



5 And if I graunt to that vvhich you requeſt,
my chaſtitie ſhall then defloured bee,
vvhich is ſo deere to mee that I deteſt
my lyfe, if it bereſted bee from mee?
And rather vvould I dye of mine accord,
ten thouſand times, then once offend the Lord.

FINIS.



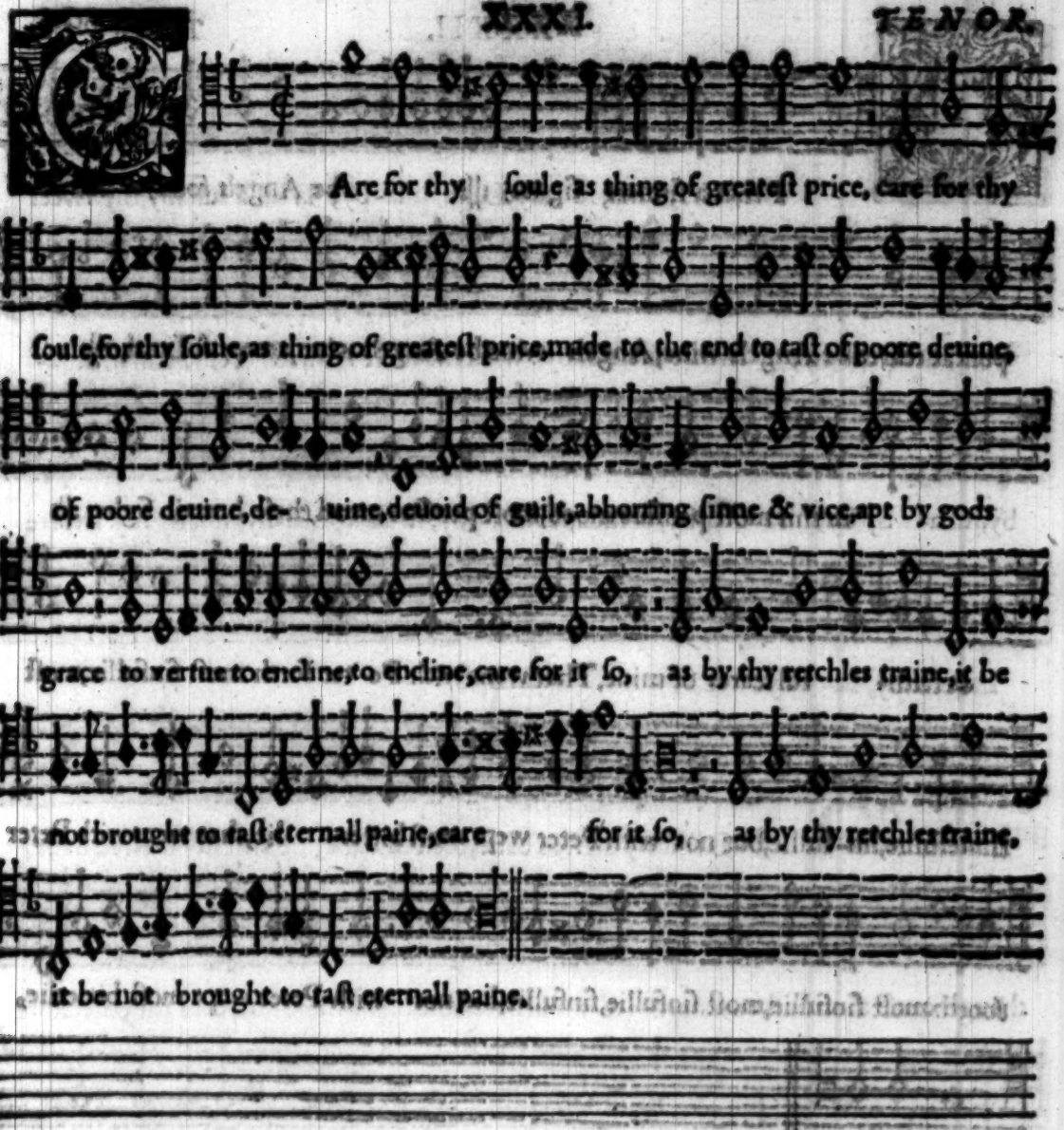
3 If I had Dauids crovvne to mee betide,
or all his purple robes that he did vveare,
I vvould lay then such honor all aside,
and onely seeke a sackcloth vveede to beare:
his Pallace vvould I leaue that I might shovv,
and mourne in cell for such offence, my woe.

5 Ther should these hãds beate on my pẽsiue brest,
and sad to death, for sorrovv rend my haire,
my voice to call on thee, should neuer rest,
vvhose grace I seeke, whose iudgement I do feare:
vpon the ground all groueling on my face,
I vvould beseech thy sauour and good grace.

4 But since I haue not meane to make the show
of my repentant minde, and yet I see
my sinne to greater heape then Peters grow,
vvhereby the danger more it is to mee,
I put my trust in his most precious bloud,
vvhose life vvas shed to purchase all our good.

6 Thy mercie greater is then any sinne,
thy greatnesse none can euer comprehend:
vvherfore O Lord, let mee thy mercie winne,
vvhose glorious name no time can euer end:
vvherefore I say all praise belongs to thee,
vvhom I beseech be mercifull to mee.

FINIS.



8 Care for thy corps, but chiefly for soules sake,
cut of excesse, sustayning food is best,
to vanquish pride, but comelie clothing take,
seeke after skill, deepe ignorance detest:
Care so I say, the flesh to feede and cloth,
that thou harme not thy soule and bodie both.

3 Care for the world to do thy bodie right,
racke not thy wit to winne thy wicked wales,
seeke not t'oppresse the weak by wrongful might,
to pay thy dew do banish all delayes:
Care to dispend according to thy store,
and in like sort be mindefull of the poore.

4 Care for thy soule, as for thy chiefest stay,
care for thy bodie, for thy soules auaile,
care for the world for bodies helpe alway,
care yet but so as vertue may preuaile,
care in such sort that thou be sure of this,
care keepe thee not frō heauen & heauenly blisse.

FINIS.

Vlla, lulla, lulla, lullaby, Lulla, lulla-by, la lulla lullaby, my ſweet

little, little ba- by, my ſweete little baby: what meaneſt thou to cry, Lulla, lulla-

by, lulla- by, by, la lulla-by, la lulla, la lulla- by, la lulla, lulla-by, lullaby, my ſweete

little baby, ba- by.

The ſecond part.

BE ſtill my bleſſed babe, bleſſed babe, be ſtill my bleſſed babe,

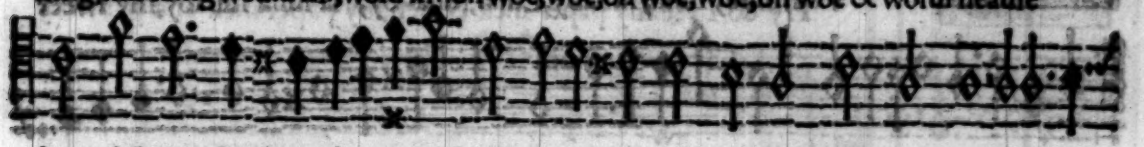
though cauſe thou haſt to mourne: to mourne: whoſe bloud moſt innocent, the cruel king

hath ſworne, hath ſworne: the cruell king hath ſworne: and lo, alas, behold what

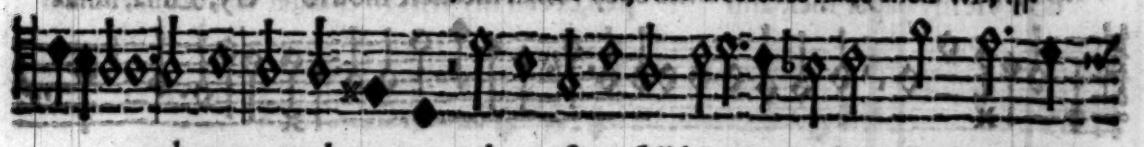
ſlaughter he doth make, he doth make, he doth make, ſhedding the bloud of of in-

fants all, ſweet ſa- ui- our for thy ſake, for thy ſake. A King is borne, they ſay: which

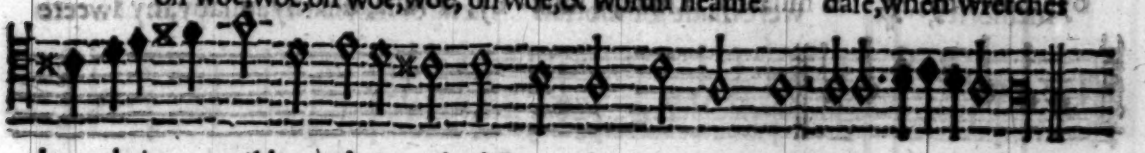
king, this King would kil, wold kil: oh woe, woe, oh woe, woe, oh woe & woful heauie



daie, whē wretches haue their wil, haue their wil, whē wretches haue their wil. :||:



oh woe, woe, oh woe, woe, oh woe, & wofull heauie daie, when wretches



haue their wil, haue their wil, whē wretches haue their will. :||:

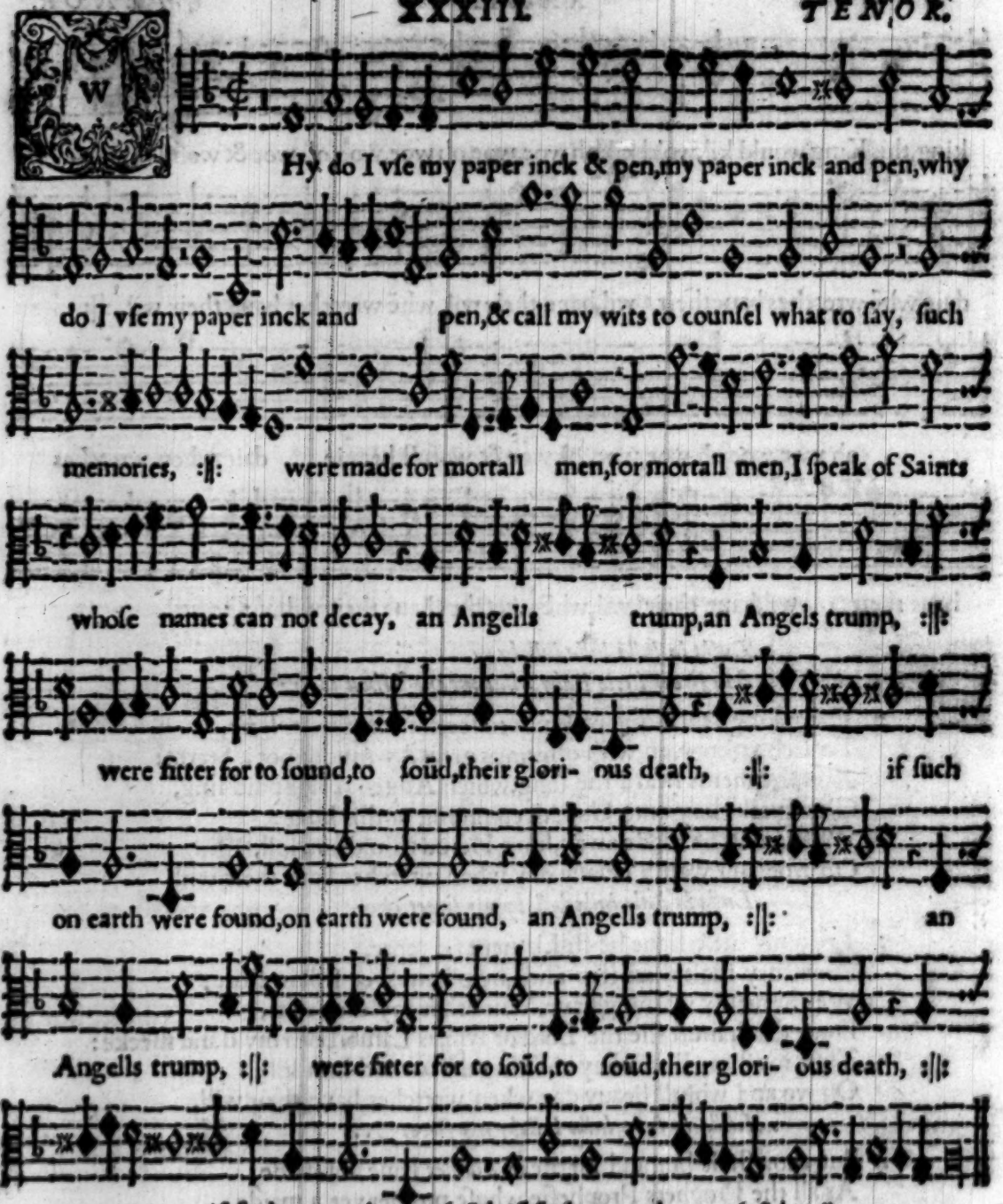
Lulla la lulla, lulla lullaby,
My sweet little Baby, what meaneſt thou to cry:

2 Three kings this king of kings to ſee, are come from farre,
To each vnknowen, with offerings great, by guiding of a Starre:
And ſhepherds heard the ſong, which Angells bright did ſing,
Giuing all glory vnto God, for comming of this king:
Which muſt be made away, king Herod would him kill,
Oh woe and wofull heauie day, when wretches haue their will.
Lulla la lulla, lulla lullaby, my ſweet &c.

3 Lo, lo, my little Babe, be ſtill, lament no more,
From fury ſhalt thou ſtep aſide, help haue wee ſtill in ſtore:
Wee heauenly warning haue, ſome other ſoyle to ſeeke,
From death muſt flie the Lord of lyfe, as Lamb both myld and meeke:
Thus muſt my Babe obey the king that would him kill,
Oh wo, and wofull heauy day, when wretches haue their will.
Lulla la lulla, lulla lullaby, my ſweet &c.

4 But thou ſhalt liue and raigne, as *Sibilles* haue foreſaide,
As all the Prophets Propheſie, whoſe mother yet a maide,
And perfect virgin pure, with hir breſts ſhall vpbreed,
Both God and man that all hath made, the Sunne of heauenly ſeed:
Whom caytiues none can tray, whom tirants none can kill,
Oh ioy, and ioyfull happy day, when wretches want their will.

FINIS.



3 That floare of ſuch were once on earth purſu'd,
the hiſtories of auncient times record,
whoſe conſtancie great tirants rage ſubdu'd,
through patiẽt death profeſſing Chriſt their Lord,
as his Apoſtles perfect witneſſe bare.
with many more that bleſſed Martirs were.

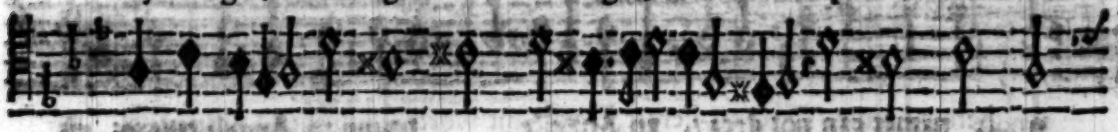
3 VVhoſe patiẽce rare & moſt couragious minde,
with fame renoum'd perpetuall ſhall endure,
by whoſe examples we may rightlie find,
of holie life and death a patterne pure:
that we therefore their vertues may embrace,
pray we to Chriſt to guide vs with his grace.

FINIS.

¶ The funerall Songs of that honorable Gent. Syr Phillip Sidney, Knight.

Come to mee grief for euer, for euer, Come to mee teares

day & night, daie & night, daie and night, Come to me plaint, come to mee



plaint, ah helples, iuſt griefe, heart teares, plaint wor- thie, iuſt griefe, heart teares,

plaint worthie, plaint worthie, iuſt griefe, heart teares, plaint worthie, plaint

worthie.

3 Go fro mee dread to die now,
Go fro mee care to liue more,
Go fro mee ioyes all on earth,
Sidney, *O Sidney* is Dead.

3 He whome the Court adorned,
He whome the country courtis'd,
He who made happie his friends,
He that did good to all men.

4 *Sidney* the hope of land ſtrange,
Sidney the floure of England,
Sidney the ſpirit heroic,
Sidney is dead, O dead, dead,

5 Dead? no, no, but renomed,
With the anointed oned,
Honor on earth at his feete,
Bliſſe euerlaſting his ſeate.

Come to mee griefe: &c.

O that, O that moſt rare breſt, moſt rare breſt, chriſtal-

line ſincere, O that moſt rare breſt, chriſtalline ſincere, through which like

gold, like gold, through which like gold, thy princely hart did ſhine: O ſprite

heroic, heroic, O ſpirit heroic, O vali-ant worthie knight, O Sidney, :||:

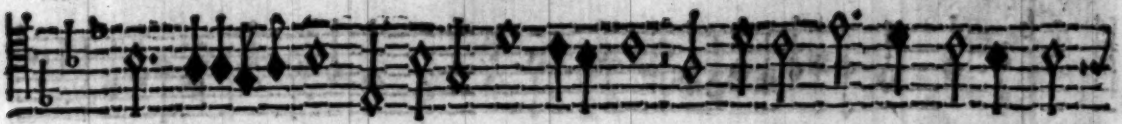
O Sidney, prince of fame, prince of fame, & mens good

will, & mens good will. O Sidney, O Sidney, prince of fame, and mens good

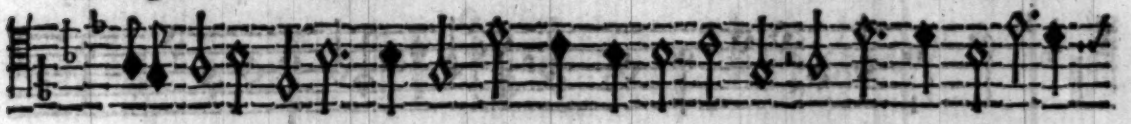
will. :||: :||: For, for thee, both kings & princeſſes

do mourne, for thee, both kings & princeſſes, for thee both kings & princeſſes

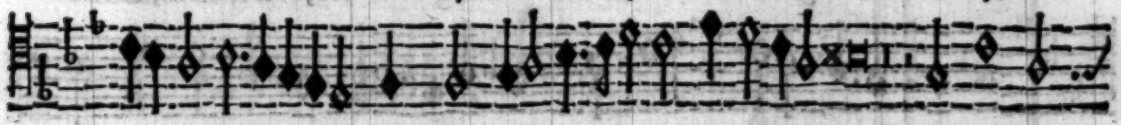
do mourne, thy noble Tombe, noble Tombe, thy noble Tombe, three Cities



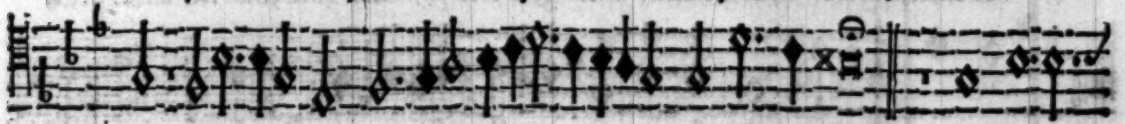
ſtrange de- ſired,foes to the cauſe,the cauſe,foes to the cauſe,thy prowes did



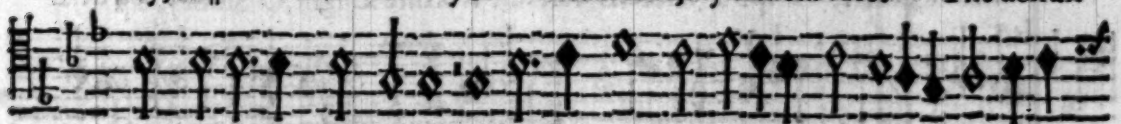
de- fend,bewaile the day that croſt thy famous race,bewaile the day,the



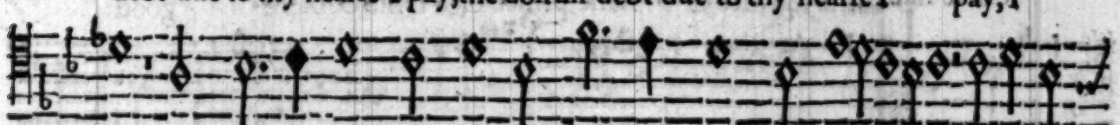
day,the day,that croſt thy famous race,thy famous race, bewaile the



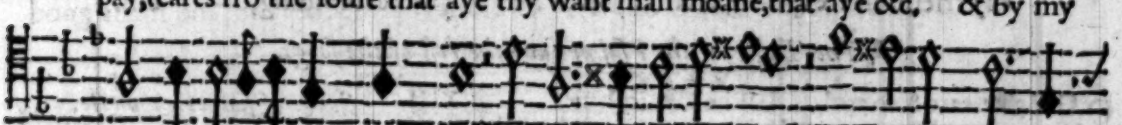
day, :||: that croſt thy fa- mous race,thy famous race. The dolfull



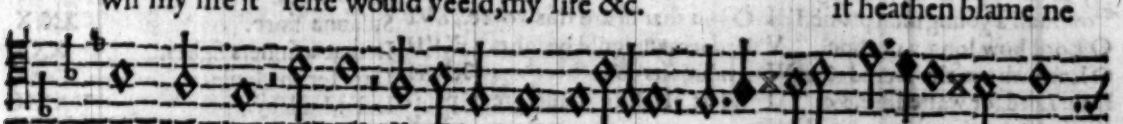
debt due to thy hearſe I pay,the dolfull debt due to thy hearſe I: pay, I



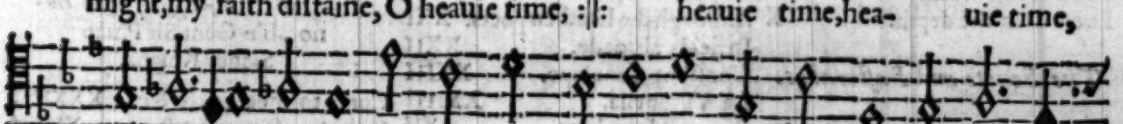
pay,teares frō the ſoule that aye thy want ſhall moane,that aye &c. & by my



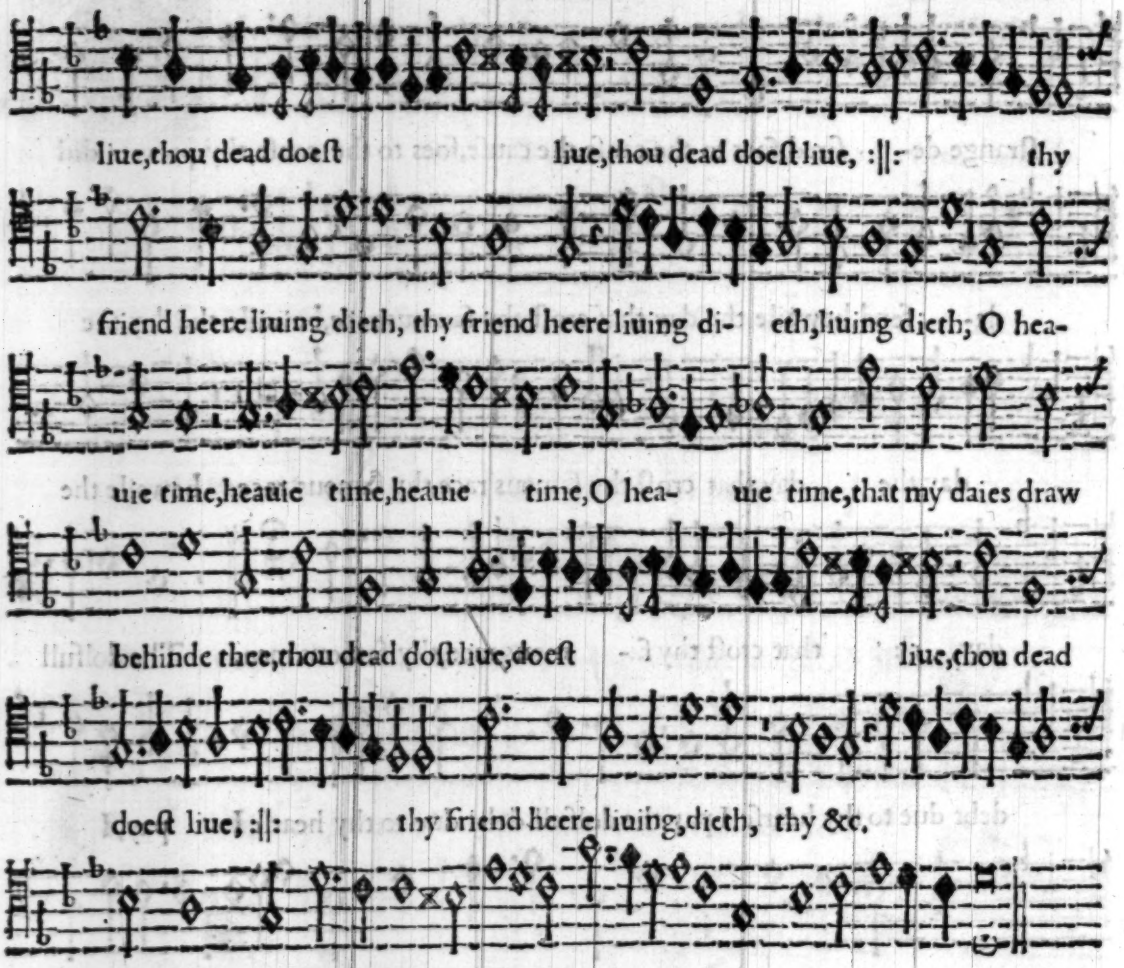
wil my life it ſelfe would yeeld,my life &c. if heathen blame ne



might,my faith diſtaine, O heauie time, :||: heauie time,hea- uie time,



O hea- uie time,that my dayes draw behind thee,thou dead doeſt liue,doeſt



¶The Table for the Pſalmes, and the reſt of the ſongs,

O God giue eare & do apply. I
Mine eies with feruencie. II
My ſoule oppreſt with care. III
How ſhall a young man prone. IIII
O Lord how long wilt thou. V
O Lord who in thy ſacred tẽt. VI
Help Lord for waſted are. &c. VII
Bleſſed is he that feares &c. VIII
Lord in thy wrath. IX
Euen from the depth. X

The Sonets and Paſtoralles.

I Ioy not in no earthly bliſſe. XI
Though Amarillis. XII
Who likes to loue XIII
My minde to me &c. XIIII
Where fancie fond. XV
O you that heare this voyce. XVI
If woemen could be faire. XVII
Ambitious loue XVIII
What pleaſure haue great princes. XIX
As I beheld. XX
Although the heathen poets. XXI
In fields abroade. XXII
Conſtant Penelope. XXIII
La Virginella. XXIIII
Farewell falſe loue. XV
The match that's made. XXVI

Songs of ſadnes & pietie.

Proſtrate O Lord. XXVII
All as a Sea. XXVIII
Suſanna faire. XXIX
If that a ſinners ſighes. XXX
Care for thy ſoule. XXXI
Lulla, Lullaby. XXXII
Why doe I vſe. XXXIII

The funerall ſongs of that honorable Gent. Sir Philip Sidney Knight.

Come to mee griefe &c. XXXIIII
O that moſt rare breſt. XXXV

FINIS.

79637 (pt 3)

MEDIVS.

Pſalmes, Sonets, & ſongs of ſadnes and pietie, made into Muſicke of fiue parts: whereof, ſome of them going abroad among diuers, in vntrue coppies, are heere truely corrected, and th'other being Songs very rare & newly compoſed, are heere publiſhed, for the recreation of all ſuch as delight in Muſick: By *William Byrd*, one of the Gent. of the Queenes Maieſties honorable Chappell.

John Thornton

Printed by Thomas Eaſt, the aſsigne of W. Byrd, and are to be ſold at the dwelling houſe of the ſaid T. Eaſt, by Paules wharfe. 1588.
Cum priuilegio Regiæ Maieſtatis.

¶ Reasons briefely set downe by th'auctor, to perswade euery one to learne to sing.

FIrst, it is a knowledge easely taught, and quickly learned, wher ther is a good Master, & an apt Scoler.

2 The exercise of singing is delightful to Nature, and good to preserue the health of man.

3 It doth strengthen all parts of the brest, & doth open the pipes.

4 It is a singuler good remedie for a stutting & stamaring in the speech.

5 It is the best meanes to procure a perfect pronunciation, and to make a good Orator.

6 It is the onely way to know where Nature hath bestowed the benefit of a good voyce: which gift is so rare, as ther is not one among a thousand that hath it: & in many that excelent gift is lost, because they want art to expresse Nature.

7 Ther is not any Musicke of Instruments whatsoeuer, comparable to that which is made of the voyces of men, wher the voices are good, & the same wel sorted and ordered.

8 The better the voyce is, the meeter it is to honour & serue God there-with: and the voice of man is chiefly to be imployed to that end.

Omnis spiritus laudet Dominum.

Since singing is so good a thing,
I wish all men would learne to sing.

¶TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE Sir Christopher Hatton knight, Lord Chancellor of England, William Byrd wisheth long life, and the same to be most healthie and happie.

THE often desires of many my good friends, Right honorable, and the consideration of many vntrue incorrected coppies of diuers my songes spred abroade, haue beene the two causes, chiefly mouing my consent at length to put in Print the fruits of my small skill and labors in Musicke. Then the dutie, honor, and seruice due from me vnto your Lordship, together with the remembrance of your iudgement and loue of that Art, did moue and imbolden me to present this first printed worke of mine in English, to passe vnder your L. fauour & protectiō: vnworthie I cōfesse, the view or Patronage of so worthie a Personage. Yet remembring that small things sometime do great seruice, and that repose is best tasted by bodies forewearied: I hoped that (by this occasion) these poore songs of mine might happely yeeld some sweetnesse, repose, and recreation vnto your Lordships minde, after your dayly paynes & cares taken in the high affaires of the Common wealth. Most humbly beseeching your Lordship, that if my boldnesse heerein be faultie, my dutifull good will, and good meaning may excuse it: which if I may so fortunately perceiue, it shall incourage mee to suffer some other things of more depth and skill to follow these, which being not yet finished, are of diuers expected and desired. Incessantlie beseeching our Lord to make your yeeres happie, and ende blessed, I wish there were any thing in me worthie of your Lordship to be commaunded.

Most humbly your L. euer to commaund

William Byrd.

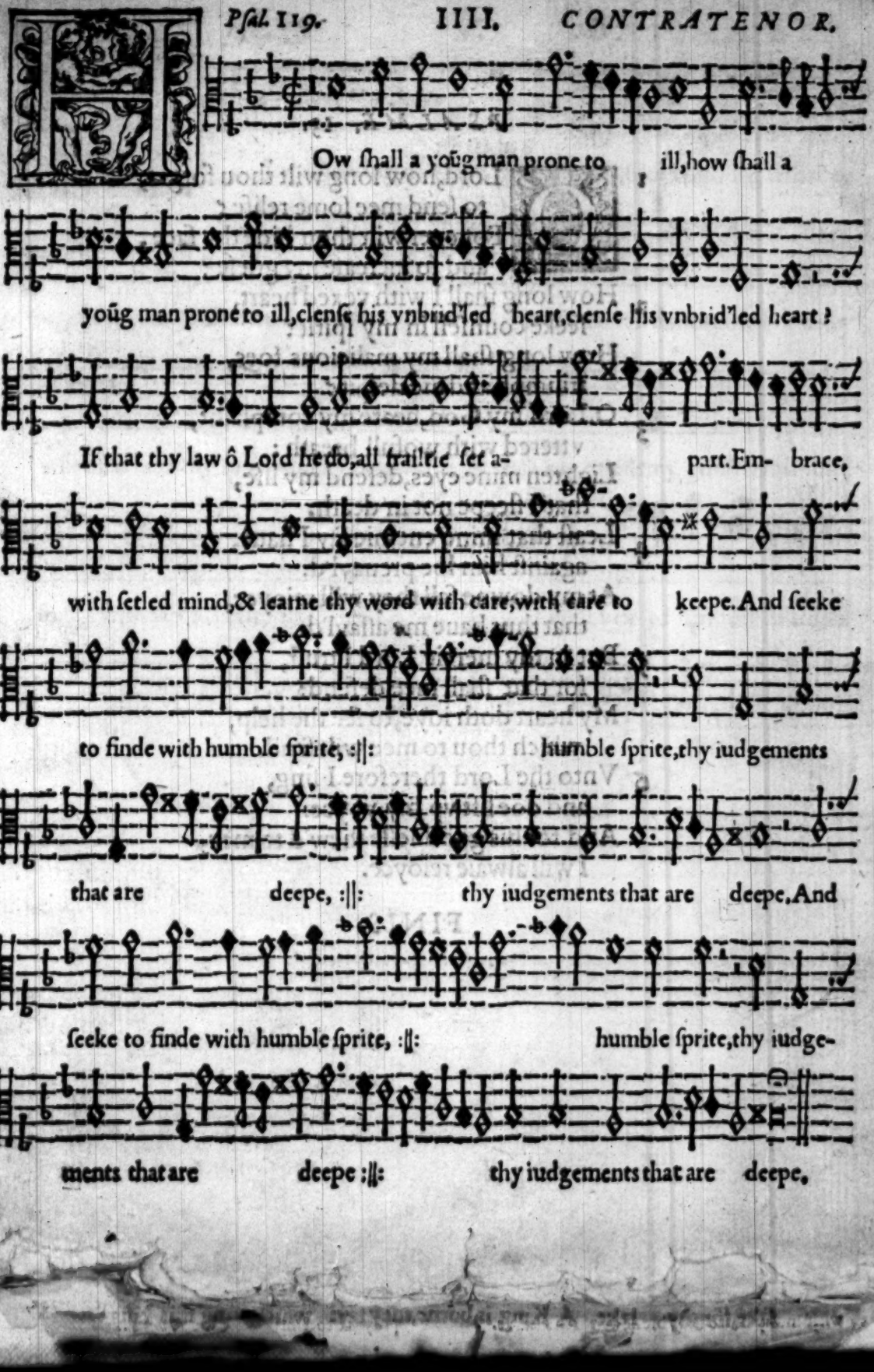
¶The Epiſtle to the Reader.

BEnigne Reader, heere is offered vnto thy courteous acceptation, Muſicke of ſundry ſorts, and to content diuers humors. If thou be diſpoſed to pray, heere are Pſalms. If to be merry, heere are Sonets. If to lament for thy ſinnes, heere are ſongs of ſadneſſe & pietie. If thou delight in Muſicke of great compaſſe, heere are diuers ſongs, which being originally made for inſtruments to expreſſe the harmony, & one voyce to pronoũce the dittie, are now framed in all parts for voyces to ſing the ſame. If thou deſire ſongs of ſmall compaſſe and fit for the reach of moſt voyces, heere are moſt in number of that ſort. Whatſoeuer pains I haue taken heerein, I ſhal think to be wel imploied, if the ſame be well accepted, Muſicke therby the better loued, and the more exerciſed. In the expreſſing of theſe ſongs, either by voyces or inſtruments, if there happen to be any iarre or diſſonance, blame not the Printer, who (I doe aſſure thee) through his great paines & diligence, doth heere deliuer to thee a perfect & true coppie. If in the compoſition of theſe ſongs, there be any fault by me committed, I deſire the skilful, either with courteſie to let the ſame be concealed, or in friendly ſort to be thereof admoniſhed: & at the next impreſſion he ſhall finde the error reformed: remembring alwaies, that it is more eaſie to finde a fault then to amend it. If thou finde any thing heere worthy of lykeing and commendation, giue prayſe vnto God, from whom (as from a moſt pure and plentifull fountaine) all good gifts of Science doe flow: whoſe name be glorified for euer.

The moſt aſſured friend to all
that loue or learne Muſicke:
William Byrd.

¶The names and number of thoſe ſongs which are of the higheſt compaſſe.

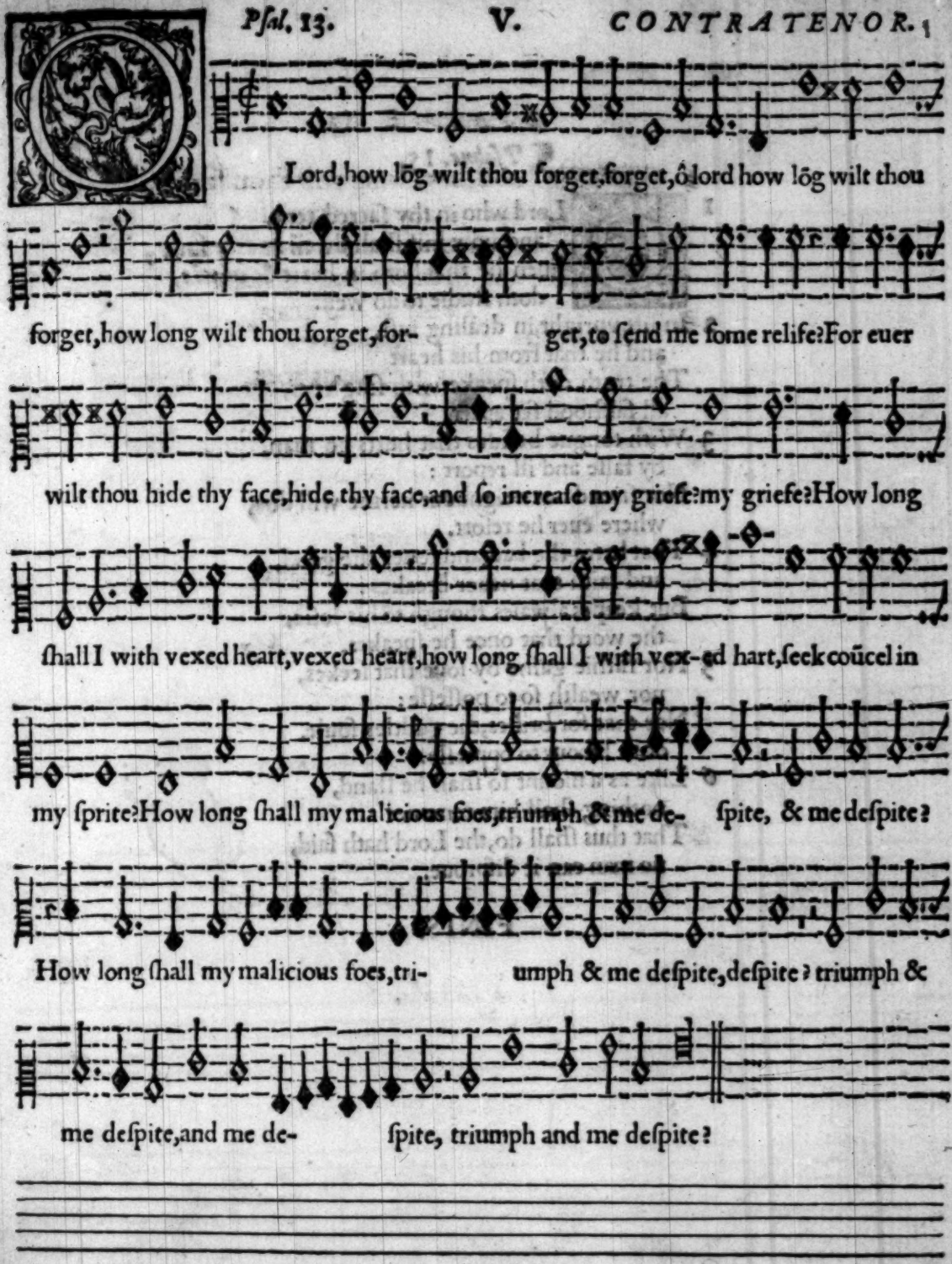
MY ſoule oppreſt with care and griefe. III
How ſhall a yong man prone to ill. IIII
O Lord how long wilt thou forget. V
O Lord who in thy ſacred tent. VI
Help Lord for waſted are all thoſe. VII
Bleſſed is he that feares the Lord. VIII
Lord in thy wrath. IX
La virginella. XXIIII
If that a ſinners ſighes. XXX
Care for thy ſoule. XXXI
Lullaby. XXXII
Why doe I vſe. XXXIII


How ſhall a yoũg man prone to ill, how ſhall a
yoũg man prone to ill, clenſe his vnbrid'led heart, clenſe his vnbrid'led heart?
If that thy law ô Lord he do, all trailne ſet a- part. Em- brace,
with ſetled mind, & learne thy word with care, with care to keepe. And ſeeke
to finde with humble ſprite, :||: humble ſprite, thy iudgements
that are deepe, :||: thy iudgements that are deepe. And
ſeeke to finde with humble ſprite, :||: humble ſprite, thy iudge-
ments that are deepe :||: thy iudgements that are deepe.

PSALME. 13.

1 O Lord, how long wilt thou forget,
to send mee some relife?
For euer wilt thou hide thy face,
and so increase my griefe?
2 How long shall I with vexed heart,
seeke counsell in my spirit?
How long shall my malicious foes,
triumph and me despit?
3 O Lord my God, heare my complaint,
vttered with wofull breath:
Lighten mine eyes, defend my life,
that I sleepe not in death.
4 Least that mine enemie say I haue,
against him loe preuayl'd:
At my downe fall they will reioyce,
that thus haue me assayl'd.
5 But in thy mercie Lord I trust,
for that shall mee defend:
My heart doth ioye, to see the help,
which thou to mee wilt send.
6 Vnto the Lord therefore I sing,
and doe lift vp my voyce:
And for his goodnesse shew'd to mee,
I will alwaie reioyce.

FINIS.


O Lord, how lōg wilt thou forget, forget, ô lord how lōg wilt thou
forget, how long wilt thou forget, for- get, to ſend me ſome relife? For euer
wilt thou hide thy face, hide thy face, and ſo increaſe my griefe? my griefe? How long
ſhall I with vexed heart, vexed heart, how long ſhall I with vex-ed hart, ſeek coūcel in
my ſprite? How long ſhall my malicious foes, triumph & me de- ſpite, & me deſpite?
How long ſhall my malicious foes, tri- umph & me deſpite, deſpite? triumph &
me deſpite, and me de- ſpite, triumph and me deſpite?

¶ Psalme. 15.

1 O Lord who in thy sacred tent,
and holy hill shall dwell:
Euen he that both in heart & minde,
doth studie to do well.

2 In life vpright, in dealing iust,
and he that from his heart
The truth doth speake with singlenes,
all falshood set apart.

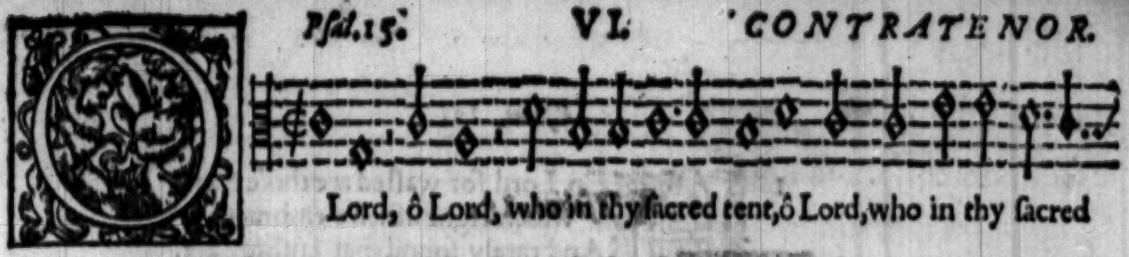
3 With tongue besides that hurts no man,
by false and ill report:
Nor friend nor neighbour harme will do,
where euer he resort.

4 That hates the bad, and loues the good,
and faith that neuer breakes:
But keepes alwaies though to his losse,
the word that once he speakes.

5 Nor filthie gaine by loue that seekes,
nor wealth so to possesse:
Nor that for bribes, the guiltles soule,
doth labour to oppresse.

6 Like as a mount so shall he stand,
nothing shall him remoue:
That thus shall do, the Lord hath said,
no man can it disproue.

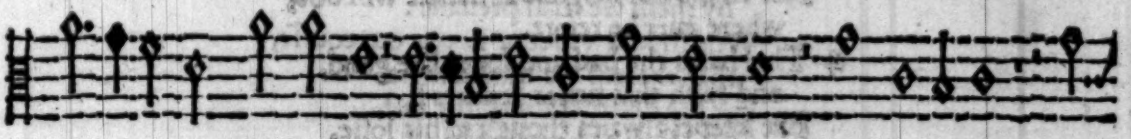
FINIS.



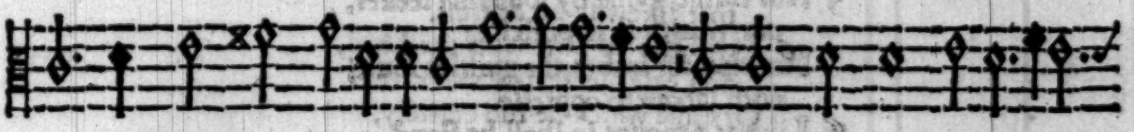
Lord, ô Lord, who in thy ſacred tent, ô Lord, who in thy ſacred

tent, who in thy ſacred tent & holy hill ſhall dwell: Euen he that both in hart & minde

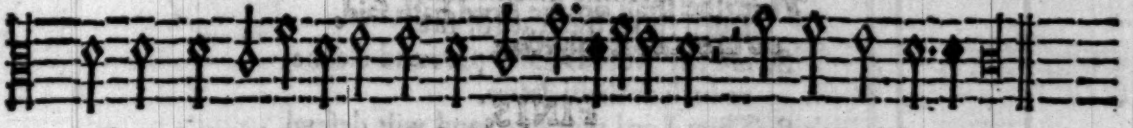
doth ſtudie to do wel, In life vpright, in dealing iuſt, in life vp- right, in dealing



iuſt, & he that from his hart, frō his hart, the truth doth ſpeak, with ſingleneſſe, the



truth doth ſpeak, with ſinglenes, all falſehod ſet apart, the truth doth ſpeak with ſingle-



neſſe, all falſehod ſet apart, all falſehod ſet a- part, all falſehod ſet apart.

1 Elp Lord for wasted are those men,
which right'usnesse embrace:
And rarely found that faithfull are,
but all the truth deface.

2 Each to his neighbour falshood speakes,
and them seekes to beguile:
With flattering lips and double heart,
when smothest he doth smile.

3 All flattering lips, the Lord our God,
in iustice will confound:
And all proud tongues, that vaunt great things,
he will bring to the ground.

4 Our tongues say they, shall lift vs vp,
by them we shall preuaile:
Who should vs let, or stoppe our course,
that thereof we should fayle.

5 For the destruction of the iust,
and such as be opprest:
And for the mournings of the poore,
that likewise be distrest.

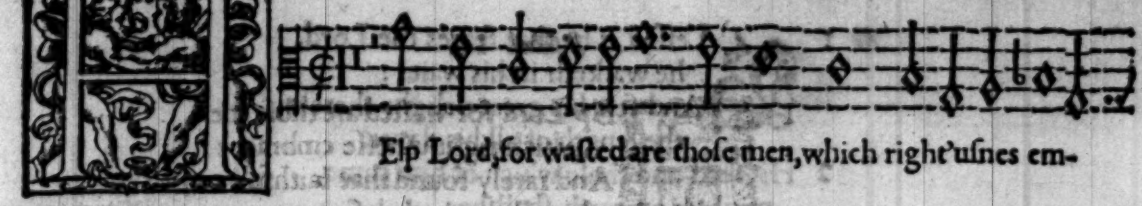
6 I will rise vp now saith the Lord,
and ease their griefe and care:
Of those which he full craftely,
hath draw'n into his snare.

7 Like siluer fine that tried is,
seuen times by heate of fire:
So are thy woords Lord pure and cleane,
to such as them desire.

8 Thou Lord wilt keep, and wilt defend,
all such as in thee trust,
And from that cursed race of men,
saue all such as be iust.

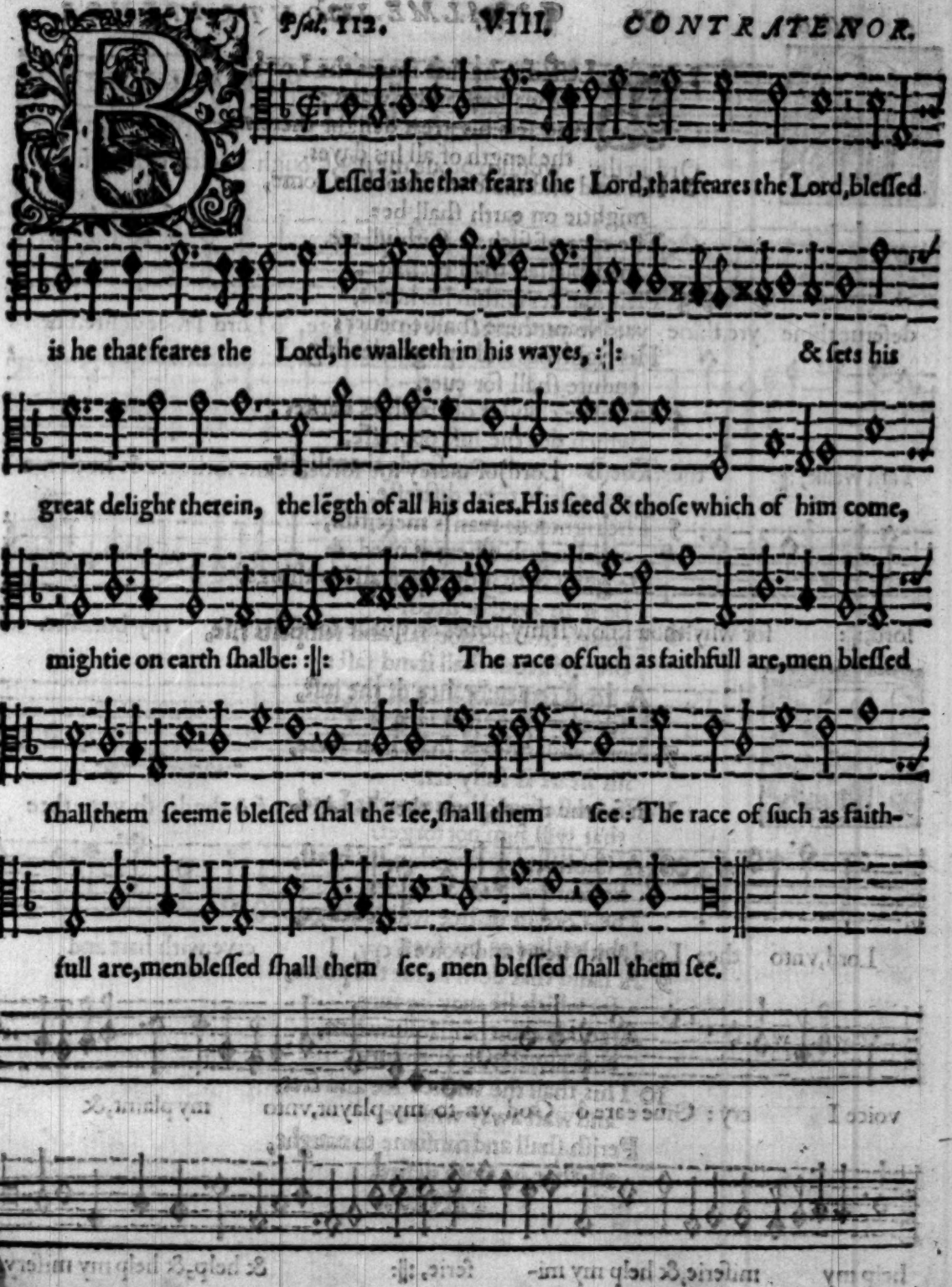
9 When euill men exalted bee,
the wicked gad about:
Farre from all feare of paine, but thou
ô Lord wilt roote them out.

FINIS.


Elp Lord, for waſted are thoſe men, which right'uſnes em-
brace, em- brace: And rarely foũd, & rarely found that faithfull are, but all the truth
deface. Each to his neighbor falſehod ſpeakes, each to his neighbor falſehod ſpeaks, &
thẽ ſeekes to beguile, :||: with flat'ring lips & dou- ble heart, when ſmo-
theſt he doth ſmyle, he doth ſmile: with flat'ring lips, & double heart, & dou- ble
heart, when ſmotheſt he doth ſmyle, when ſmotheſt he doth ſmile, when ſmotheſt
he doth ſmyle.

1 BLeſſed is he that feares the Lord,
he walketh in his waies:
And ſets his great delight therein,
the length of all his dayes.
2 His ſeed and thoſe which of him come,
mightie on earth ſhall be:
The race of ſuch as faithfull are,
men bleſſed ſhall them ſee.
3 Plentiouſnes within his houſe,
and want there ſhalbe neuer:
His righteous and vpright dealing,
endure ſhall for euer.
4 In miſtie cloudes of troubles darke,
which doe the iuſt oppreſſe,
The Lord in mercie ſends them light,
and eaſeth their diſtreſſe.
5 The righteous man is mercifull,
and lendeth where is need,
He guids with iudgement all his things,
be it in word or deed.
6 Though ſtormes doe fall and tempeſts riſe,
the righteous ſhall ſtand faſt:
A good remembrance of the iuſt,
for euer that ſhall laſt.
7 None euill tidings ſhall him feare,
his heart is fully ſet,
He truſteth and beleeues the Lord,
that will him not forget.
8 A ſtabliſht heart within his breſt,
no feare where ſo he goes,
The Lord in iuſtice will reuenge,
the malice of his foes.
9 A hand that doth reliue the poore,
for which he may be ſure,
A good report will follow him,
that alwaies ſhall endure.
10 This ſhall the wicked ſee and fret,
and waſt away with ire,
Periſh ſhall and conſume to naught,
all that he doth deſire.

FINIS.


Blessed is he that fears the Lord, that feares the Lord, blessed
is he that feares the Lord, he walketh in his wayes, :||: & sets his
great delight therein, the lẽgth of all his daies. His seed & those which of him come,
mightie on earth shalbe: :||: The race of such as faithfull are, men blessed
shall them see: mẽ blessed shal thẽ see, shall them see: The race of such as faith-
full are, men blessed shall them see, men blessed shall them see.

Ord in thy wrath reproue me not, though I deserue, though I

deserue thine yre, thine yre: Ne yet correct me in thy rage, ô Lord I thee desire. For

I am weak, :‖: therefore (ô Lord) of mercy me forbeare, me forbeare: & heale me

lord, :‖: for why? thou know'st, my bones do quake for fear, :‖: my bons &c.

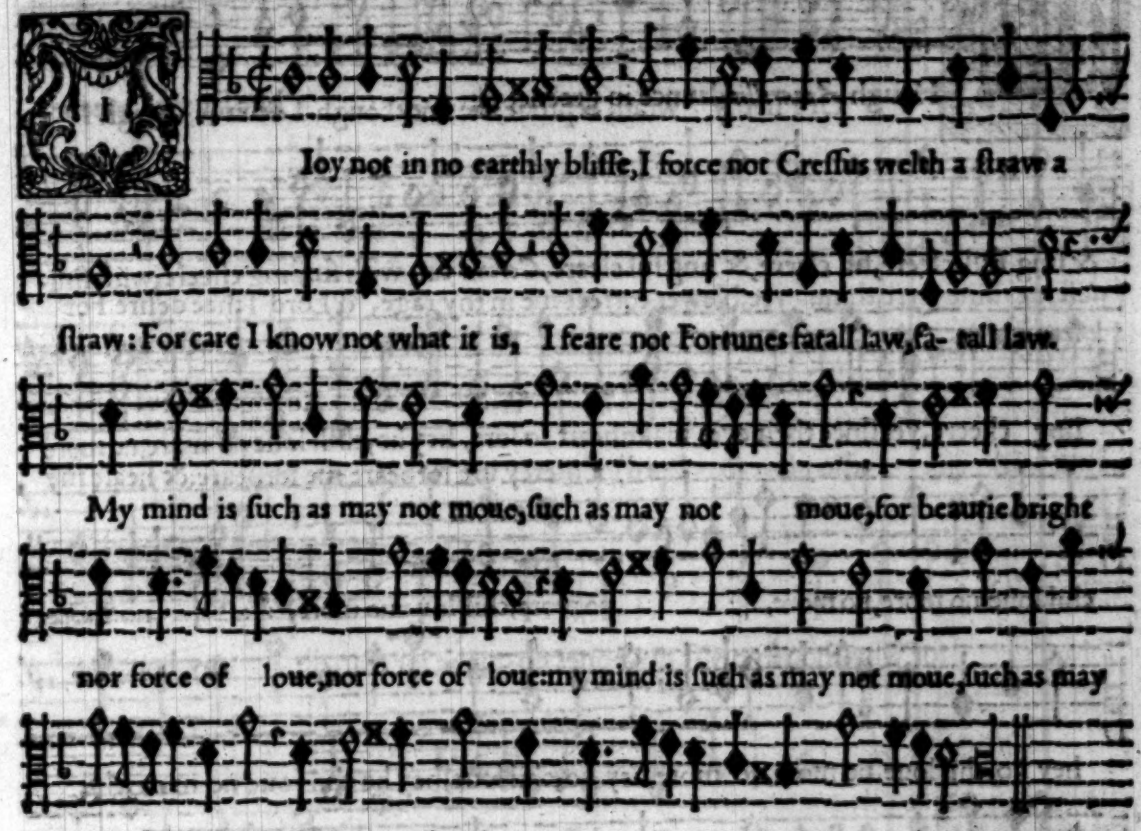
Ven frō the depth, vnto thee Lord, euen frō the depth vnto thee

Lord, vnto thee Lord, with heart and voice I cry, I crye, with hart and

voice I cry: Giue eare ô God vn-to my playnt, vnto my plaint, &

help my miserie, & help my mi- serie, :‖: & help, & help my misery.

¶ *Heere endeth the Pſalmes, and beginneth the Sonets and Paſtorales.*

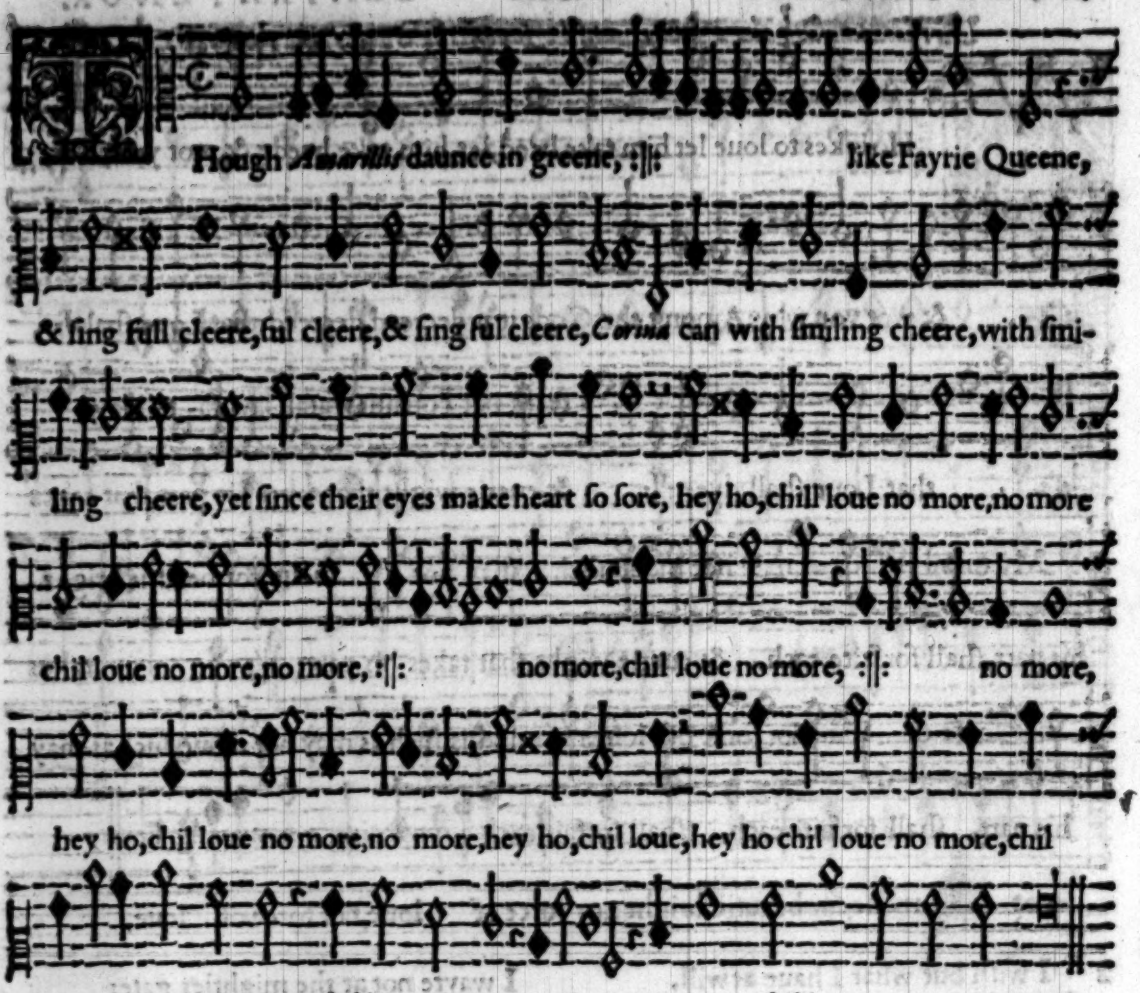


2 I wiſh but what I haue at will,
I wander not to ſeeke for more:
I like the plaine I clime no hill,
in greateſt ſtormes I ſitte on ſhore:
and laugh at them that toyle in vaine,
to get what muſt be loſt againe.

3 I kiſſe not where I wiſh to kill,
I faine not loue where moſt I hate:
I breake no ſleepe to winne my will,
I wayte not at the mightie gate:
I ſcorne no poore, nor feare no rich,
I feele no want nor haue to much.

4 The Court and cart I like nor loath,
extreames are counted worſt of all:
the golden meane betweene them both,
doth ſureſt fit and feare no fall:
this is my choyſe, for why I finde,
no wealth is like the quiet minde.

FINIS.



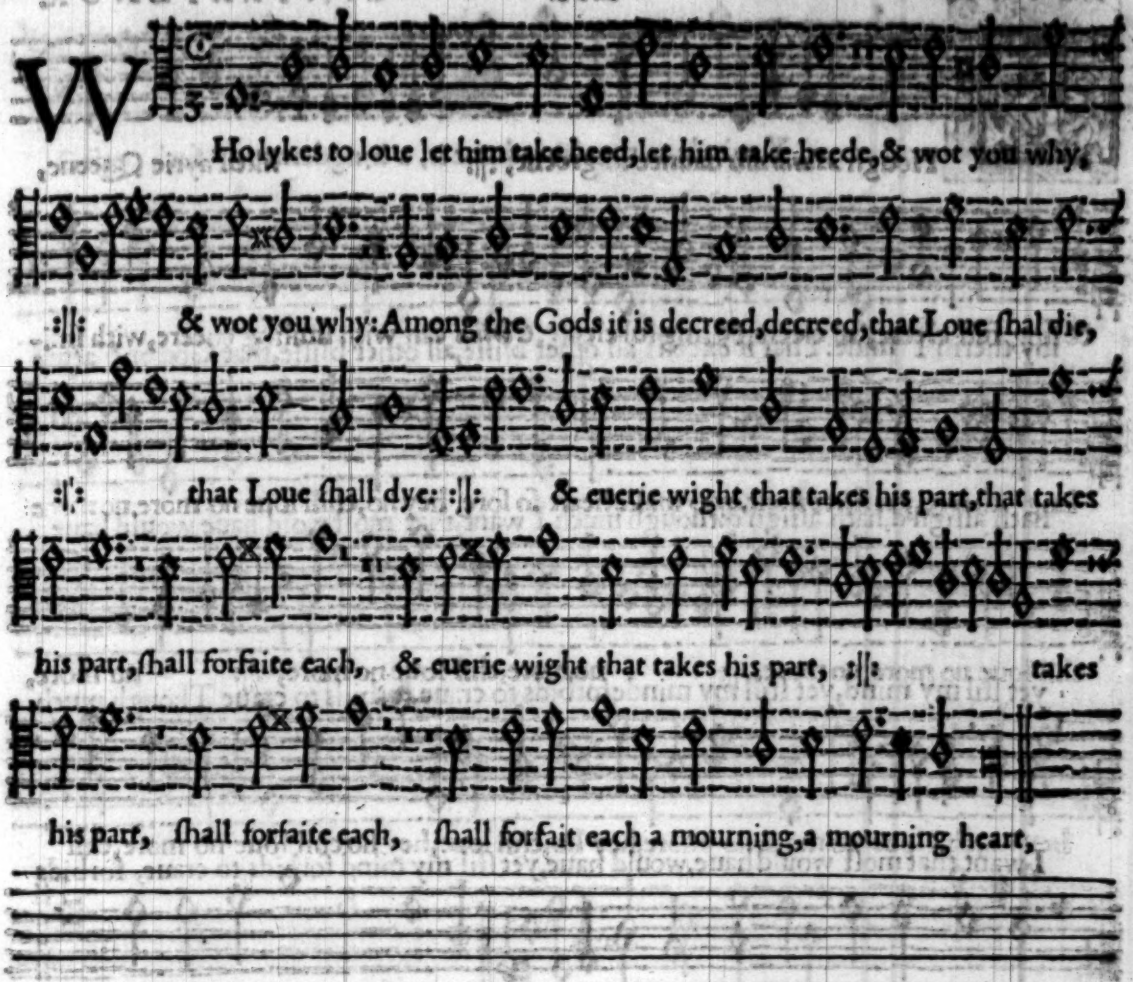
2 My sheepe are lost for want of foode.
and I so wood:
that all the day,
I sit and watch a heardmaid gaye:
who laughes to see me sigh so sore,
hey ho, chil loue no more.

3 Her louing lookes, her beautie bright,
is such delight:
that all in vaine,
I loue to like, and lose my gaine:
for her that thankes me not therefore,
hey ho chil loue no more.

4 Ah wanton eyes my friendlie foes,
and cause of woes:
your sweete desire,
breeds flames of Ice & freese in fire:
ye skorne to see me weepe so sore,
hey ho chil loue no more.

5 Loue ye who list I force him not,
sith God it wot,
the more I wayle,
the lesse my sighs and teares preuaile:
what shall I doe but say therefore,
hey ho chil loue no more.

FINIS.



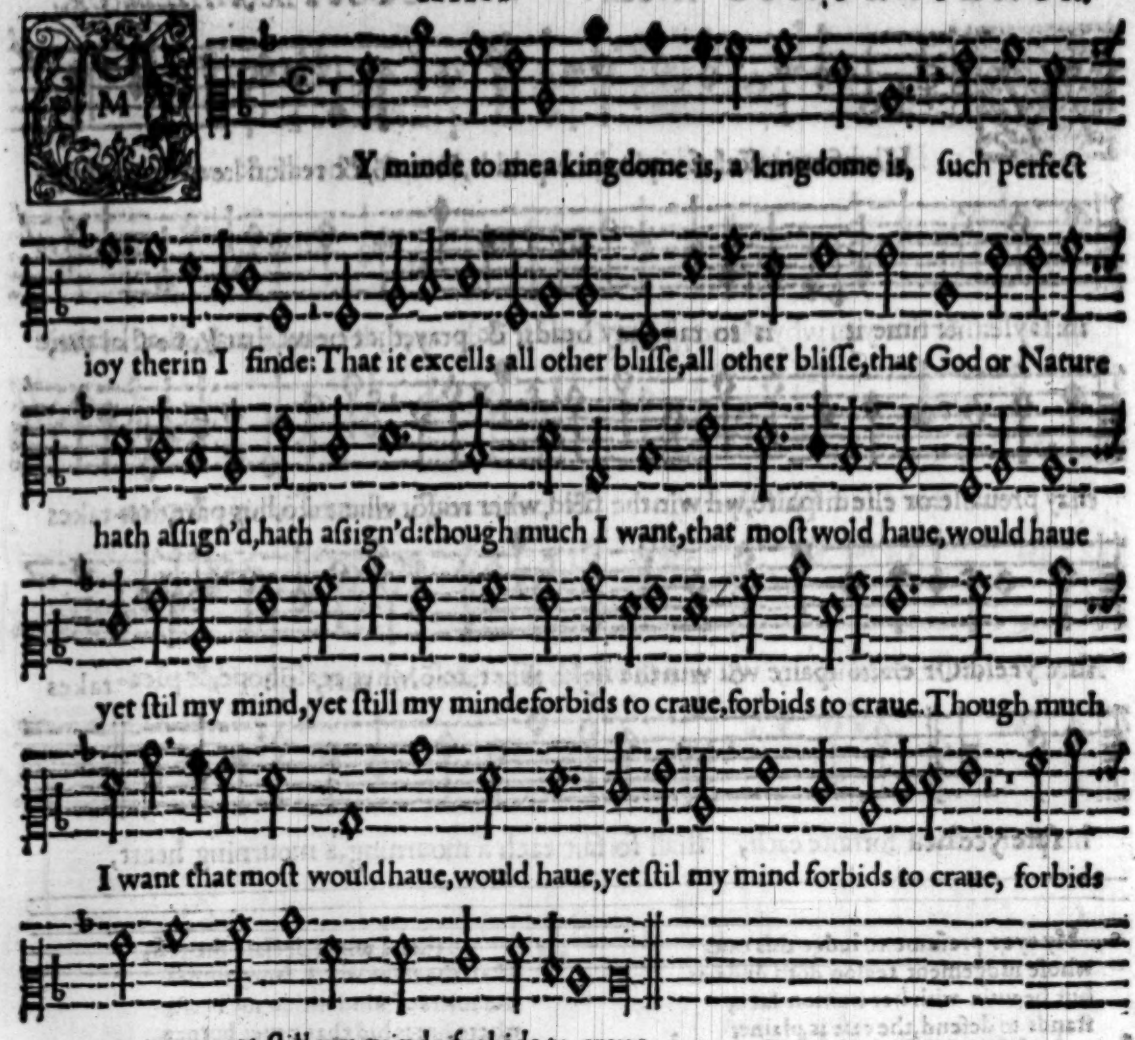
2 The cause is this as I haue heard,
a sort of dames,
whose Beautie he did not regard,
nor secret flames.
complaind before the gods aboue,
that golde corrupts the God of loue.

3 The gods did storme to heare this newes
and there they swore,
that sith he did such dames abuse,
he should no more
be god of Loue, but that he should
both die, and forfait all his gold,

4 His bowe & shaftes they tooke away,
before their eies,
and gaue these dames a longer day,
for to deuise,
who should them keepe, & they be bound,
that loue for gold should not be found.

5 These Ladies striuing long, at last,
they did agree,
to giue them to a mayden chast,
whome I did see:
who with the same did perce my brest,
her beauties rare and so I rest.

D.ij. FINIS.



2 No princ'lie port nor welthie ſtore,
no force to winne a victorie:
no wylie wit to ſalue a ſore,
no ſhape to winne a louing eye:
to none of theſe I yeeld as thrall,
for why my mind deſpiſe them all,

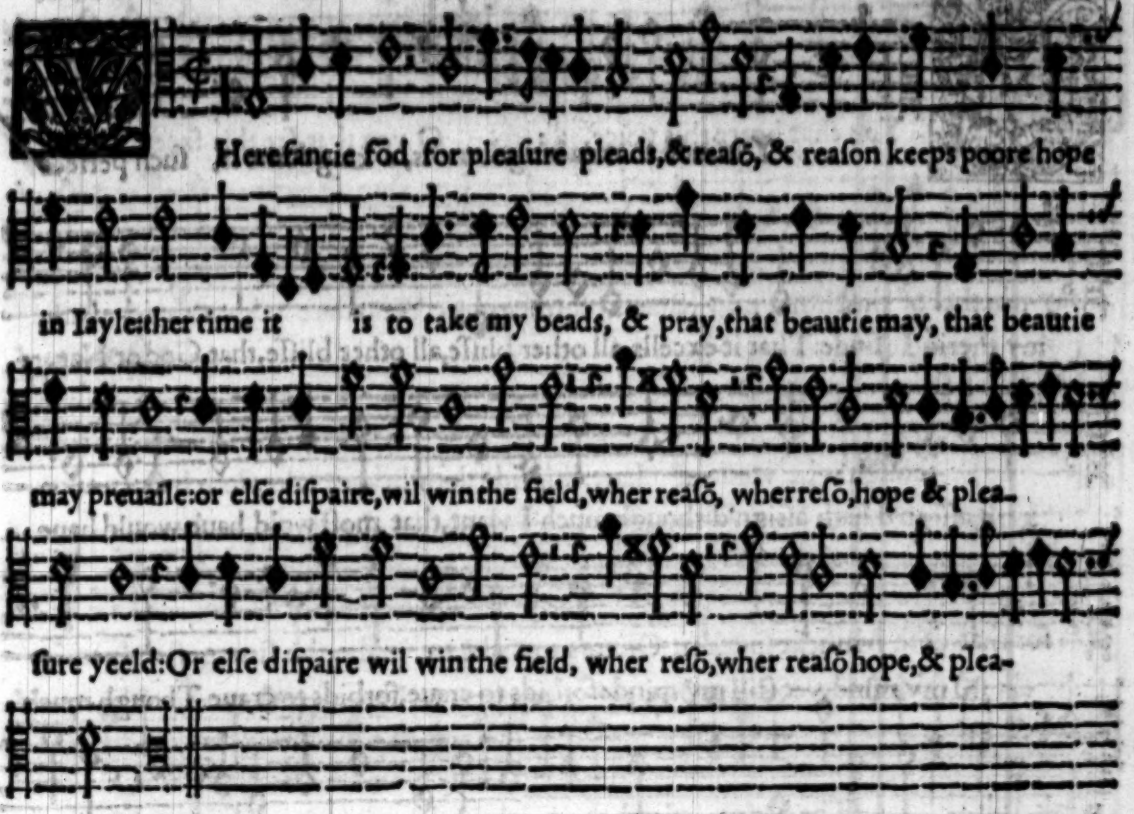
3 I ſee that plentie ſurſeits oft,
and haſtie clymbers ſooneſt fall:
I ſee that ſuch as are aloft,
miſhap doth threaten moſt of all:
theſe get with toyle and keepe with feare,
ſuch cares my mind can neuer beare.

4 I preſſe to beare no haughtie ſway,
I wiſh no more then may ſuffice:
I doe no more then well I may,
looke what I want my mind ſupplies:
loe thus I triumph like a king,
my minde content with any thing.

5 I laugh not at anothers loſſe,
nor grudge not at anothers gaine:
no worldly waues my mind can toſſe,
I brooke that is an others bane:
I feare no foe nor fawne on friend,
I loth not life nor dread mine end.

6 My wealth is health & perfect eaſe,
and conſcience cleere my chiefe defence:
I neuer ſeeke by brybes to pleaſe,
nor by deſart to giue offence:
thus do I liue, thus will I die,
would all did ſo as well as I.

FINIS.



2 My eyes preſume to iudge this caſe,
whoſe iudgement reaſon doth diſdain:
but beautie with her wanton face,
ſtands to defend,the caſe is plaine:
and at the barre of ſweet delight,
ſhe pleads that fancie muſt be right.

3 But ſhame will not haue reaſon yeeld,
though griefe do ſweare it ſhall be ſo:
as though it were a perfect ſhield,
to bluſh,and feare to tell my woe:
where ſilence force will at the laſt,
to wiſh for wit when hope is paſt.

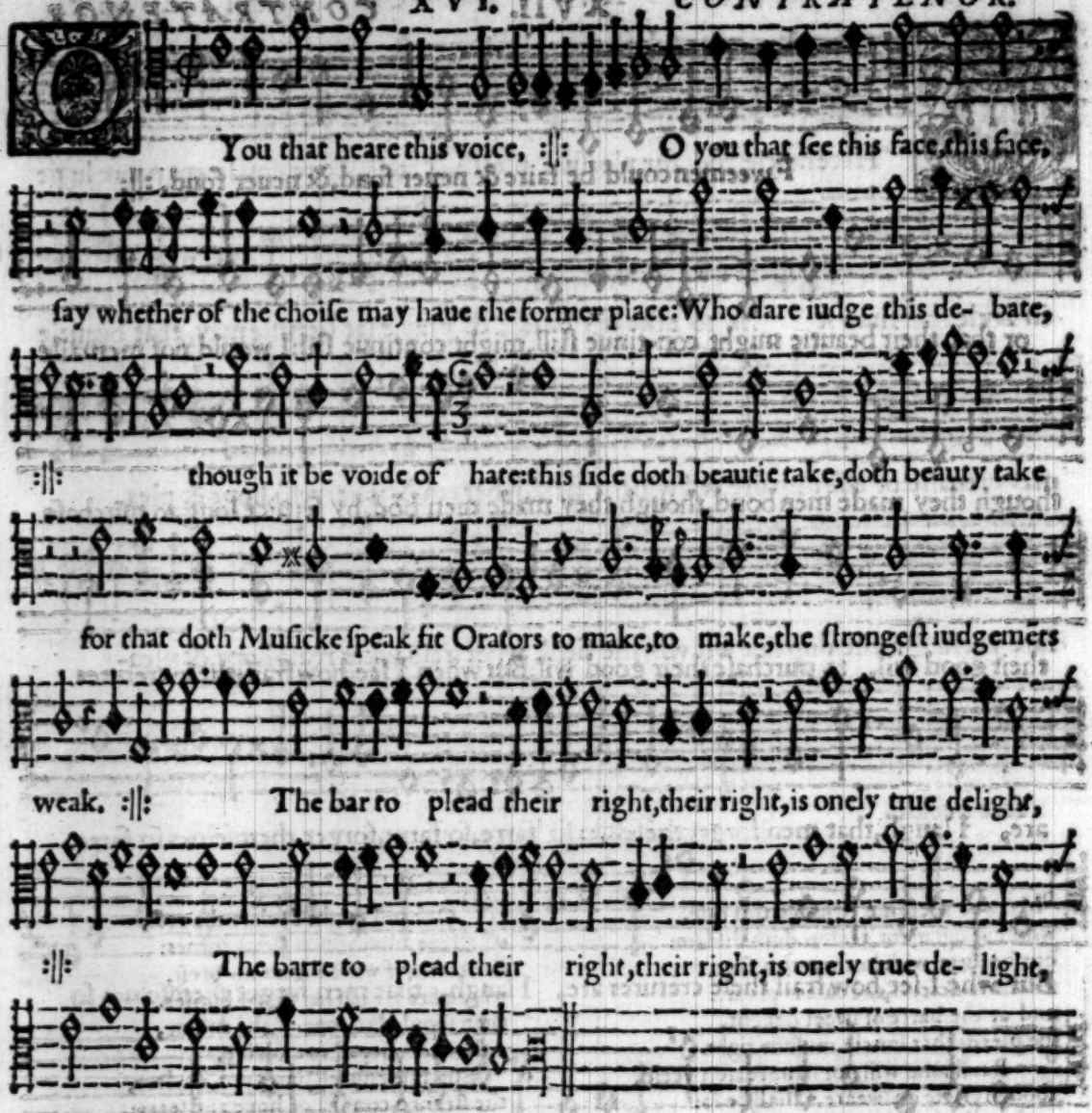
4 So farre hath fond deſire out runne,
the bond which reaſon ſet out firſt:
that where delight the fray begunne,
I would now ſay,if that I durſt:
that in her ſtead ten thouſand woes,
haue ſprong in field where pleaſure grows

5 O that I might declare the reſt,
of all the toies which fancy turnes:
like towrs of wind within my breſt,
where fire is hid that neuer burnes.
then ſhould I try one of the twaine,
either to loue,or to diſdaine.

6 But fine conceit dares not declare,
the ſtrange conflict of hope and feare:
leaſt reaſon ſhould be left ſo bare,
that loue durſt whiſper in mine eare,
and tell me how my fancie ſhall,
bring reaſon to be beawties thrall.

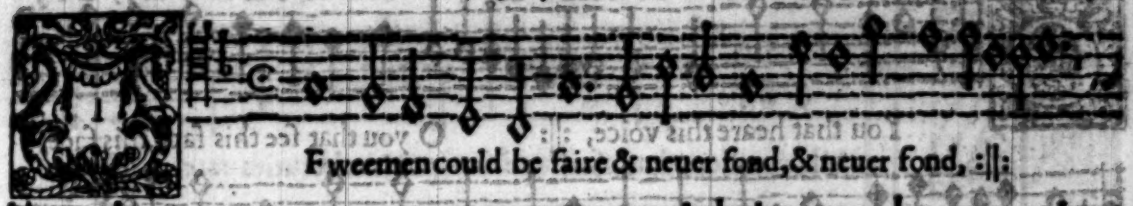
7 I muſt therefore with ſilence buyld,
the Laborinth of my delight:
till loue haue tri'd in open field,
which of the twaine ſhall win the fight:
I feare mee reaſon muſt giue place,
If fancie fond winhe beauties grace.

 FINIS.

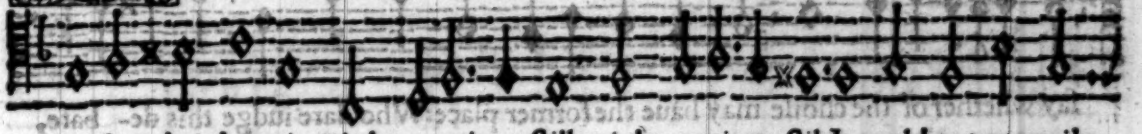


3 Thus doth the voyce and face,
these gentle lawiers wage:
like louing brothers cast.
for fathers heritage:
that eech, while eech contends,
it selfe to other lends.
4 For beautie beautifies,
with heauenly hewe and grace,
the heauenly harmonies,
and in that faultles face,
the perfect beauties be,
a perfect harmonie.
5 Musicke more loftie swells,
in plaines finely plac'd:
Beautie as farre excels,
in action aptly grac'd:
a friend ech partie drawes,
to countenance his cause.
6 Loue more affected seemes,
to Beauties louelie light,
and wonder more esteemes,
of Musicke wond'rous might,
but both to both so bent,
as both in both are spent.
7 Musicke doth witnesse call,
the eare his truth doth trie:
Beautie brings to the hall,
eye witnesse of the eye
eche in his obiect such,
as none exceptions touch,
8 The cõmon sense which might,
be arbiter of this:
to be forsoth vpright,
to both sides parciall is:
he layes on this chiefe prayse,
chiefe praise on that he layes.
9 Then reason, princesse hie,
which sits in throne of mind:
and Musicke can in skye,
with hidden beauties find,
say whether thou wilt crowne,
with limit lesse renowne.

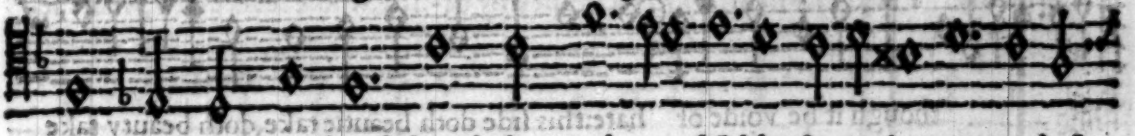
FINIS.



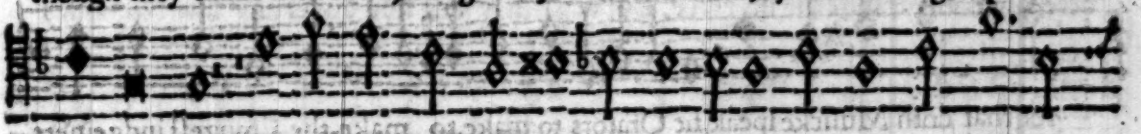
If weemen could be faire & neuer fond, & neuer fond, :||:



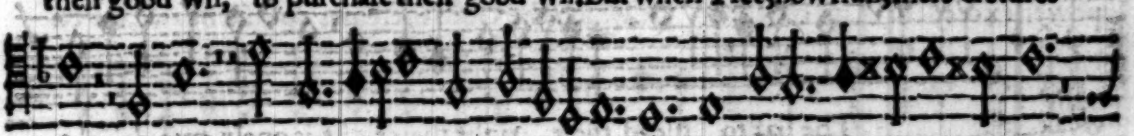
or that their beautie might con-tinue ſtil, might continue ſtil: I would not meruaile



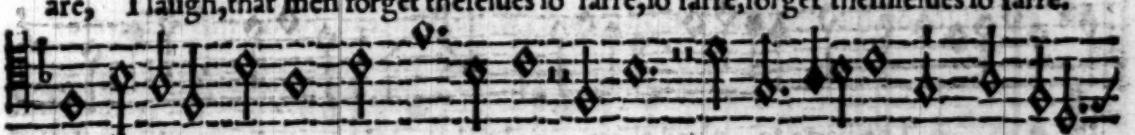
though they made men bond, though they made men bōd, by ſeruice long, to purchaſe



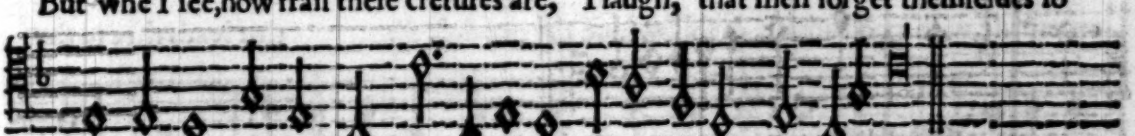
their good wil, to purchaſe their good wil. But when I ſee, how frail, theſe cretures



are, I laugh, that men forget thēſelues ſo farre, ſo farre, forget themſelues ſo farre.



But whē I ſee, how frail theſe cretures are, I laugh, that men forget themſelues ſo

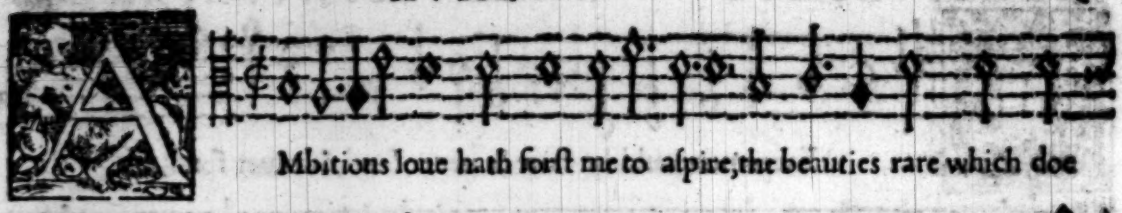


farre, ſo farre, forget themſelues ſo farre, forget them- ſelues ſo farre.

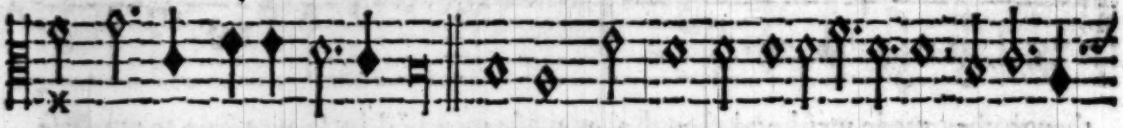
2. To marke what choiſe they make, & how they
How leauing beſt, the worſt they choſe out ſtill: [change,
And how like haggards wilde, about they range,
Skorning after reaſon to follow will.
who would not ſhake ſuch buſſards from the fiſt,
And let them flie [faire fooles] which way they liſt.

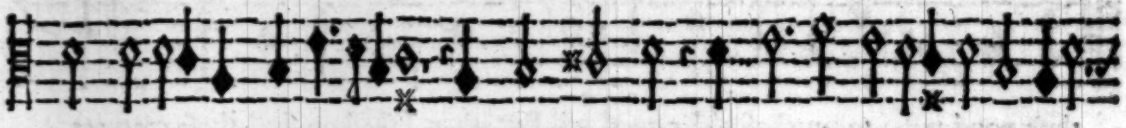
3 Yet for our ſport, we fawne & flatter both,
To paſſe the time, when nothing elſe can pleaſe:
And traine them on, to yeeld by ſubtill oath,
The ſweet content, that giues ſuch humet eaſe.
And then we ſay, when we their follies tale,
To play with fooles, Oh what a foole was I.

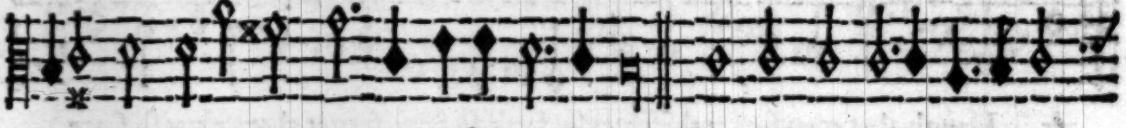
FINIS.

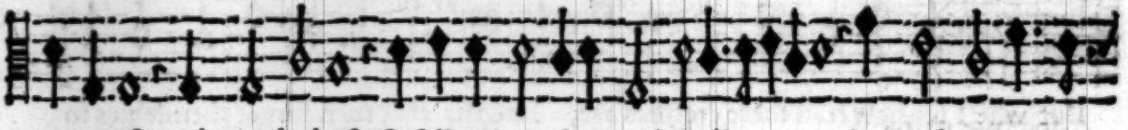

AMbitions loue hath forſt me to aſpire, the beauties rare which doe

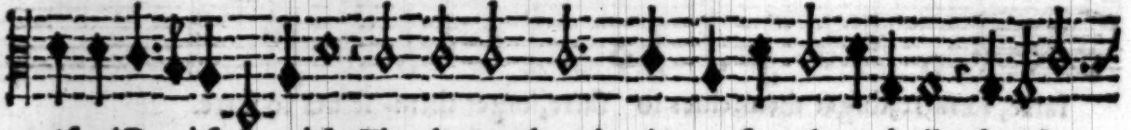
adorne thy face: Thy modeſt life yet bridles my de- ſire, whoſe ſeuere law, whoſe ſe-

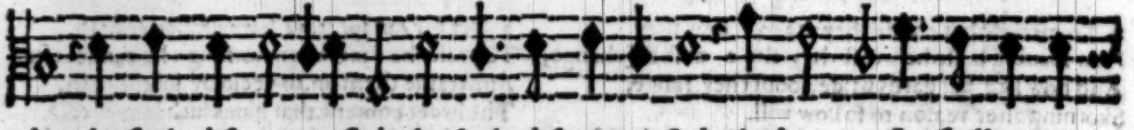

uere law doth promiſe me no grace. But what? may loue liue vnder any law. No, no: his

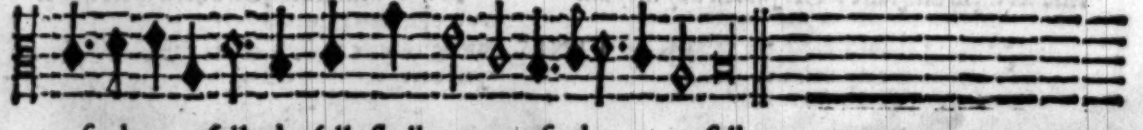

power exceedeth mans cõceit: Of which the Gods thẽſelues do ſtãd in awe, for on

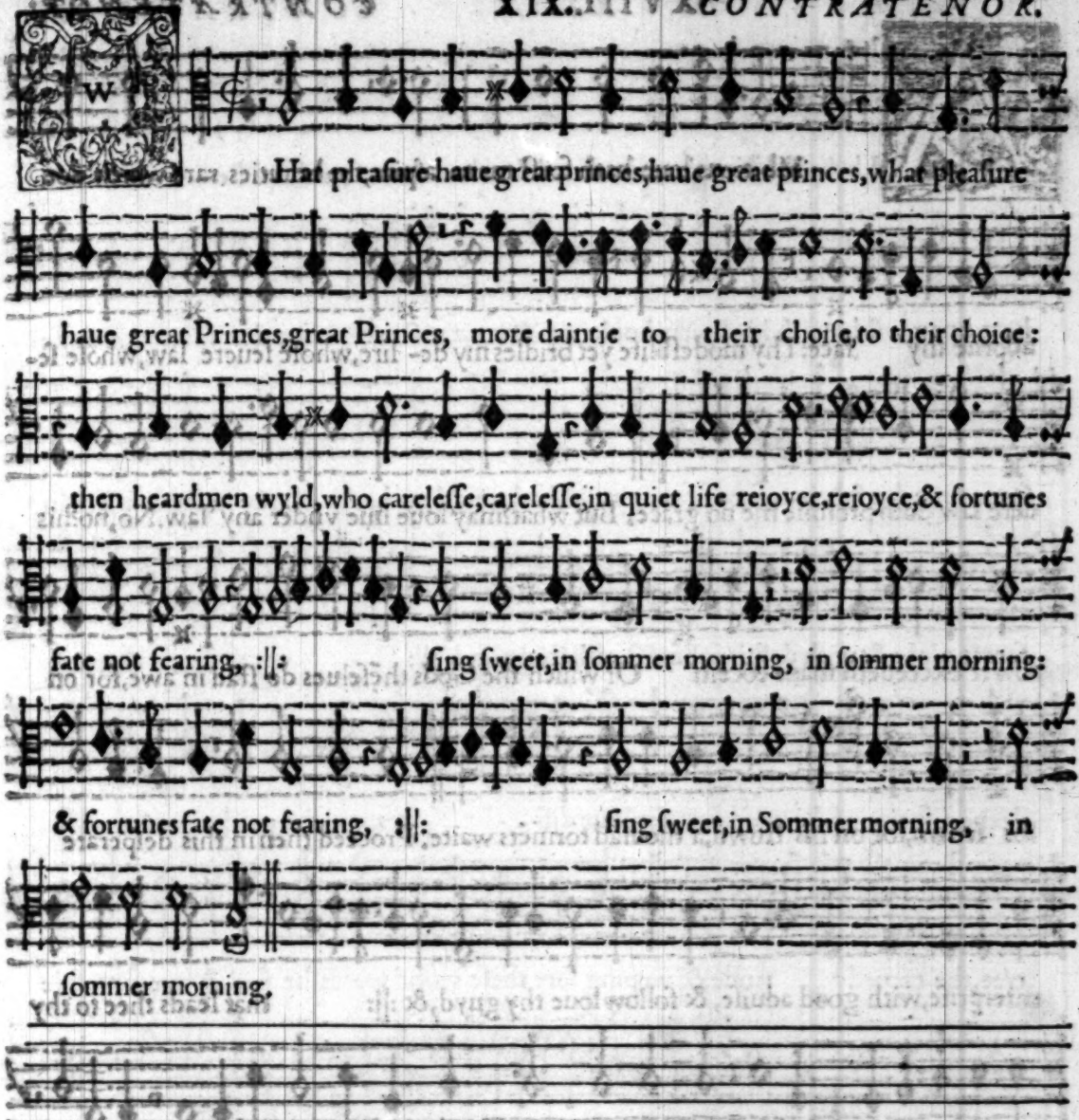

his frown, for on his frown, a thouſãd tormẽts waite. Proceed then in this deſperate


enterpriſe, with good aduiſe, & follow loue thy guyd, &: ||: that leads thee to thy


wiſhed Paradiſe, Paradiſe. Thy climing thoughts, this comfort take with all, that if it


be thy foule diſgrace to ſlide, thy foule diſgrace to ſlide, thy braue attẽpt ſhall yet ex-


cuſe thy fall, thy fall, ſhall yet excuſe thy fall.



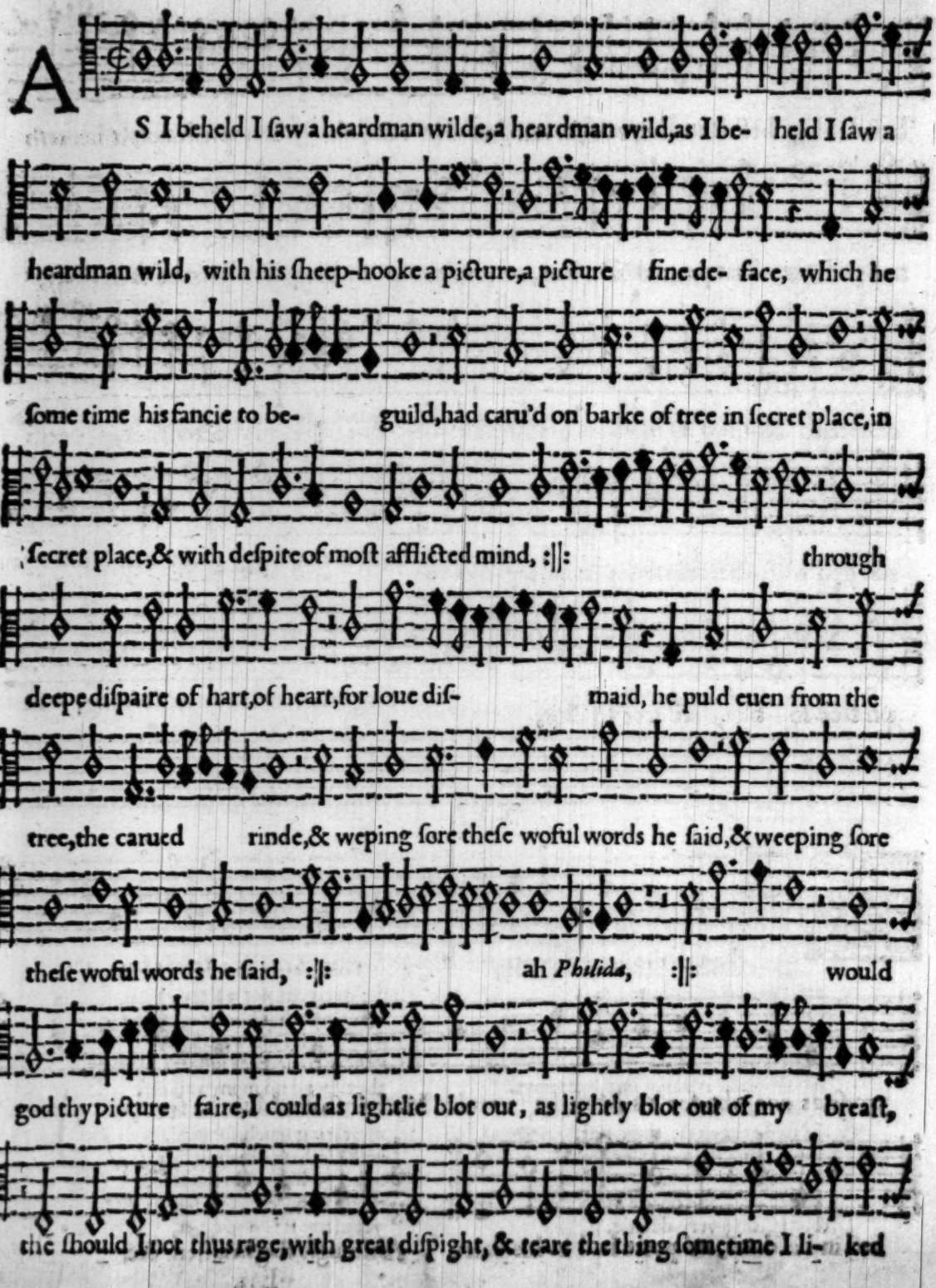
2 Their dealings plaine and rightfull,
are voyd of all diſceit:
they neuer know how ſpightfull
it is to kneele and waite
on fauorite preſumptious,
whoſe pride is vaine and ſumptious.

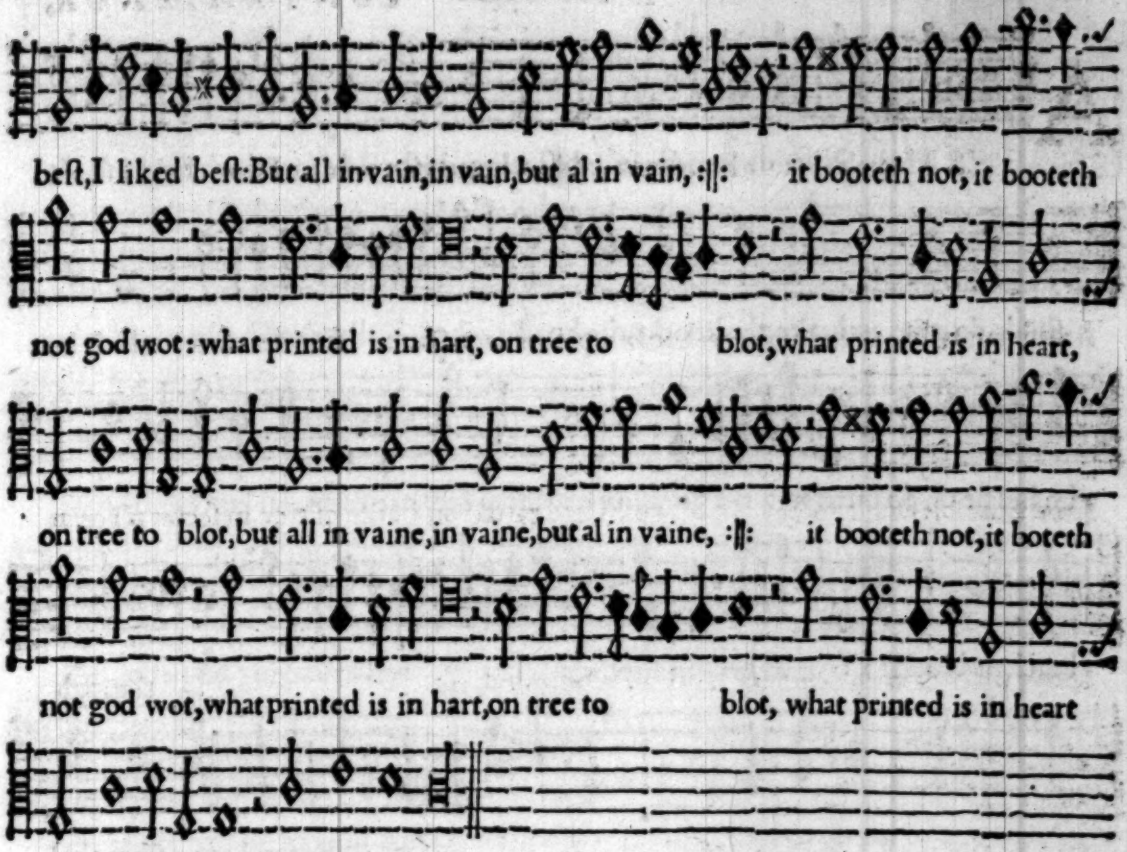
3 All day their flocks eeh tendeth,
at night they take their reſt,
more quiet than who ſendeth
his ſhip into the Eaſt,
where gold and pearle are plentie,
but getting very daintie.

4 For Lawiers and their pleading
the'ſteeme it not a ſtraw,
they think that honeſt meaning
is of it ſelfe a law,
vvhere conſcience iudgeth plainely,
they ſpend no mony vainely.

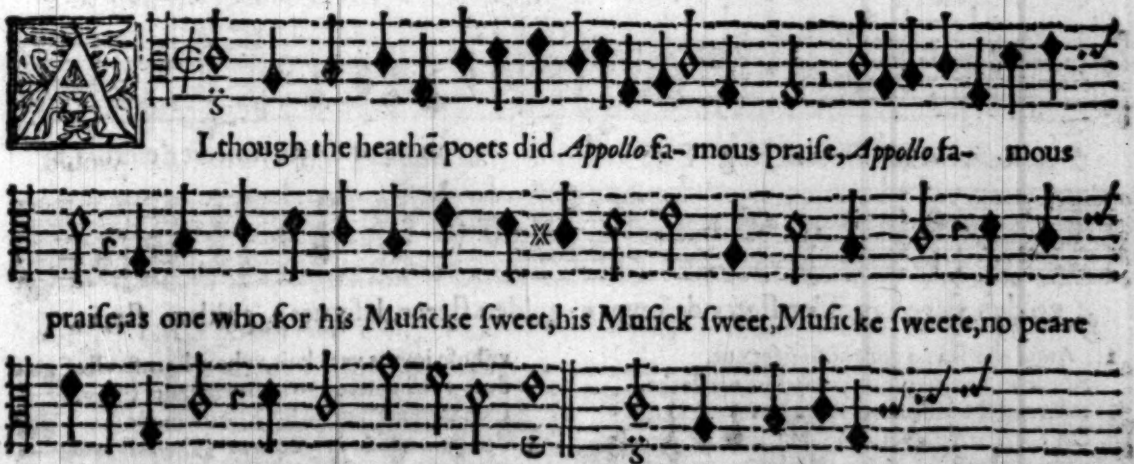
5 O happie who thus liueth,
not caring much for gold,
with clothing which ſuffileth,
to keepe him from the cold,
though poore and plaine his diet,
yet merry it is and quiet.

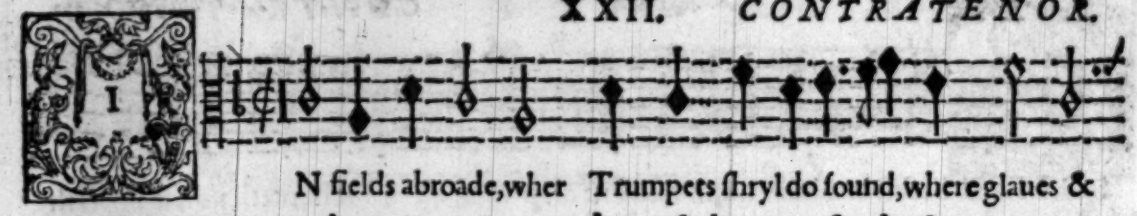
FINIS.


AS I beheld I ſaw a heardman wilde, a heardman wild, as I be- held I ſaw a
heardman wild, with his ſheep-hooke a picture, a picture fine de- face, which he
ſome time his fancie to be- guild, had caru'd on barke of tree in ſecret place, in
ſecret place, & with deſpite of moſt afflicted mind, :||: through
deepe diſpaire of hart, of heart, for loue diſ- maid, he puld euen from the
tree, the carued rinde, & weping ſore theſe woful words he ſaid, & weeping ſore
theſe woful words he ſaid, :||: ah *Phulida*, :||: would
god thy picture faire, I could as lightlie blot out, as lightly blot out of my breaſt,
the ſhould I not thus rage, with great diſpight, & teare the thing ſometime I li- ked

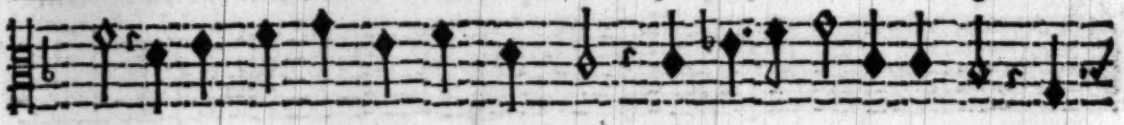

beſt,I liked beſt:But all in vain,in vain,but al in vain, :||: it booteth not, it booteth
not god wot: what printed is in hart, on tree to blot,what printed is in heart,
on tree to blot,but all in vaine,in vaine,but al in vaine, :||: it booteth not,it boteth
not god wot,what printed is in hart,on tree to blot, what printed is in heart
on tree to blot, on tree to blot.

XXI.

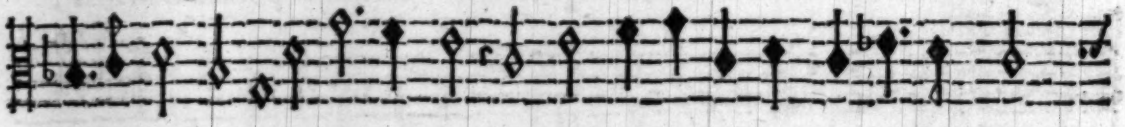

Although the heathē poets did *Appollo* fa- mous praiſe, *Appollo* fa- mous
praiſe,as one who for his Muſicke ſweet,his Muſick ſweet,Muſicke ſweete,no peare
had in his daies, no peere had in his daies, Although the heathen: &c.



1 N fields abroade,wher Trumpets ſhryl do ſound,where glaues &

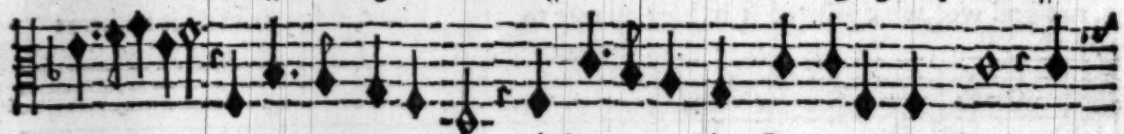


ſhilds,do giue and take the knocks,the knocks,where bodies dead,bodies dead,wher



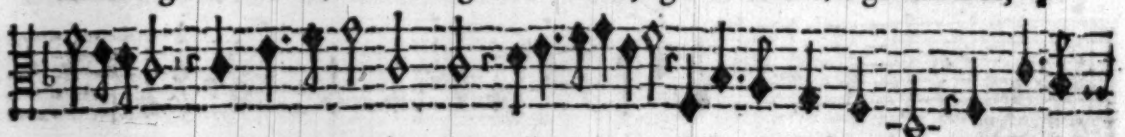
bodies dead, do ouerſpred the groũd:& friends to foes,are common butchers blocks,

butchers blocks: :|: A gallant ſhot, :||: wel managing his peece, :|:

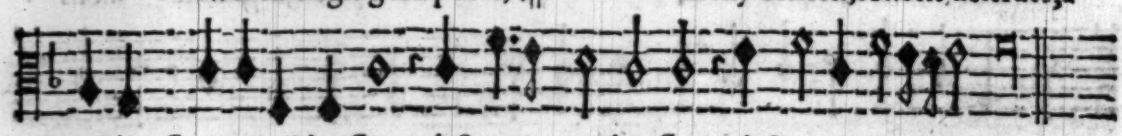


in my conceit,conceit, deſerues a golden fleece,a golden fleece, de-

ſerues a golden fleece,deſerues a golden fleece,a golden fleece, a gallant ſhot, :||:



wel managing his peece, :||: in my conceit,conceit deſerues,a



golden fleece,a golden fleece,deſerues a golden fleece,deſerues a golden fleece.

2 Amid the ſeas,a gallant ſhip ſet out,
where in nor men nor yet munitions lacke,
in greateſt windes that ſpareth not a clout,
but cuts the waues in ſpight of wethers wracke,
would force a ſwain that coms of cowards kinde,
to change him ſelfe and be of noble minde.

3 VVho makes his ſeat a ſtately ſtamping ſtead,
whoſe neighes & playes are princely to behold,
vvhoſe courage ſtout,vvhoſe eies are fiery red,
vvhoſe ioynts vvel knit,vvhoſe harnes all of gold
doth vvell deſerue to be no meaner thing,
then Percia knight whoſe horſe made him a king.

4 By that bedſide vvhere ſits a gallant Dame,
vvho caſteth of hir braue and rich attyre,
vvhoſe petecote ſets forth as faire a frame,
as mortall men or gods can vvell deſire,
vvho ſits and ſees hir pettecote vnlaſt,
I ſay no more the reſt are all diſgrac

FINIS

Onſtant *Penelo-pe*, ſends to thee careleſſe *Vliſſes*, write not a-

gaine, but come ſweet mate thy ſelfe to reuiue me. Troy we do much en- uie,

we deſolate loſt ladies of *Greece*: Not *Priamus*, can vs recompẽce make. Oh, oh, oh,

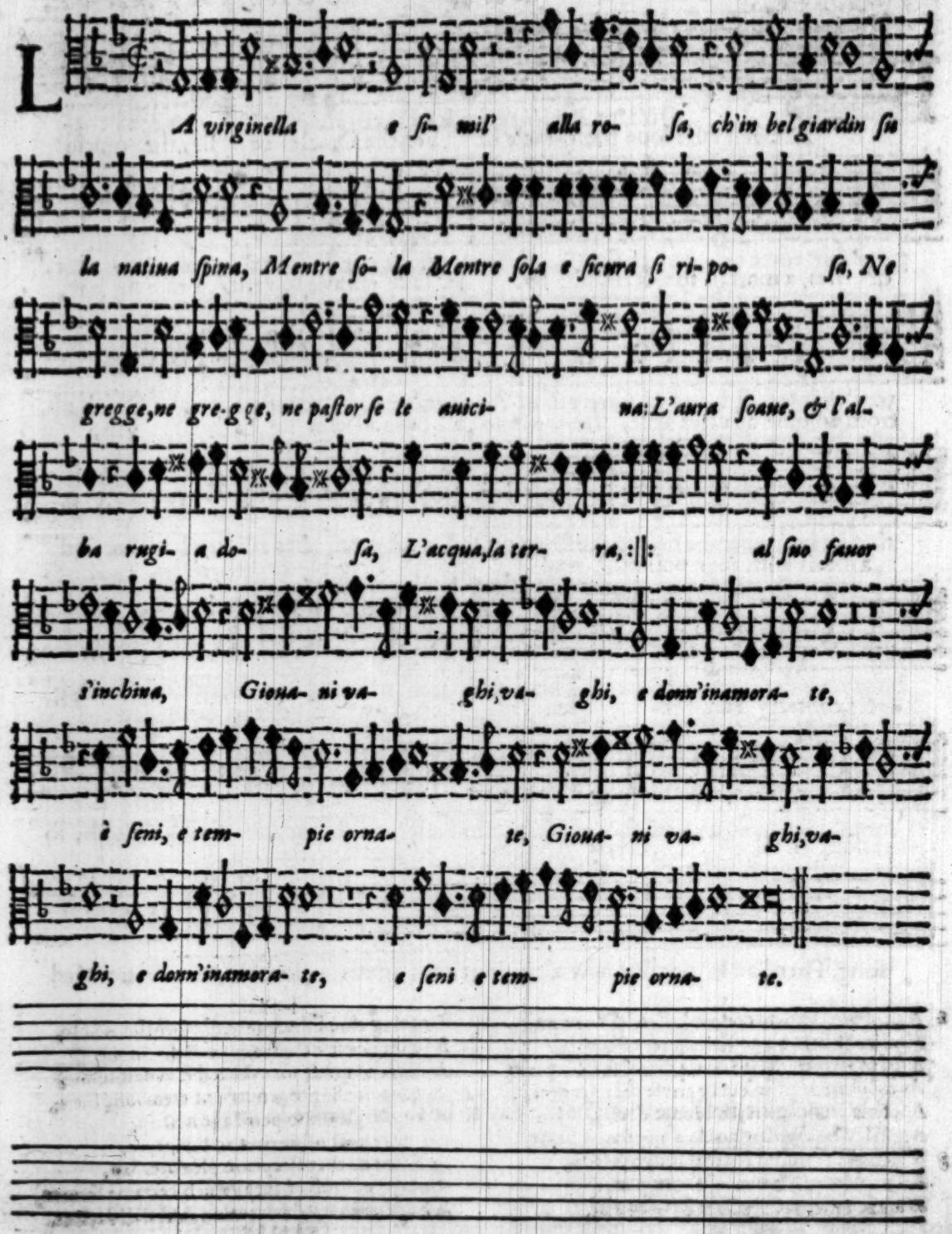
that he had when he firſt tooke ſhipping to Lacedemon, that adulter I meane, had

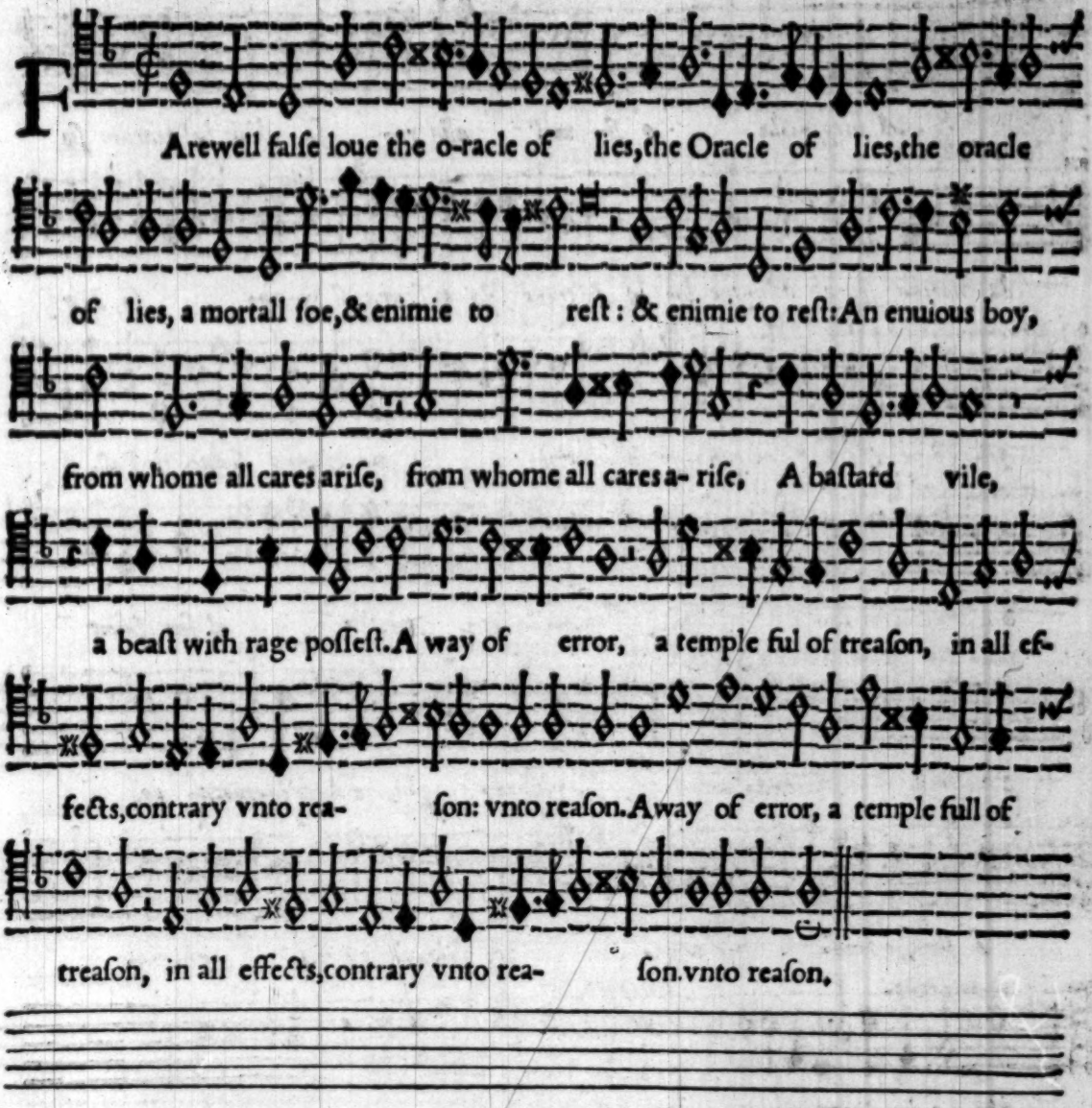
bene o'rewhelmed with waters: Then had I not line now all a- lone, thus quiuering

for cold, for cold, nor vſed this cõplaint, nor haue thought the day to be ſo lõg, to be ſo

long. Then had I not line now al a- lone thus quiuering for cold, for cold, nor vſed

this cõplaint, nor haue thought the day to be ſo long, to be ſo long.


L
A virginella e si- mil' alla ro- sa, ch'in bel giardin sia
la natiua spina, Mentre so- la Mentre sola e sicura si ri-po- sa, Ne
gregge, ne gre-gge, ne pastor se le anici- na: L'aura soaue, & l'al-
ba rugia do- sa, L'acqua, la ter- ra, :||: al suo fauor
s'inchina, Giouani va- ghi, va- ghi, e donn'inamora- te,
è seni, e tem- pie orna- te, Giouani va- ghi, va-
ghi, e donn'inamora- te, e seni e tem- pie orna- te.



2 A poyſoned ſerpent couered all vvith flovvers,
Mother of ſighes, and murtherer of repoſe,
A ſea of ſorows frō whēce are drawē ſuch ſhowers
As moiſture lend to euery griefe that grovves,
A ſchole of guile, a net of deepe deceit,
A guilded hooke, that holds a poyſoned bayte,
3 A fortreſſe foyld, vvhich reaſon dyd defend,
A Syren ſong, a feauer of the minde,
A mase vvherein affection finds no end,
A raging cloud that runnes before the vvinde,
A ſubſtance like the ſhadovv of the Sunne,
A goale of griefe for vvhich the vviſeſt tunne,
4 A quenchleſſe fire, a nurſſe of trembling feare,
A path that leads to perill and miſhap,
A true retreat of ſorrovv and diſpayre,
An idle boy that ſleepes in pleaſures lap,
A deepe miſtruſt of that vvhich certaine ſeemes,
A hope of that vvhich reaſon doubtfull deemes.

FINIS.

He match that's made for iuſt & true re- ſpects, & true re-

ſpects, for iuſt & true re- ſpects: with euennes both of yeers & paren- tage, pa-

rentage, of force muſt bring forth ma- ny good effects, of force muſt bring foorth

ma- ny good effects, good effects, of force muſt bring forth many good effects.

Pa- ri in- go dulcis trac- tus, pari ingo dulcis tractus,

dulcis trac- tus, pari in- go, dulcis trac- tus, dul-cis

trac- tus, dulcis tractus.

2 For vvhere chaſt loue and liking ſets the plant,
And concord vvaters vvith a firme good vvill,
Of no good thing there can be any vvant.
Pari ingo dulcis tractus.

3 Sound is the knot that chaſtitie hath tyde,
Svveet is the Muſicke vnitie doth make,
Sure is the ſtore that plentie doth prouide.
Pari ingo dulcis tractus.

4 VVher chaſtnes fayles, ther concord vvill decay,
VVher concord fleets, ther plentie vvill decreaſe,
VVher plenty vvants, ther loue vvill veare avvay
Pari ingo dulcis tractus.

5 I chaſtitie reſtraine all ſtrange deſires,
I concord keepe the courſe of ſound conſent,
I plentie ſpare, and ſpend as cauſe requires.
Pari ingo dulcis tractus.

6 Make much of vs all ye that married bee,
Speake vvell of vs all ye that minde to bee,
The tyme may come, to vvant and vviſh all three.
Pari ingo dulcis tractus.

FINIS.

¶ Heere endeth the Sonets and Paſtoralles,

and beginneth Songes of Sadnes and Pietie.

Roſtrate ô Lord I lie, Proſtrate O Lord I lie,

Proſtrate ô Lord I lie, behold mee Lord with pittie, with pittie, ſtop not thine

eares againſt my crie, againſt my crie, againſt my crie, my ſad and mourning

dittie, mourning dittie: Breath'd from an inward ſoule, from heart heartelie con- trite,

an offering ſweet, a ſa- crifice in thy high heauenlie ſight, :‖: in

thy high heauenlie ſight. :‖:

2 Obſerue not ſinnes O Lord,
for vvho may then abide it,
but let thy mercie cancell them,
thou haſt not man deni'd it,
man melting vvith remorſe and thoughts,
thought paſt repenting,
O lighten Lord; O heare our ſonge,
our ſinnes full ſore lamenting.

3 The vvonders of thy vvorks,
aboue all reaſon reacheth,
and yet thy mercie aboue all
this, vs thy Spirit teacheth,
then let no ſinner fall,
in depth of foule diſpaire,
ſince neuer ſoule ſo foule there vvas,
but mercie made it fa[illegible].

FINIS.

A las a ſea, the world no other is, :||:

our ſelues are ſhippes ſtill toſſed, ſtill toſſed to & fro, & loe, each man, his loue to

that or this, his loue to that or this, is like a ſtorme, that driues, that driues the ſhip to

go, that thus our life in doubt of ſhipwrack ſtãds, of ſhipwrack ſtãds: our wills the

rockes, our want of ſkyll the ſands, the ſands, that thus our life in doubt of ſhipwrack

ſtands, of ſhipwrack ſtands: our wills the rockes, our wãt of skill the ſands.

2 Our paſſions be the Pirates ſtill that ſpoyle,
and ouerboard caſt's out our reaſons fraight:
the Marriners that day and night doe toyle,
be our conceits that doe on pleaſure waight:
pleaſure Maſter doth tirannize the ſhip,
and giueth vertue ſecretly the nip.

3 The Compaſſe is a minde to compas all,
both pleaſure, profit, place and fame for naught:
the vvinds that blovv, men ouer vveening call,
the Merchandiſe is vvit full deerely bought:
triall the Anker, caſt vpon experience,
for labor, lyfe, and all doe the recompence.

FINIS.

Vſan- na faire ſometime aſſaulted was, :||: ſome-

time aſſaulted was, by two olde men, deſiring their delight: whoſe falſe intent, they

thought to bring to paſſe, :||: if not by tender loue, tender loue, by

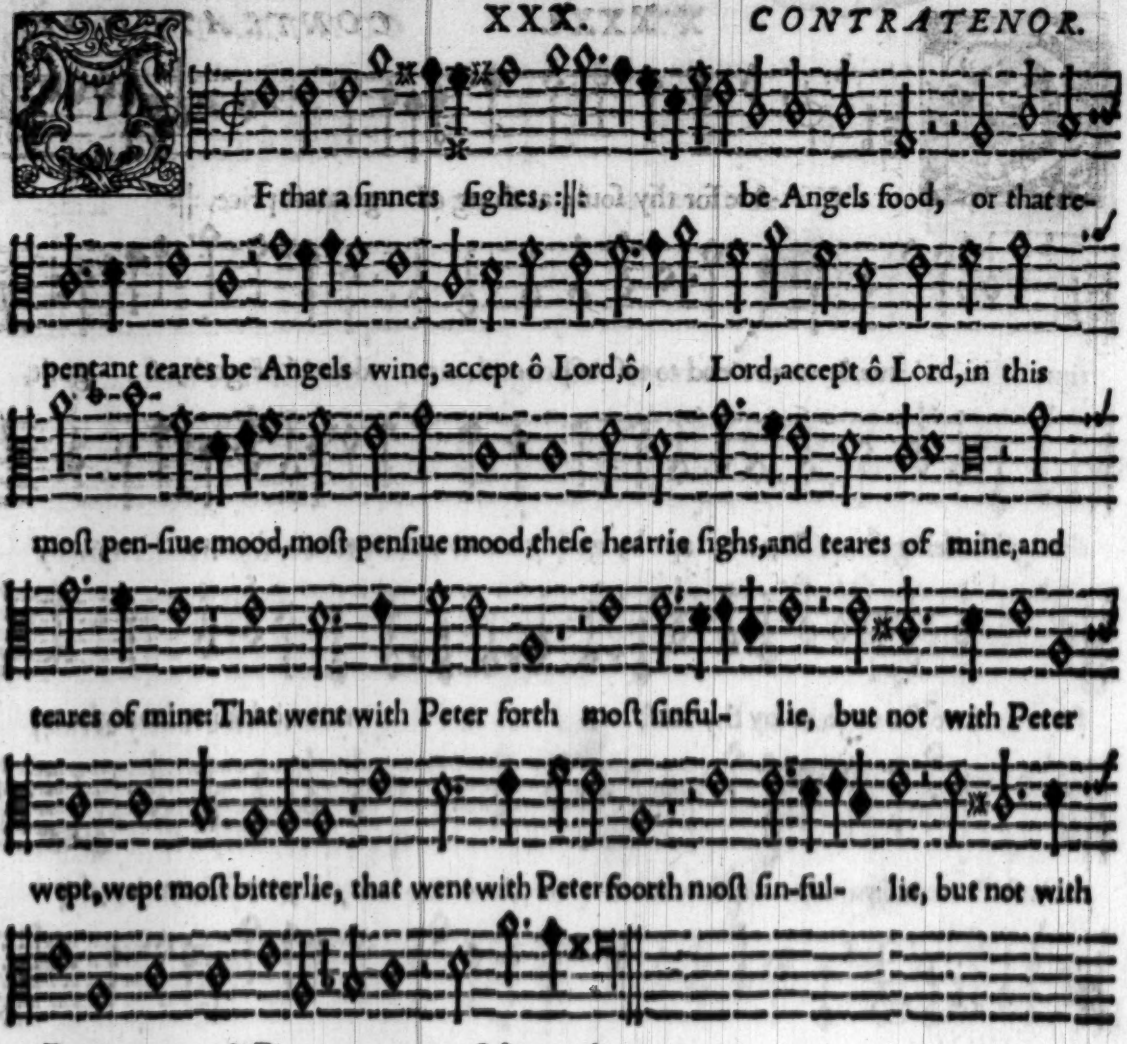
force and might: to whome ſhe ſaid, if I your ſute deny, you will me falſely accuſe,

accuſe & make me die, and make me die: to whom ſhe ſaid, if I your ſute deny,

you will mee falſelie accuſe, accuſe, and make mee die, and make mee die.

3 And if I graunt to that vvhich you requeſt,
my chaſtitie ſhall then defloured bee,
vvhich is ſo deere to mee that I deteſt
my lyfe, if it bereſted bee from mee:
And rather vvould I dye of mine accord,
ten thouſand times, then once offend the Lord.

FINIS.



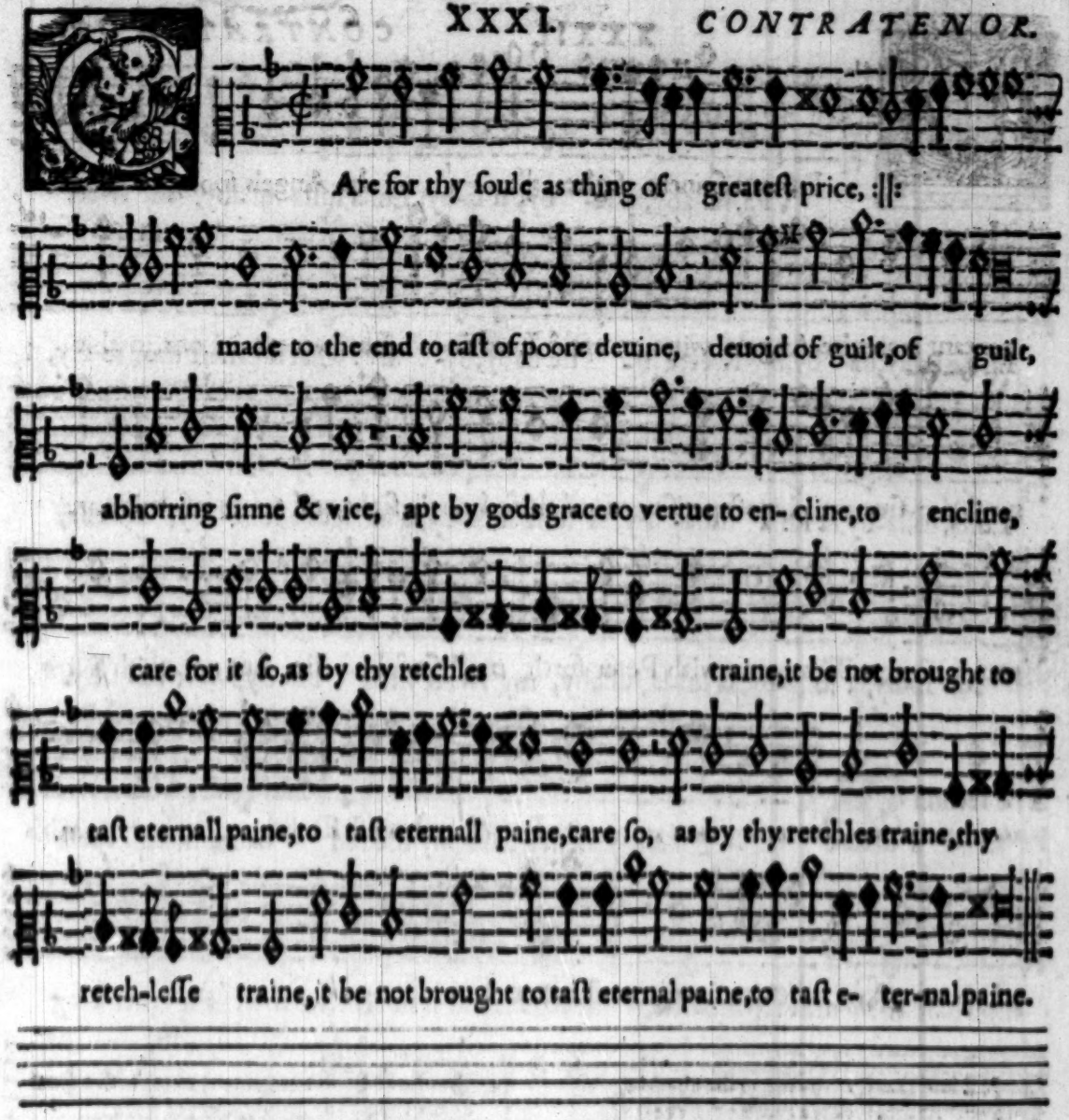
2 If I had Dauids crovvne to mee betide,
or all his purple robes that he did vveare,
I vvould lay then ſuch honor all aſide,
and onely ſeeke a ſackcloth vveede to beare:
his Pallace vvould I leaue that I might ſhovv,
and mourne in cell for ſuch offence, my woe.

3 Ther ſhould theſe hãds beate on my pẽſiue breſt,
and ſad to death, for ſorrovv rend my haire,
my voice to call on thee, ſhould neuer reſt,
vvhoſe grace I ſeeke, whoſe iudgement I do feare:
vpon the ground all groueling on my face,
I vvould beſeech thy fauour and good grace.

4 But ſince I haue not meane to make the ſhow
of my repentant minde, and yet I ſee
my ſinne to greater heape then Peters grow,
vvhereby the danger more it is to mee,
I put my truſt in his moſt precious bloud,
vvhoſe life vvas ſhed to purchaſe all our good.

5 Thy mercie greater is then any ſinne,
thy greatneſſe none can euer comprehend:
vvherfore O Lotd, let mee thy mercie winne,
vvhoſe glorious name no time can euer end:
vvherefore I ſay all praiſe belongs to thee,
vvhom I beſeech be merciſull to mee.

FINIS.



8 Care for thy corps, but chiefly for ſoules ſake,
cut of exceſſe, ſuſteyning food is beſt,
to vanquiſh pride, but comelie clothing take,
ſeeke after skill, deepe ignorance deteſt:
Care ſo I ſay, the fleſh to feede and cloth,
that thou harme not thy ſoule and bodie both.

8 Care for the world to do thy bodie right,
racke not thy wit to winne thy wicked waies,
ſeeke not t'oppreſſe the weak by wrongful might,
to pay thy dew do baniſh all delayes:
Care to diſpend according to thy ſtore,
and in like ſort be mindefull of the poore.

4 Care for thy ſoule, as for thy chiefeſt ſtay,
care for thy bodie for thy ſoules auaile,
care for the world for bodies helpe alway,
care yet but ſo as vertue may preuaile,
care in ſuch ſort that thou be ſure of this,
care keepe thee not frō heauen & heauenly bliſſe.

FINIS.

Vlla, lullaby, lulla- by, lulla-by, Lulla, lulla lullaby, my ſweet

lit-tle, baby, ba- by, my ſweete lit- tle baby, by- by: what meaneſt thou to cry,

Lulla, lulla-by, la lulla lulla- by, la lulla lulla-by, la lulla, lulla, lulla- by, la lulla,

lul- la-by, la lulla-by, la lul-la, lullaby, my ſweet little ba- by, ſweet ba- by.

The ſecond part.

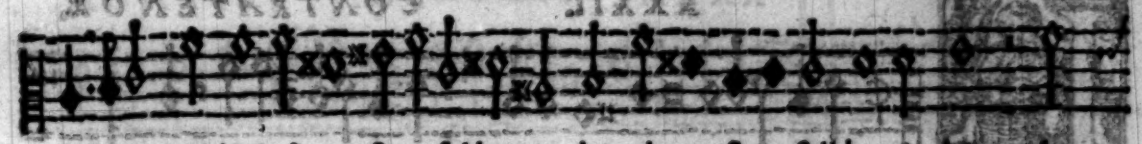
BE ſtill my bleſſed babe, my bleſſed babe, though cauſe

thou haſt to mourne: to mourne: whoſe bloud moſt innocent to ſhed the cruel king

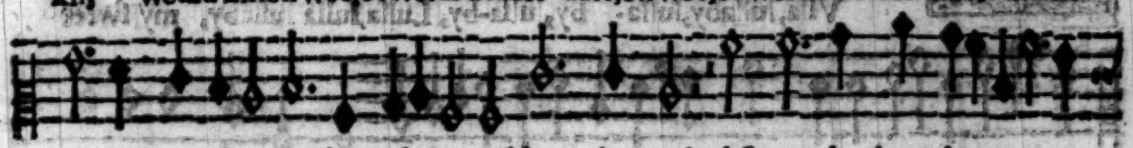
hath ſworne, :|: & lo, a- las, behold, be- hold, what ſlaughter he doth

make, ſhedding the bloud of infants all, ſweet ſaui- our for thy

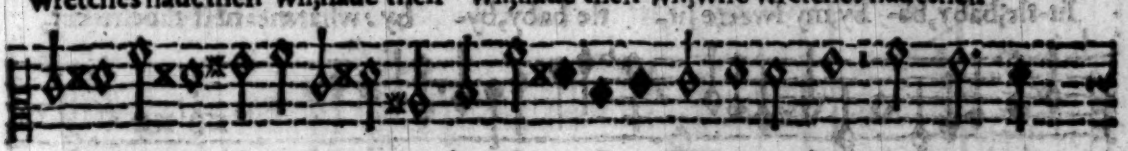
ſake, for thy ſake. A King is borne, they ſay: which king this king would



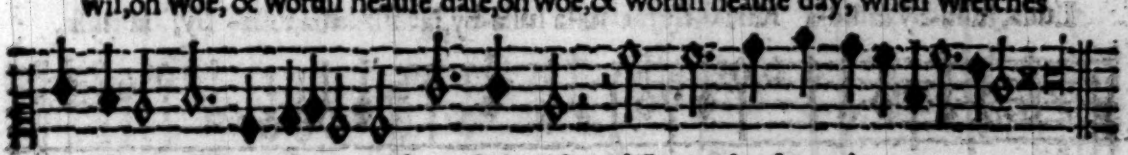
kil, would kil: oh woe, & woful heauie daie, oh woe, & wofull heauie daie, when



wretches haue their wil, haue their wil, haue their wil, whē wretches haue their



wil, oh woe, & wofull heauie daie, oh woe, & wofull heauie day, when wretches



haue their wil, haue their wil, haue their wil, whē wretches haue their will.

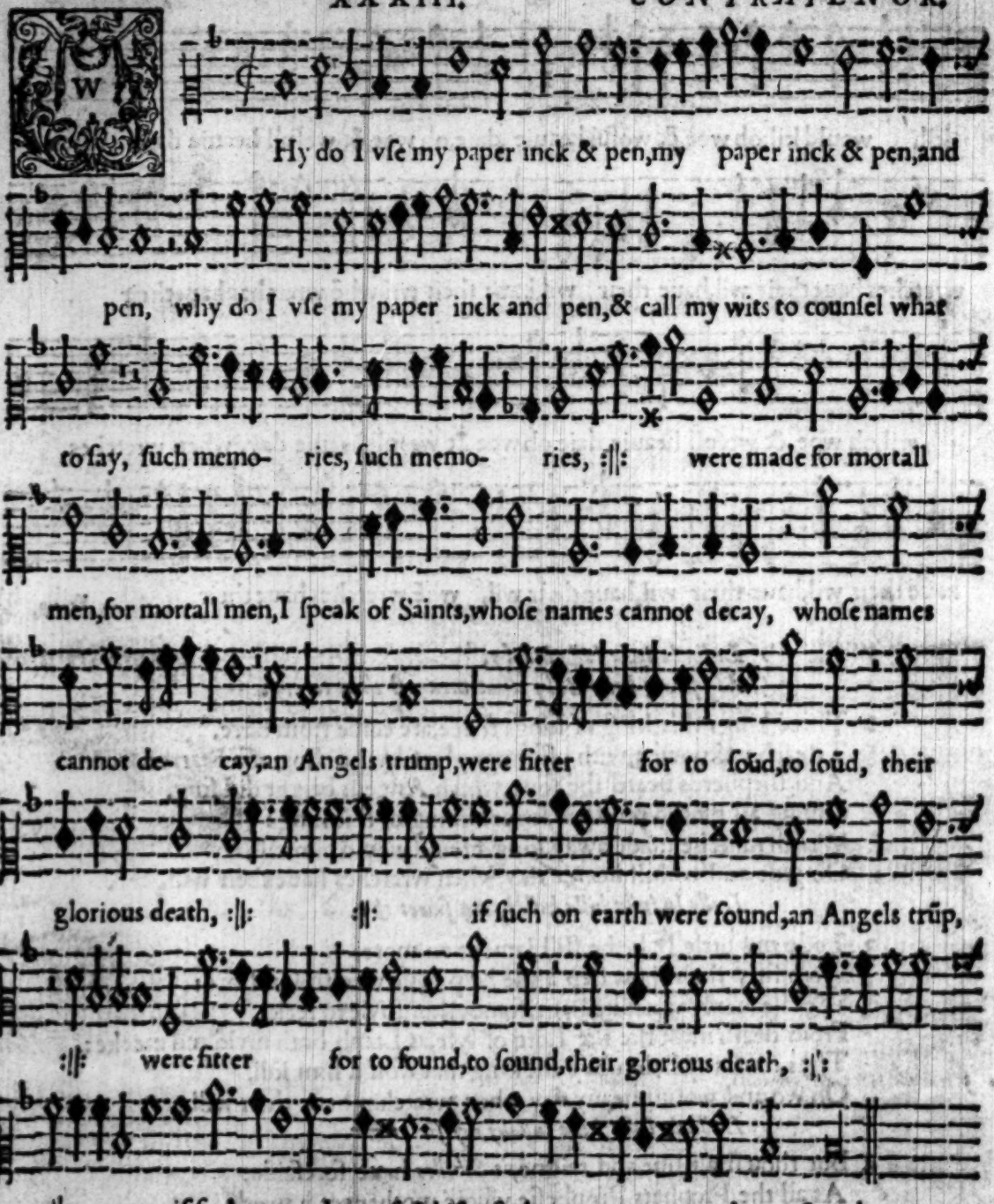
Lulla la lulla, lulla lullaby,
My sweet little Baby, what meanest thou to cry:

2 Three kings this king of kings to see, are come from farre,
To each vnknowen, with offerings great, by guiding of a Starre:
And shepherds heard the song, which Angells bright did sing,
Giuing all glory vnto God, for comming of this king:
Which must be made away, king Herod would him kill,
Oh woe and wofull heauie day, when wretches haue their will.
Lulla la lulla, lulla lullaby, my sweet &c.

3 Lo, lo, my little Babe, be still, lament no more,
From fury shalt thou step aside, help haue wee still in store:
Wee heauenly warning haue, some other soyle to seeke,
From death must flie the Lord of lyfe, as Lamb both myld and meeke:
Thus must my Babe obey the king that would him kill,
Oh wo, and wofull heauy day, when wretches haue their will.
Lulla la lulla, lulla lullaby, my sweet &c.

4 But thou shalt liue and raigne, as *Sibilles* haue foresaide,
As all the Prophets Prophesie, whose mother yet a maide,
And perfect virgin pure, with hir brests shall vpbreed,
Both God and man that all hath made, the Sunne of heauenly seed:
Whom caytiues none can tray, whom tirants none can kill,
Oh ioy, and ioyfull happy day, when wretches want their will.

FINIS.



3 That floare of ſuch were once on earth purſu'd,
the hiſtories of auncient times record,
whoſe conſtancie great tirants rage ſubdu'd,
through patiẽt death profeſſing Chriſt their Lord,
as his Apoſtles perfect witneſſe bare.
with many more that bleſſed Martirs were.

4 VVhoſe patiẽce rare & moſt couragious minde,
with fame renoum'd perpetuall ſhall endure,
by whoſe examples we may rightlie find,
of holie life and death a Patterne pure:
that we therefore their vertues may embrace,
pray we to Chriſt kinduide vs with his would

BASSVS.

Pſalmes, Sonets, & ſongs of ſadnes and pietie, made into Muſicke of fiue parts: whereof, ſome of them going abroad among diuers, in vntrue coppies, are heere truely corrected, and th'other being Songs very rare & newly compoſed, are heere publiſhed, for the recreation of all ſuch as delight in Muſick: By *William Byrd*, one of the Gent. of the Queenes Maieſties honorable Chappell.

Printed by Thomas Eaſt, the aſsigne of W. Byrd, and are to be ſold at the dwelling houſe of the ſaid T. Eaſt, by Paules wharfe. 1588.
Cum priuilegio Regiæ Maieſtatis.

¶Reasons briefely set downe by th'auctor, to perswade euery one to learne to sing.

FIrst, it is a knowledge easely taught, and quickly learned, wher ther is a good Master, & an apt Scoler.

2 The exercise of singing is delightful to Nature, and good to preserue the health of man.

3 It doth strengthen all parts of the brest, & doth open the pipes.

4 It is a singuler good remedie for a stutting & stamaring in the speech.

5 It is the best meanes to procure a perfect pronunciation, and to make a good Orator.

6 It is the onely way to know where Nature hath bestowed the benefit of a good voyce: which gift is so rare, as ther is not one among a thousand that hath it: & in many that excelent gift is lost, because they want art to expresse Nature.

7 Ther is not any Musicke of Instruments whatsoeuer, comparable to that which is made of the voyces of men, wher the voices are good, & the same wel sorted and ordered.

8 The better the voyce is, the meeter it is to honour & serue God there-with: and the voice of man is chiefly to be imployed to that end.

Omnis spiritus laudet Dominum.

Since singing is so good a thing,
I wish all men would learne to sing.

¶TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE Sir Christopher Hatton knight, Lord Chancellor of England, William Byrd wisheth long life, and the same to be most healthie and happie.

THE often desires of many my good friends, Right honorable, and the consideration of many vntrue incorrected coppies of diuers my songes spred abroade, haue beene the two causes, chiefly mouing my consent at length to put in Print the fruits of my small skill and labors in Musicke. Then the dutie, honor, and seruice due from me vnto your Lordship, together with the remembrance of your iudgement and loue of that Art, did moue and imbolden me to present this first printed worke of mine in English, to passe vnder your L. fauour & protectiõ: vnworthie I cõfesse, the veiw or Patronage of so worthie a Personage. Yet remembring that small things sometime do great seruice, and that repose is best tasted by bodies forewearied: I hoped that (by this occasion) these poore songs of mine might happely yeeld some sweetnesse, repose, and recreation vnto your Lordships minde, after your dayly paynes & cares taken in the high affaires of the Common wealth. Most humbly beseeching your Lordship, that if my boldnesse heerein be faultie, my dutifull good will, and good meaning may excuse it: which if I may so fortunately perceiue, it shall incourage mee to suffer some other things of more depth and skill to follow these, which being not yet finished, are of diuers expected and desired. Incessantlie beseeching our Lord to make your yeeres happie, and ende blessed, I wish there were any thing in me worthie of your Lordship to be commaunded.

Most humbly your L. euer to commaund

William Byrd.

¶ The Epiſtle to the Reader.

BEnigne Reader, heere is offered vnto thy courteous acceptation, Muſicke of ſundry ſorts, and to content diuers humors. If thou be diſpoſed to pray, heere are Pſalms. If to be merry, heere are Sonets. If to lament for thy ſinnes, heere are ſongs of ſadneſſe & pietie. If thou delight in Muſicke of great compaſſe, heere are diuers ſongs, which being originally made for inſtruments to expreſſe the harmony, & one voyce to pronoũce the dittie, are now framed in all parts for voyces to ſing the ſame. If thou deſire ſongs of ſmall compaſſe and fit for the reach of moſt voyces, heere are moſt in number of that ſort. Whatſoeuer pains I haue taken heerein, I ſhal think to be wel imploied, if the ſame be well accepted, Muſicke therby the better loued, and the more exerciſed. In the expreſſing of theſe ſongs, either by voyces or inſtruments, if there happen to be any iarre or diſſonance, blame not the Printer, who (I doe aſſure thee) through his great paines & diligence, doth heere deliuer to thee a perfect & true coppie. If in the compoſition of theſe ſongs, there be any fault by me committed, I deſire the skilful, either with courteſie to let the ſame be concealed, or in friendly ſort to be thereof admoniſhed: & at the next impreſſion he ſhall finde the error reformed: remembring alwaies, that it is more eaſie to finde a fault then to amend it. If thou finde any thing heere worthy of lykeing and commendation, giue prayſe vnto God, from whom (as from a moſt pure and plentifull fountaine) all good gifts of Science doe flow: whoſe name be glorified for euer.

The moſt aſſured friend to all
that loue or learne Muſicke:
William Byrd.

¶ The names and number of thoſe ſongs which are of the higheſt compaſſe.

MY ſoule oppreſt with care and griefe.	III	Lord in thy wrath.	IX
How ſhall a yong man prone to ill.	IIII	La virginella.	XXIIII
O Lord how long wilt thou forget.	V	If that a ſinners ſighes.	XXX
O Lord who in thy ſacred tent.	VI	Care for thy ſoule.	XXXI
Help Lord for waſted are all thoſe.	VII	Lullaby.	XXXII
Bleſſed is he that feares the Lord.	VIII	Why doe I vſe.	XXXIII

God giue eare & do apply, to heare me whē I pray: and

whē to thee I call & cry, hide not thy ſelfe a- way. Take heed to me graūt

my requeſt, & aūſwere me againe: With plaints I pray full ſore op-preſt, oppreſt,

great griefe doth me conſtraine. Becauſe my foes with threats & cries, oppreſſe me

through deſpite, and ſo the wicked ſort like- wiſe, to vexe me haue delight. For they

in coūſel do cōſpire, :|: to charge me with ſome ill, So in their haſty

wrath & yre, they do purſue me ſtill, they do purſue me ſtill, they do purſue me ſtil.

For they in counſel do: &c.

1 MIne eyes with feruencie of ſprite,
I do lift vp on hie:
To thee ô lord that dwell'ſt in light,
which no man may come nie.
2 Behold euen as the ſeruants eies,
vpon their maſter waite:
And as the maide her miſtriſt hand,
with carefull eye and ſtrayte
3 Attends: So we ô Lord our God,
thy throne with hope and griefe
Behold, vntill thou mercie ſend,
and giue vs ſome relife.

4 O Lord though we deſerue it not,
yet mercie let vs finde:
A people that deſpiſed are,
throwne downe in ſoule and minde,
5 The mightie proud men of the world,
that ſeekes vs to oppreſſe:
Haue fild our ſoules with all contempts,
and left vs in diſtreſſe.

FINIS.

Ine eyes with feruencie of ſprite, of ſprite,

mine eyes with feruencie of ſprite, of ſprit, I do

lift vp on hie, on hie: To thee ô Lord that dwelleſt in light, which no man

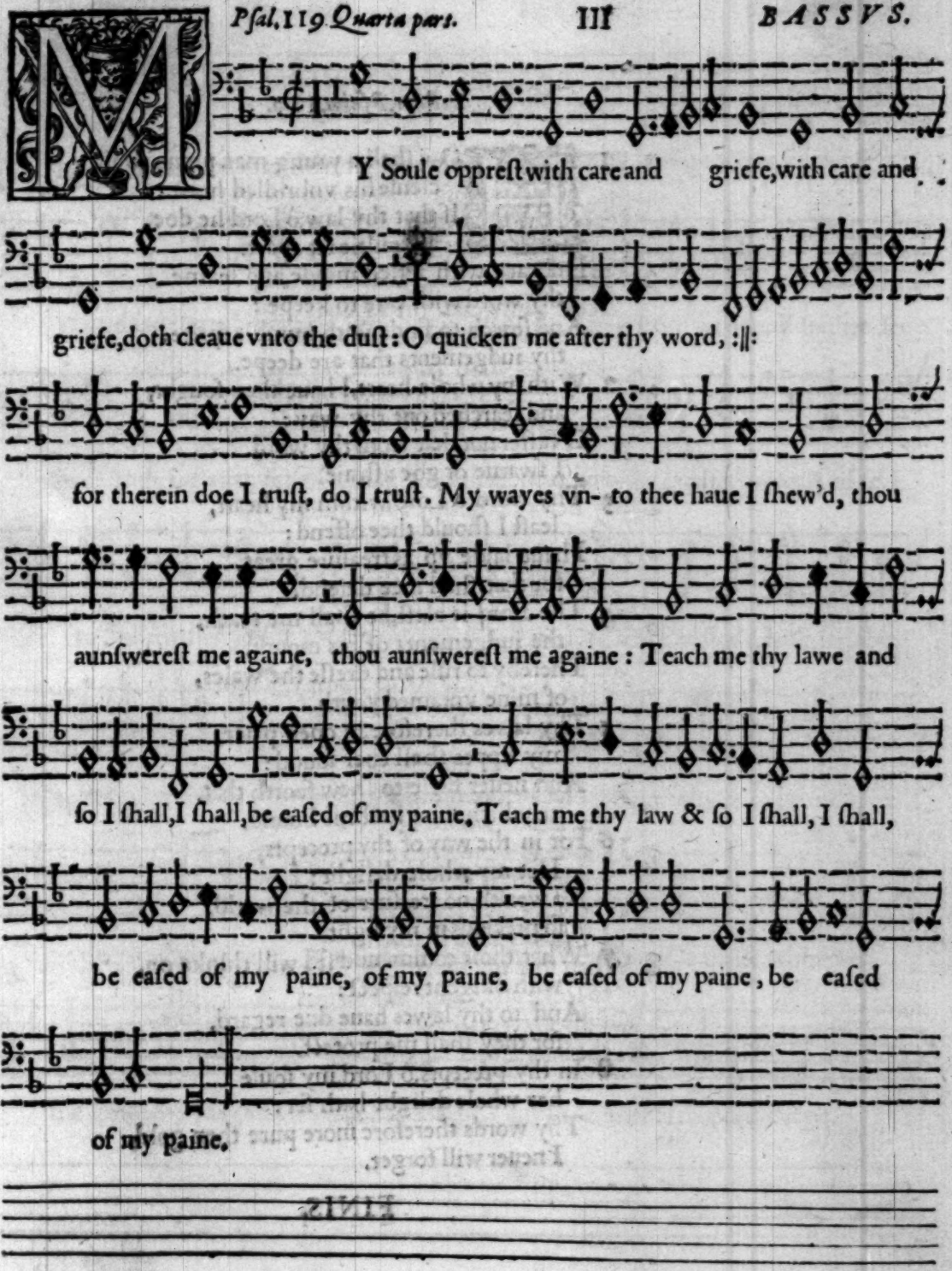
may come nie, may come nie, which no man may come nye, which no man

may come nye.

Quarta pars Psalm. 119.

1 MY soule oppreſt with care and griefe,
doth cleaue vnto the duſt:
O quicken me after thy woord,
for therein doe I truſt.
2 My waies vnto thee haue I ſhew'd,
thou aunſwereſt me againe:
Teach me thy law and ſo I ſhall,
be eaſed of my paine.
3 The way of thy commaund'ments Lord,
make me to vnderſtand:
And I will muſe vppon the power,
and wonders of thy hand.
4 My heart doth melt and pyne away,
for very payne and griefe:
O, raiſe me vp, after thy word,
and ſend mee ſome reliefe.
5 All falſhood, and falſe waies O Lord,
doe thou from me remoue:
And graunt me grace, to know thy law,
and onely that to loue.
6 The way of truth I chooſe to tread,
to keepe my life in awe:
And ſet before me as a marke,
thy ſacred woord and law.
7 I cleaue, O Lord, vnto all things,
witneſſed by thy ſpeech:
Whereof that I repent me not,
I humbly thee beſeech.
8 When that my heart thou ſhalt enlarge,
to ſeeke and runne the waies:
Of thy precepts, I will not fayle,
the length of all my dayes.

FINIS.


MY Soule oppreſt with care and griefe, with care and
griefe, doth cleaue vnto the duſt: O quicken me after thy word, :||:
for therein doe I truſt, do I truſt. My wayes vn- to thee haue I ſhew'd, thou
aunſwereſt me againe, thou aunſwereſt me againe: Teach me thy lawe and
ſo I ſhall, I ſhall, be eaſed of my paine, Teach me thy law & ſo I ſhall, I ſhall,
be eaſed of my paine, of my paine, be eaſed of my paine, be eaſed
of my paine.

1 HOw ſhall a young man prone to ill,
cleanſe his vnbridled heart?
If that thy law, ô Lord he doe,
all frailtie ſet apart.
Embrace with ſetled minde, and learne
thy word with care to keepe:
And ſearch to finde with humble ſprite,
thy iudgements that are deepe.

2 With my whole heart, I haue thee ſought,
and ſearched out thy way:
O ſuffer not that from thy word
I ſwarue or goe aſtraie.

3 Thy word ô Lord, within my heart,
leaſt I ſhould thee offend:
I haue laide vp as treaſure great,
for that ſhall mee defend.

4 The Lord is bleſt, he ſhall me teach,
the iudgements of his mouth,
Thereby to rule and dreſſe the waies,
of mine vntamed youth.

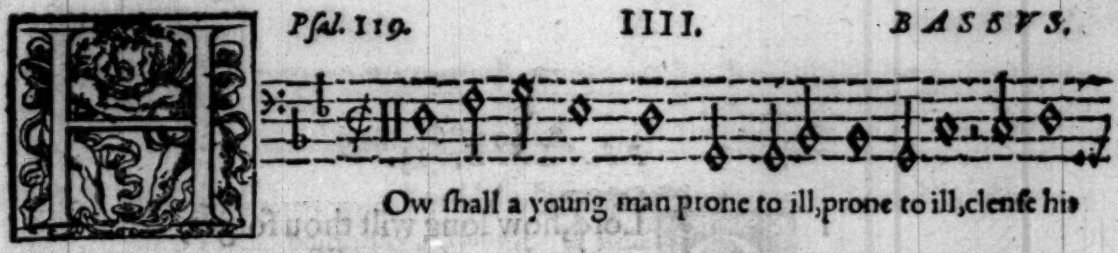
5 Thy lawes therefore, in open place,
my lippes ſhall euer ſound:
And neuer fayle to ſhew foorth that,
to which thou haſt me bound.

6 For in the way of thy precepts,
I ſet my whole delight:
No wealth, no treaſure of the world,
ſo precious in my ſight.

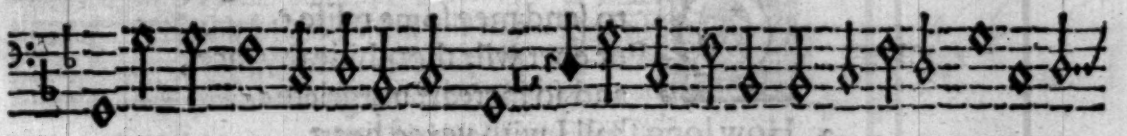
7 What thou commaund'ſt I will thinke on,
with diligent reſpect:
And to thy lawes haue due regard,
for they ſhall me protect.

8 In thy precepts, ô Lord, my ſoule
her whole delight hath ſet:
Thy words therefore more pure then gold,
I neuer will forget.

FINIS.

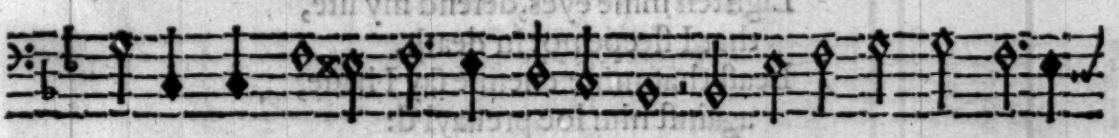


How ſhall a young man prone to ill, prone to ill, clenſe his

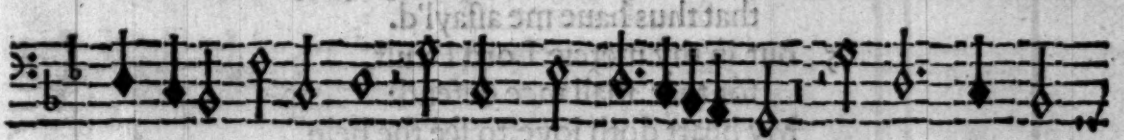


vnbrid'led heart, his vnbrid'led heart? If that thy law ô Lord he do, all frailtie ſet

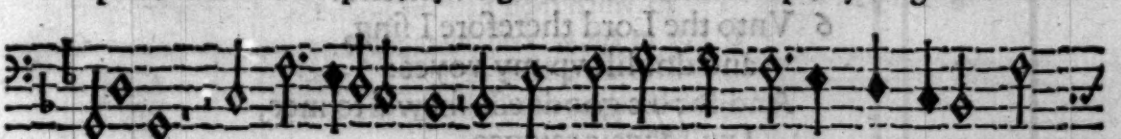
apart. Embrace with ſetled minde, & learne thy word with care to keepe. And ſeek



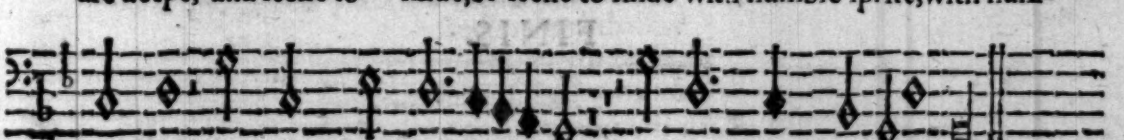
to finde with humble ſprite, with humble ſprite, and ſeeke to finde with humble



ſprite, with humble ſprite, thy iudgements that are deepe, thy iudgements that



are deepe, and ſeeke to finde, & ſeeke to finde with humble ſprite, with hum-

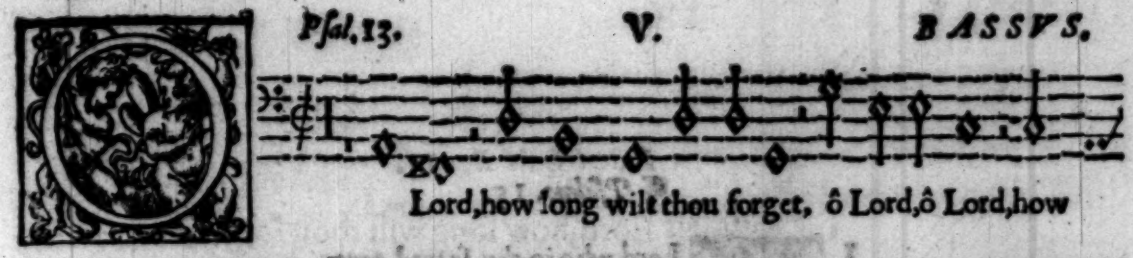


ble ſprite, thy iudgements that are deepe, thy iudgements that are deepe.

PSALME. 13.

1 O Lord, how long wilt thou forget,
to ſend mee ſome relife?
For euer wilt thou hide thy face,
and ſo increaſe my griefe?
2 How long ſhall I with vexed heart,
ſeeke counſell in my ſpirit?
How long ſhall my malicious foes,
triumph and me deſpit?
3 O Lord my God, heare my complaint,
vttered with wofull breath:
Lighten mine eyes, defend my life,
that I ſleepe not in death.
4 Leaſt that mine enemie ſay I haue,
againſt him loe preuayl'd:
At my downe fall they will reioyce,
that thus haue me aſſayl'd.
5 But in thy mercie Lord I truſt,
for that ſhall mee defend:
My heart doth ioye, to ſee the help,
which thou to mee wilt ſend.
6 Vnto the Lord therefore I ſing,
and doe lift vp my voyce:
And for his goodneſſe ſhew'd to mee,
I will alwaie reioyce.

FINIS.


Lord, how long wilt thou forget, ô Lord, ô Lord, how
long wilt thou forget, to ſend me ſome relife? For euer wilt thou hide thy face,
and ſo increaſe my griefe? How long ſhall I with vexed heart, with vexed heart, ſeeke
councell in my ſprite? How long ſhall my malici- ous foes triumph & me deſpite?
:|: How long ſhall my malici-ous foes, triumph & me deſpite? :|:
triumph and me deſpite? and me deſpite?

¶ Psalme. 15.

1 O Lord who in thy ſacred tent,
and holy hill ſhall dwell:
Euen he that both in heart & minde,
doth ſtudie to do well.

2 In life vpright, in dealing iuſt,
and he that from his heart
The truth doth ſpeake with ſinglenes,
all falſhood ſet apart.

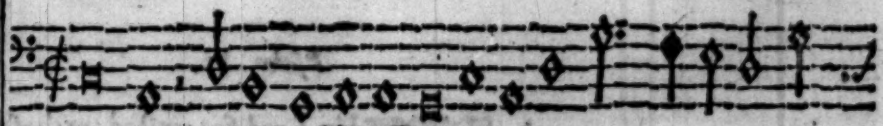
3 With tongue beſides that hurts no man,
by falſe and ill report:
Nor friend nor neighbour harme will doe,
where euer he reſort.

4 That hates the bad, and loues the good,
and faith that neuer breakes:
But keepes alwaies though to his loſſe,
the word that once he ſpeakes.

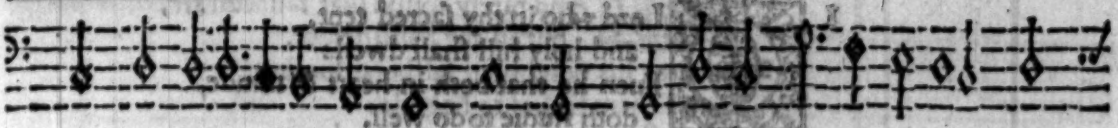
5 Nor filthie gaine by loue that ſeekes,
nor wealth ſo to poſſeſſe:
Nor that for bribes, the guiltles ſoule,
doth labour to oppreſſe.

6 Like as a mount ſo ſhall he ſtand,
nothing ſhall him remoue:
That thus ſhall do, the Lord hath ſaid,
no man can it diſproue.

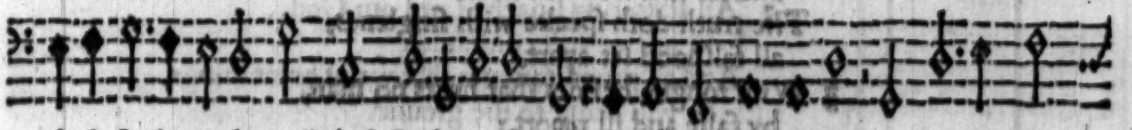
FINIS.



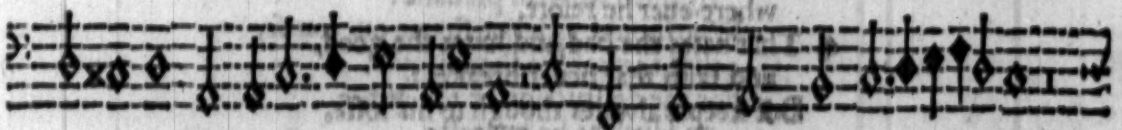
Lord, who in thy ſacred tent, ô Lord, ô Lord, who in thy ſa-



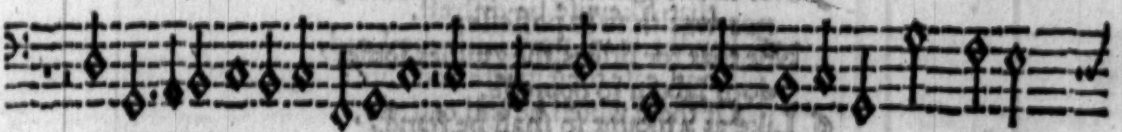
cred tent & holy hill ſhall dwell: ſhall dwell: Euen he that both in hart and minde,



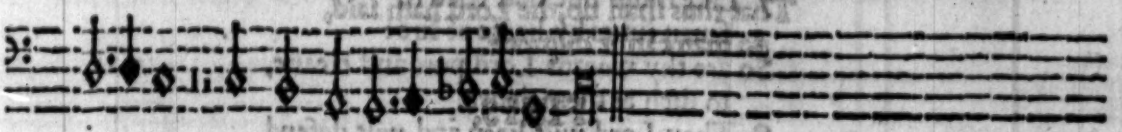
doth ſtudie to do well, doth ſtudie to do well. In life vpright, vpright, in life vpright,



in dealing iuſt, & he that from his hart, the truth doth ſpeak, with ſingle- neſſe:



all falſehod ſet apart: ſet apart, the truth doth ſpeak, with ſingleneſſe, all falſehod

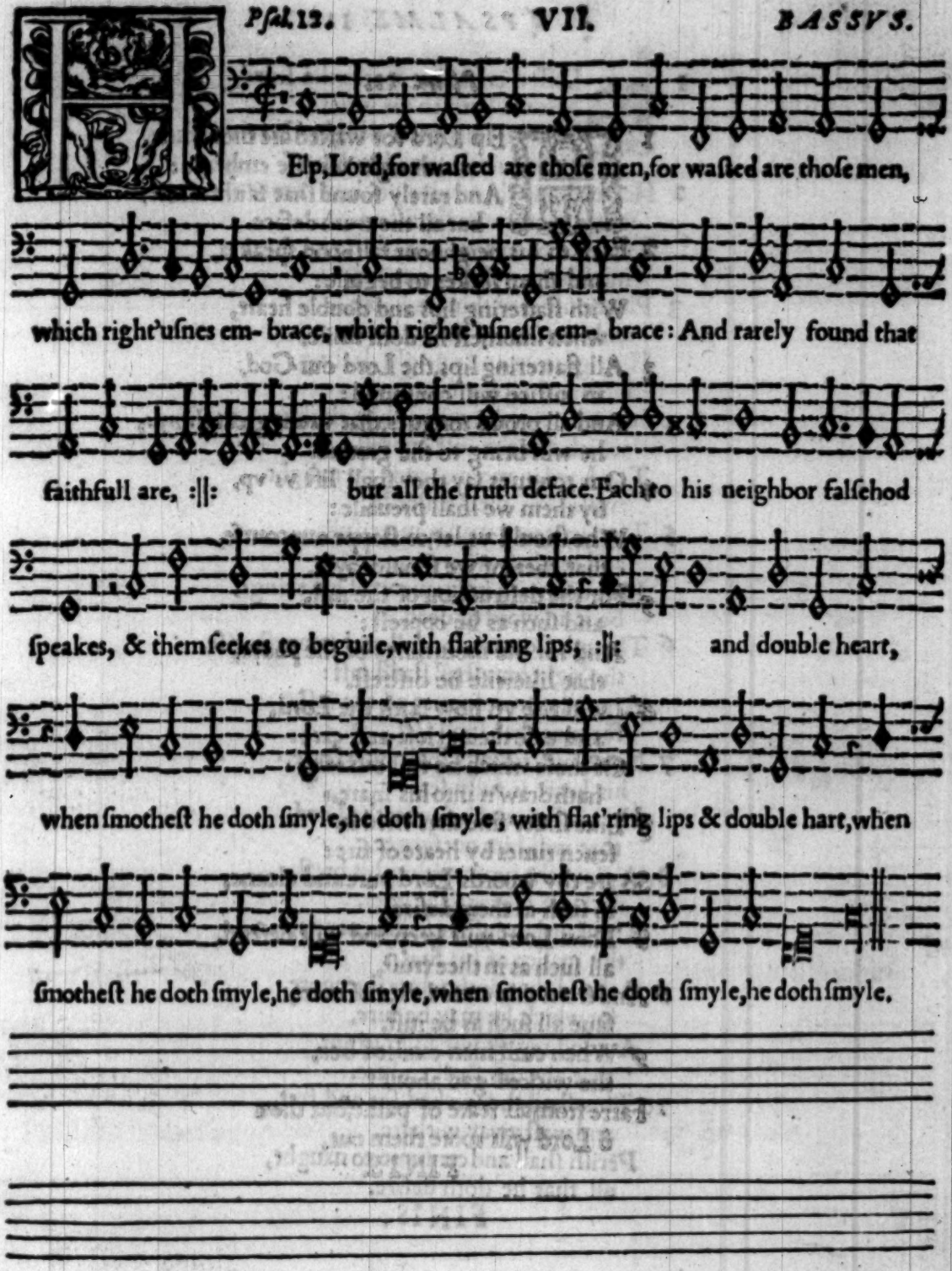


ſet apart, all falſehod ſet a- part.

Psalm. 12.

1 HElp Lord for wasted are those men,
which righteousnesse embrace:
And rarely found that faithfull are,
but all the truth deface.
2 Each to his neighbour falshood speakes,
and them seekes to beguile:
With flattering lips and double heart,
when smotheſt he doth smile.
3 All flattering lips, the Lord our God,
in iustice will confound:
And all proud tongues, that vaunt great things,
he will bring to the ground.
4 Our tongues say they, shall lift vs vp,
by them we shall preuaile:
Who should vs let, or stoppe our course,
that thereof we should fayle.
5 For the destruction of the iust,
and such as be oppreſt:
And for the mournings of the poore,
that likewise be distreſt.
6 I will rise vp now saith the Lord,
and ease their griefe and care:
Of those which he full craftely,
hath draw'n into his snare.
7 Like siluer fine that tried is,
seuen times by heate of fire:
So are thy woords Lord pure and cleane,
to such as them desire.
8 Thou Lord wilt keep, and wilt defend,
all such as in thee trust,
And from that curſed race of men,
saue all such as be iust.
9 When euill men exalted bee,
the wicked gad about:
Farre from all feare of paine, but thou
ô Lord wilt roote them out.

FINIS.


Elp, Lord, for waſted are thoſe men, for waſted are thoſe men,
which right'uſnes em- brace, which righte'uſneſſe em- brace: And rarely found that
faithfull are, :||: but all the truth deface. Each to his neighbor falſehod
ſpeakes, & themſeekes to beguile, with flat'ring lips, :||: and double heart,
when ſmotheſt he doth ſmyle, he doth ſmyle, with flat'ring lips & double hart, when
ſmotheſt he doth ſmyle, he doth ſmyle, when ſmotheſt he doth ſmyle, he doth ſmyle.

1 BLeſſed is he that feares the Lord,
he walketh in his waies:
And ſets his great delight therein,
the length of all his dayes.
2 His ſeed and thoſe which of him come,
mightie on earth ſhall be:
The race of ſuch as faithfull are,
men bleſſed ſhall them ſee.
3 Plentiouſnes within his houſe,
and want there ſhalbe neuer:
His righteous and vpright dealing,
endure ſhall for euer.
4 In miſtie cloudes of troubles darke,
which doe the iuſt oppreſſe,
The Lord in mercie ſends them light,
and eaſeth their diſtreſſe.
5 The righteous man is mercifull,
and lendeth where is need,
He guids with iudgement all his things,
be it in word or deed.
6 Though ſtormes doe fall and tempeſts riſe,
the righteous ſhall ſtand faſt:
A good remembrance of the iuſt,
for euer that ſhall laſt.
7 None euill tidings ſhall him feare,
his heart is fully ſet,
He truſteth and beleeues the Lord,
that will him not forget.
8 A ſtabliſht heart within his breſt,
no feare where ſo he goes,
The Lord in iuſtice will reuenge,
the malice of his foes.
9 A hand that doth reliue the poore,
for which he may be ſure,
A good report will follow him,
that alwaies ſhall endure.
10 This ſhall the wicked ſee and fret,
and waſt away with ire,
Periſh ſhall and conſume to naught,
all that he doth deſire.

FINIS.

Leſſed is he that fears the Lord, the Lord, that feares the Lord,

Blesſed is he that feares the Lord, he walketh in his waye, :||:

the lēgth of all his daies, the length of all his daies. His ſeed & thoſe which of him

come, & thoſe which of him come, mightie on earth ſhalbe: :||: The race

of ſuch as faithfull are, men blesſed ſhall thē ſee: men blesſed ſhal thē ſee: :||:

men blesſed ſhall them ſee, ſhall them ſee: The race of ſuch as faithfull are, men bleſ-

ſed ſhall them ſee, men blesſed ſhall them ſee, men blesſed ſhall them ſee.

Ord in thy wrath reproue me not, though I deſerue thine yre, de-

ſerue thine yre: Ne yet correct me in thy rage ô Lord I thee de- ſire,

For I am weak, therefore (ô Lord) of mercy me for- beare: And heale me Lord,

for why? thou know'ſt, my bones do quake for feare, :||: do quake for feare.

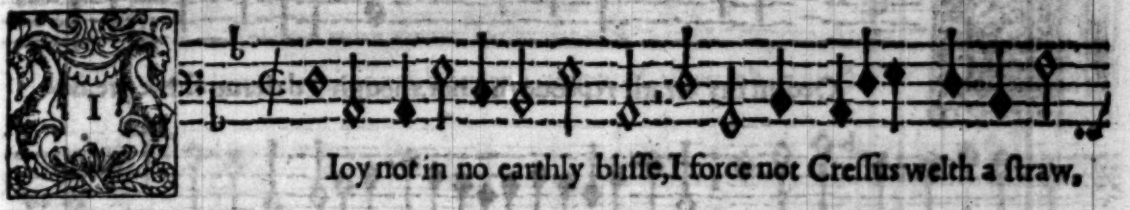
Ven frō the depth, vnto thee Lord, Euen from the depth

vnto thee Lord, vnto thee Lord, with heart and voice I cry, and voyce I cry: Giue

eare ô God vnto my plaint, my plaint, & help my miſerie, :||: & help,

and help my miſerie.

¶ *Heere endeth the Pſalmes, and begineth the Sonets and Paſtorales.*

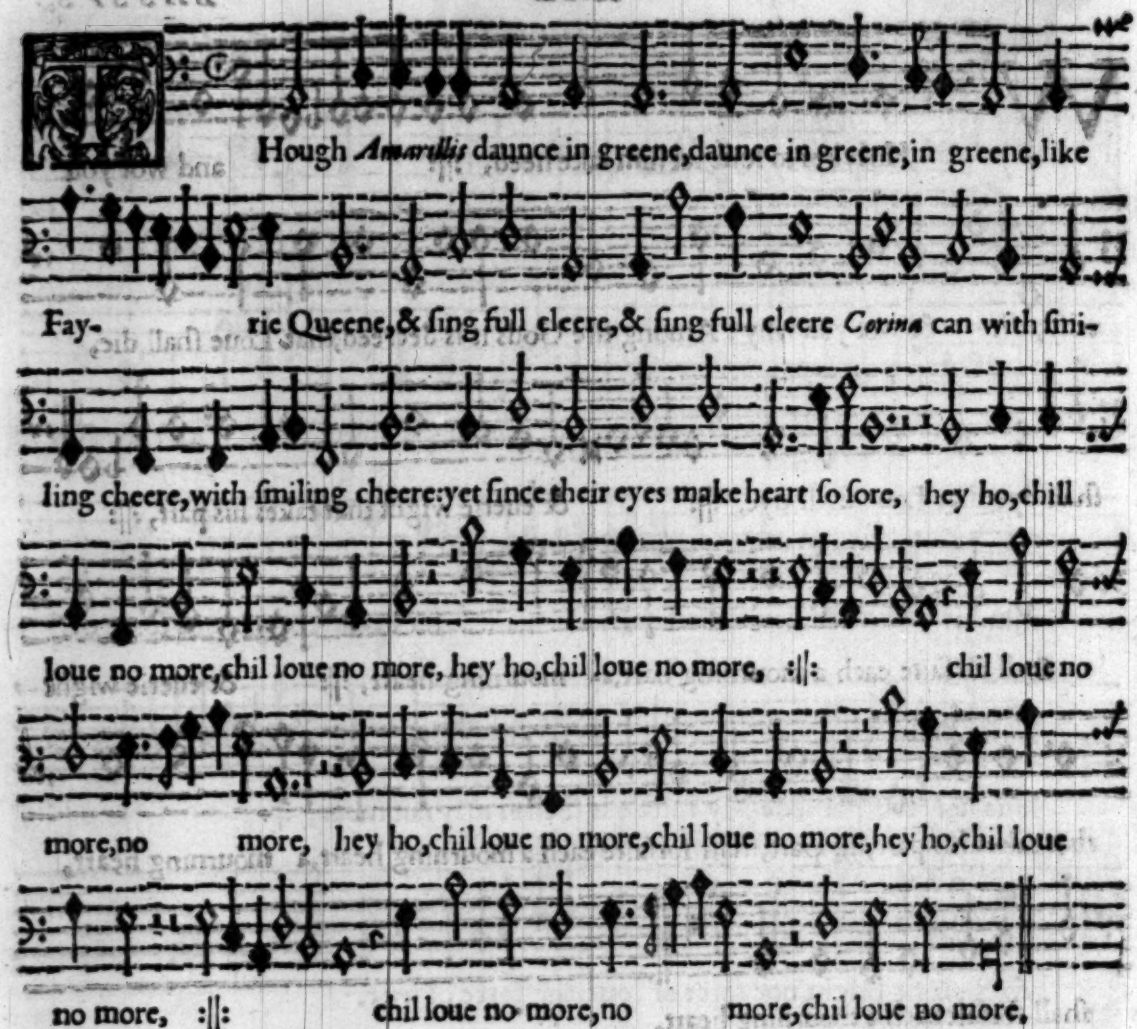


2 I wiſh but what I haue at will,
I wander not to ſeeke for more:
I like the plaine I clime no hill,
in greateſt ſtormes I ſitte on ſhore:
and laugh at them that toyle in vaine,
to get what muſt be loſt againe.

3 I kiſſe not where I wiſh to kill,
I faine not loue where moſt I hate:
I breake no ſleepe to winne my will,
I wayte not at the mighties gate:
I ſcorne no poore, nor feare no ritch,
I feele no want nor haue to much.

4 The Court and cart I like nor loath,
extreames are counted worſt of all:
the golden meane betweene them both,
doth ſureſt fit and feare no fall:
this is my choyſe, for why I finde,
no wealth is like the quiet minde.

FINIS.



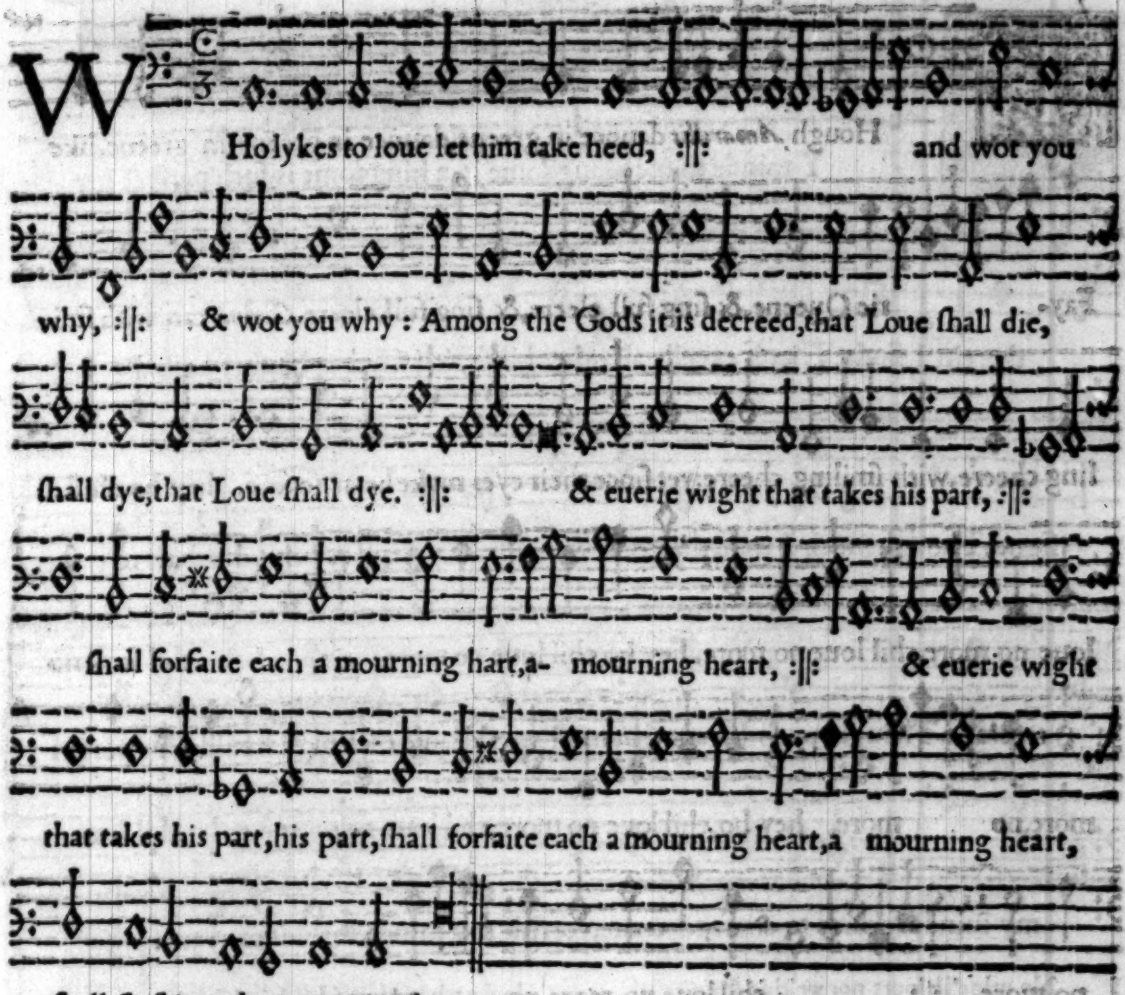
2 My ſheepe are loſt for want of foode.
and I ſo wood:
that all the day,
I ſit and watch a heardmaid gaye:
who laughes to ſee me ſigh ſo ſore,
hey ho, chil loue no more.

3 Her louing lookes, her beautie bright,
is ſuch delight:
that all in vaine,
I loue to like, and loſe my gaine:
for her that thankes me not therefore,
hey ho chil loue no more.

4 Ah wanton eyes my friendlie foes,
and cauſe of woes:
your ſweete deſire,
breeds flames of Ile & freeſe in fire:
ye ſkorne to ſee me weepe ſo ſore,
hey ho chil loue no more.

5 Loue ye who liſt I force him not,
ſith God it wot,
the more I wayle,
the leſſe my ſighs and teares preuaile:
what ſhall I doe but ſay therefore,
hey ho chil loue no more.

FINIS.

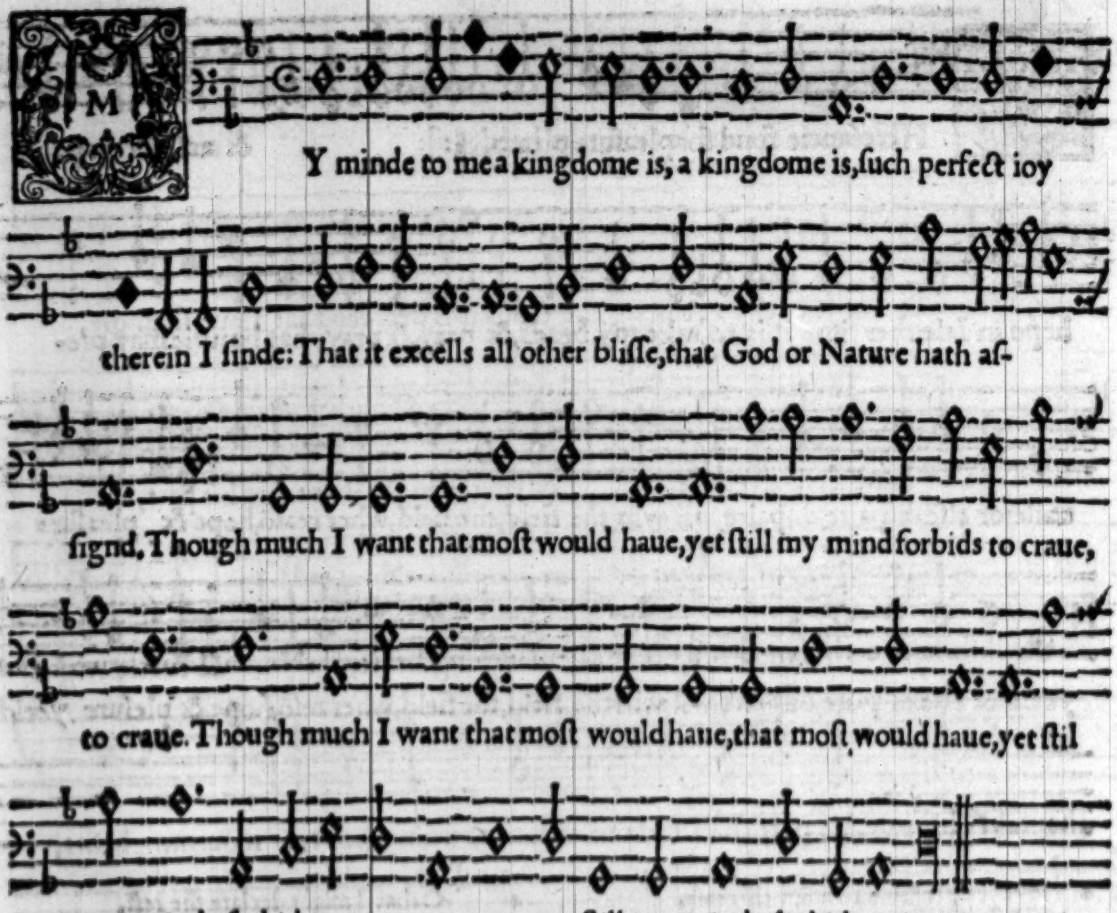


2 The cauſe is this as I haue heard,
a ſort of dames,
whoſe beautie he did not regard,
nor ſecret flames.
complaind before the gods aboue,
that golde corrupts the God of loue,

3 The gods did ſtorme to heare this newes
and there they ſwore,
that ſith he did ſuch dames abuſe,
he ſhould no more
be god of Loue, but that he ſhould
both die, and forfait all his gold.

4 His bowe & ſhaftes they tooke away,
before their eies,
and gaue theſe dames a longer day,
for to deuiſe,
who ſhould them keepe, & they be bound,
that loue for gold ſhould not be found.

5 Theſe Ladies ſtriuing long, at laſt,
they did agree,
to giue them to a mayden chaſt,
whome I did ſee:
who with the ſame did perce my breſt,
her beauties rare and ſo I reſt.



2 No prince like port nor welthie ſtore,
no force to winne a victorie:
no wylie wit to ſalue a ſore,
no ſhape to winne a louing eye:
to none of theſe I yeeld as thrall,
for why my mind deſpiſe them all.

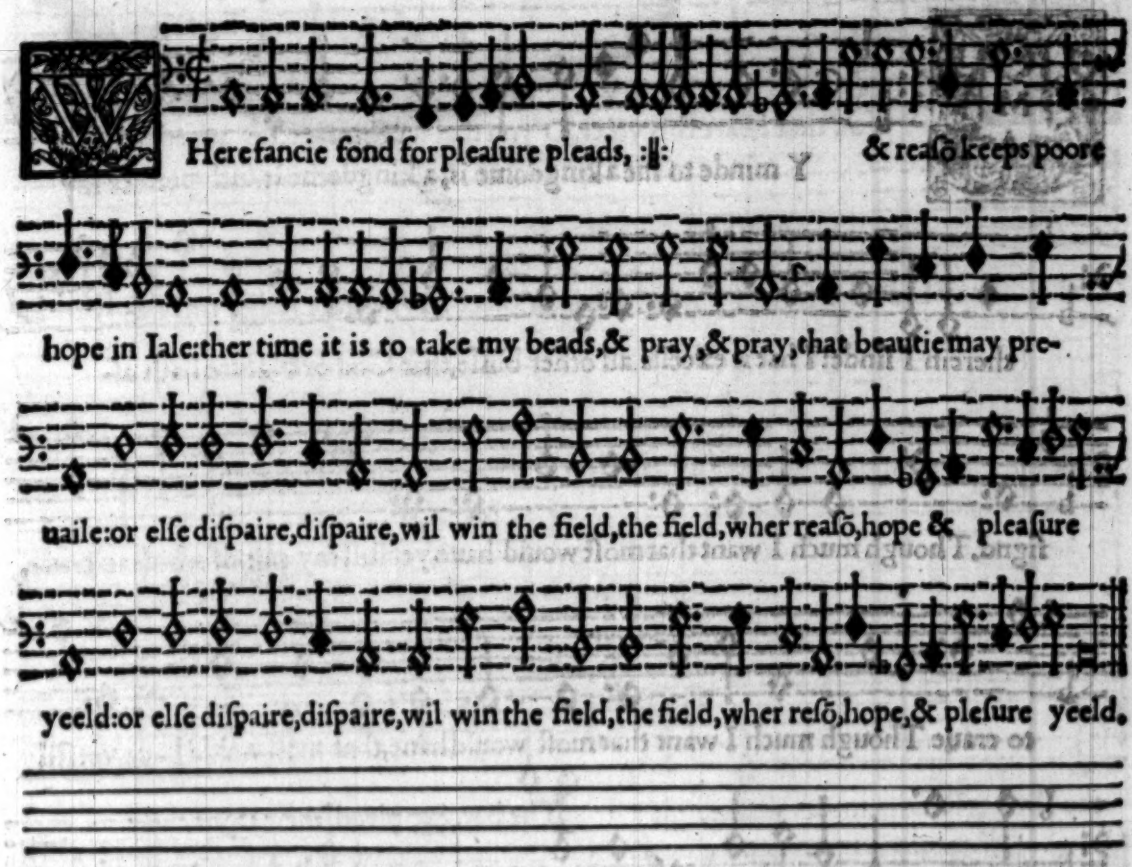
3 I ſee that plenties ſurfets oft,
and haſtie clymbers ſooneſt fall:
I ſee that ſuch as are aloft,
miſhap doth threaten moſt of all:
theſe get with toyle and keepe with feare,
ſuch cares my mind can neuer beare.

4 I preſſe to beare no haughtie ſway,
I wiſh no more then may ſuffice:
I doe no more then well I may,
looke what I want my mind ſupplies:
loe thus I triumph like a king,
my minde content with any thing.

5 I laugh not at anothers loſſe,
nor grudge not at anothers gaine:
no worldly waues my mind can toſſe,
I brooke that is an others bane:
I feare no foe nor fawne on friend,
I loth not life nor dread mine end.

6 My wealth is health & perfect eaſe,
and conſcience cleere my chiefe defence:
I neuer ſeeke by brybes to pleaſe,
nor by deſart to giue offence:
thus do I liue, thus will I die,
would all did ſo as well as I.

FINIS.



2 My eyes preſume to iudge this caſe,
whoſe iudgement reaſon doth diſdaine:
but beautie with her wanton face,
ſtands to defend, the caſe is plaine:
and at the barre of ſweet delight,
ſhe pleads that fancie muſt be right.

3 But ſhame will not haue reaſon yeeld,
though griefe do ſweare it ſhall be ſo:
as though it were a perfect ſhield,
to bluſh, and feare to tell my woe:
where ſilence force will at the laſt,
to wiſh for wit when hope is paſt.

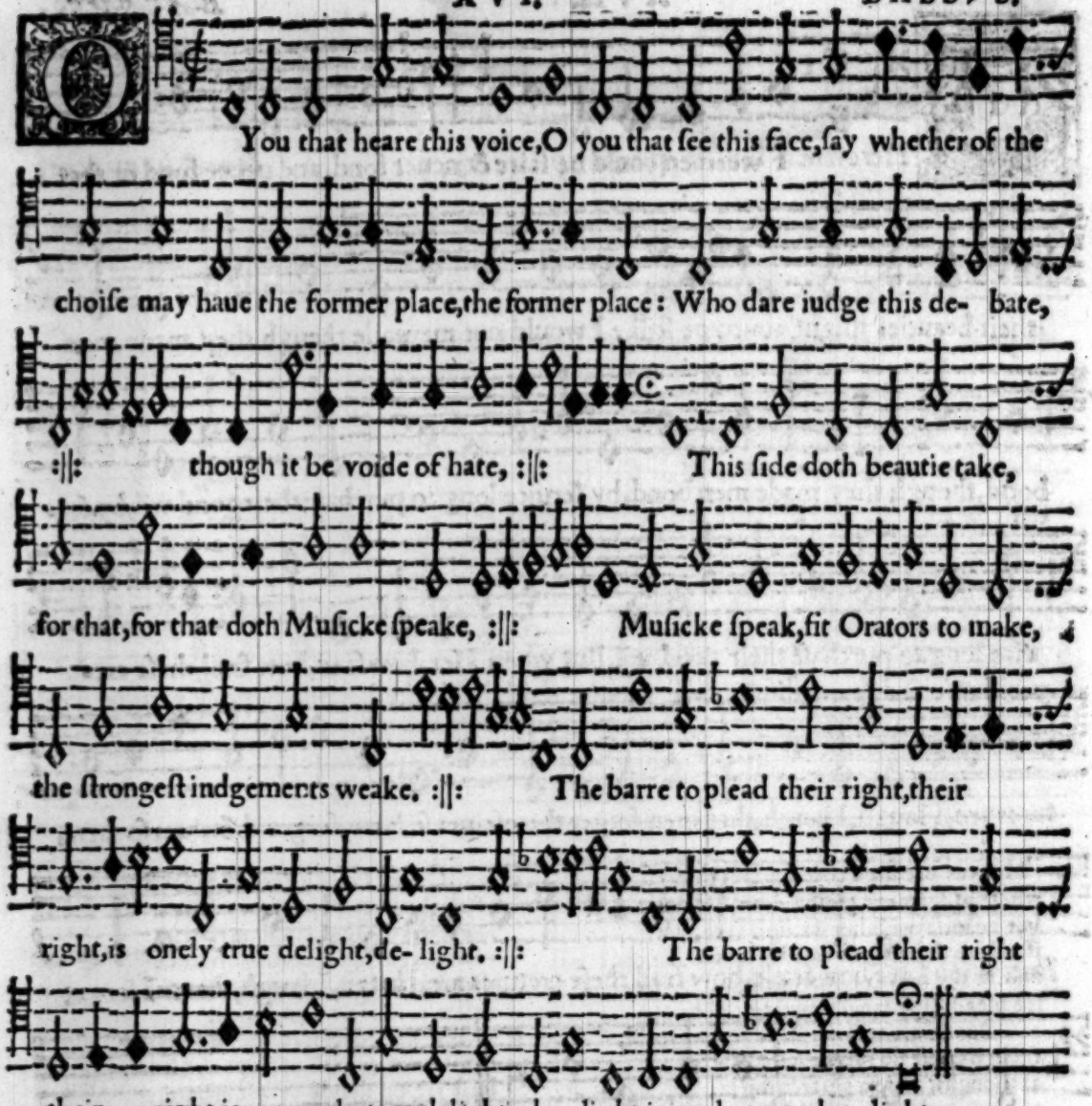
4 So farre hath fond deſire out runne,
the bond which reaſon ſet out firſt:
that where delight the fray begunne,
I would now ſay, if that I durſt:
that in her ſtead ten thouſand woes,
haue ſprong in field where pleaſure grows

5 O that I might declare the reſt,
of all the toies which fancy turnes:
like towrs of wind within my breſt,
where fire is hid that neuer burnes.
then ſhould I try one of the twaine,
either to loue, or to diſdaine.

6 But fine conceit dares not declare
the ſtrange conflict of hope and feare:
leaſt reaſon ſhould be left ſo bare,
that loue durſt whiſper in mine eare,
and tell me how my fancie ſhall,
bring reaſon to be beawties thrall.

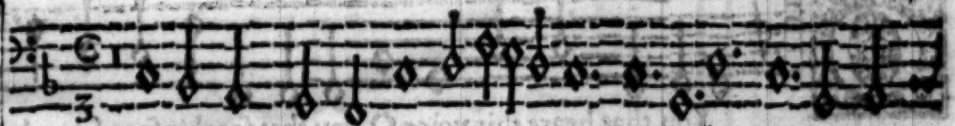
7 I muſt therefore with ſilence build,
the Labirinth of my delight:
till loue haue tri'd in open field,
which of the twaine ſhall win the fight:
I feare mee reaſon muſt giue place,
If fancie fond winne beauties grace.

FINIS.

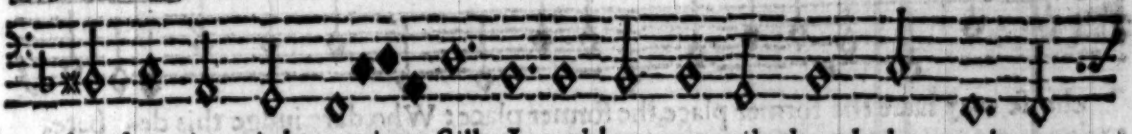


3 Thus doth the voyce and face,
these gentle lawiers wage:
like louing brothers cast.
for fathers heritage:
that ech, while ech contends,
it selfe to other lends.
4 For beautie beautifies,
with heauenly hewe and grace,
the heauenly harmonies,
and in that faultles face,
the perfect beauties be,
a perfect harmonie.
5 Musicke more loftie swells,
in phrases finely plac'd:
Beautie as farre excels,
in action aptly grac'd:
a friend ech partie drawes,
to countenance his cause.
6 Loue more affected seemes,
to Beauties louelie light,
and wonder more esteemes,
of Musicke wond'rous might,
but both to both so bent,
as both in both are spent.
7 Musicke doth witnesse call,
the eare his truth doth trie:
Beautie brings to the hall,
eye witnesse of the eye
eche in his obiect such,
as none exceptions touch,
8 The cõmon sense which might,
be arbiter of this:
to be forsoth vpright,
to both sides partiall is:
he layes on this chiefe prayse,
chiefe praise on that he layes.
9 Then reason, princesse hie,
which sits in throne of mind:
and Musicke can in skye,
with hidden beauties find,
say whether thou wilt crowne,
with limit lesse renowne.

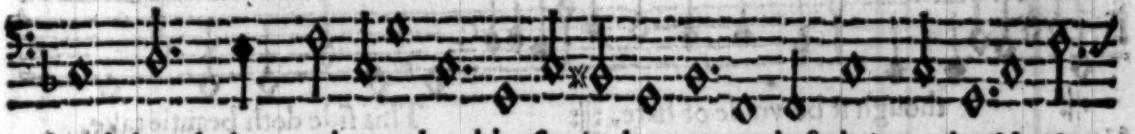
FINIS.



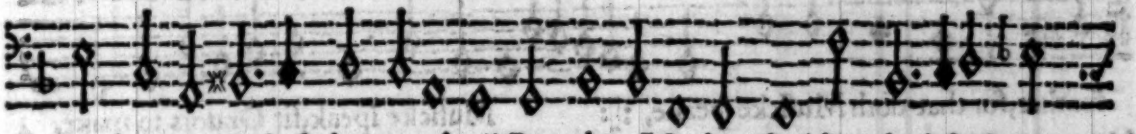
F weemen could be faire & neuer fond, and neuer fond, or that



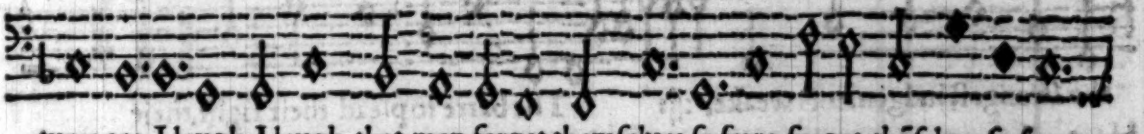
their beauties might continue ſtill : I would not meruaile though they made men



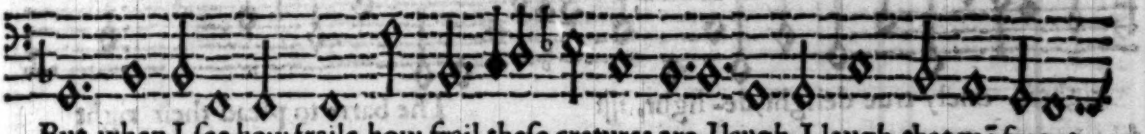
bond, though they made men bond, by ſeruice long, to purchaſe their good wil, by ſer-



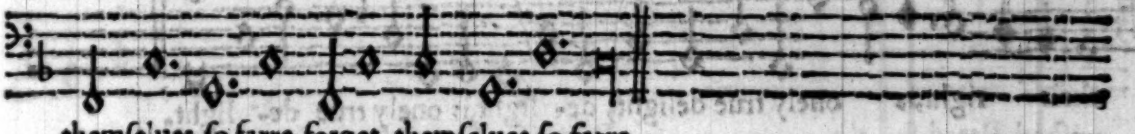
uice long, to purchaſe their good wil. But when I ſee, how frail, how frail, theſe cre-



tures are, I laugh, I laugh, that men forget themſelues ſo farre, forget thēſelues ſo farre.



But when I ſee, how fraile, how frail theſe cretures are, I laugh, I laugh, that mē forget



themſelues ſo farre, forget themſelues ſo farre.

2 To marke what choiſe they make, & how they
How leauing beſt, the worſt they chooſe out ſtill: [change,
And how like haggards wilde, about they range,
Skorning after reaſon to follow will.
who would not ſhake ſuch buſſards from the fiſt,
And let them flie [faire fooles] which way they liſt.

3 Yet for our ſport, we fawne & flatter both,
To paſſe the time, when nothing elſe can pleaſe:
And traine them on, to yeeld by ſubtill oath,
The ſweet content, that giues ſuch humer eaſe.
And then we ſay, when we their follies trie,
To play with fooles, Oh what a foole was I.

FINIS.

Mbitious loue hath forſt me to aſpire, aſpire, the beauties rare which

do adorne thy face: Thy modeſt life yet bridles my de- ſire, whoſe ſeuere law doth

promiſe me no grace, no grace. But what? may loue liue vnder any law. No, no? his

power exceedeth mans conceit: Of which the Gods themſelues do ſtand in awe, for

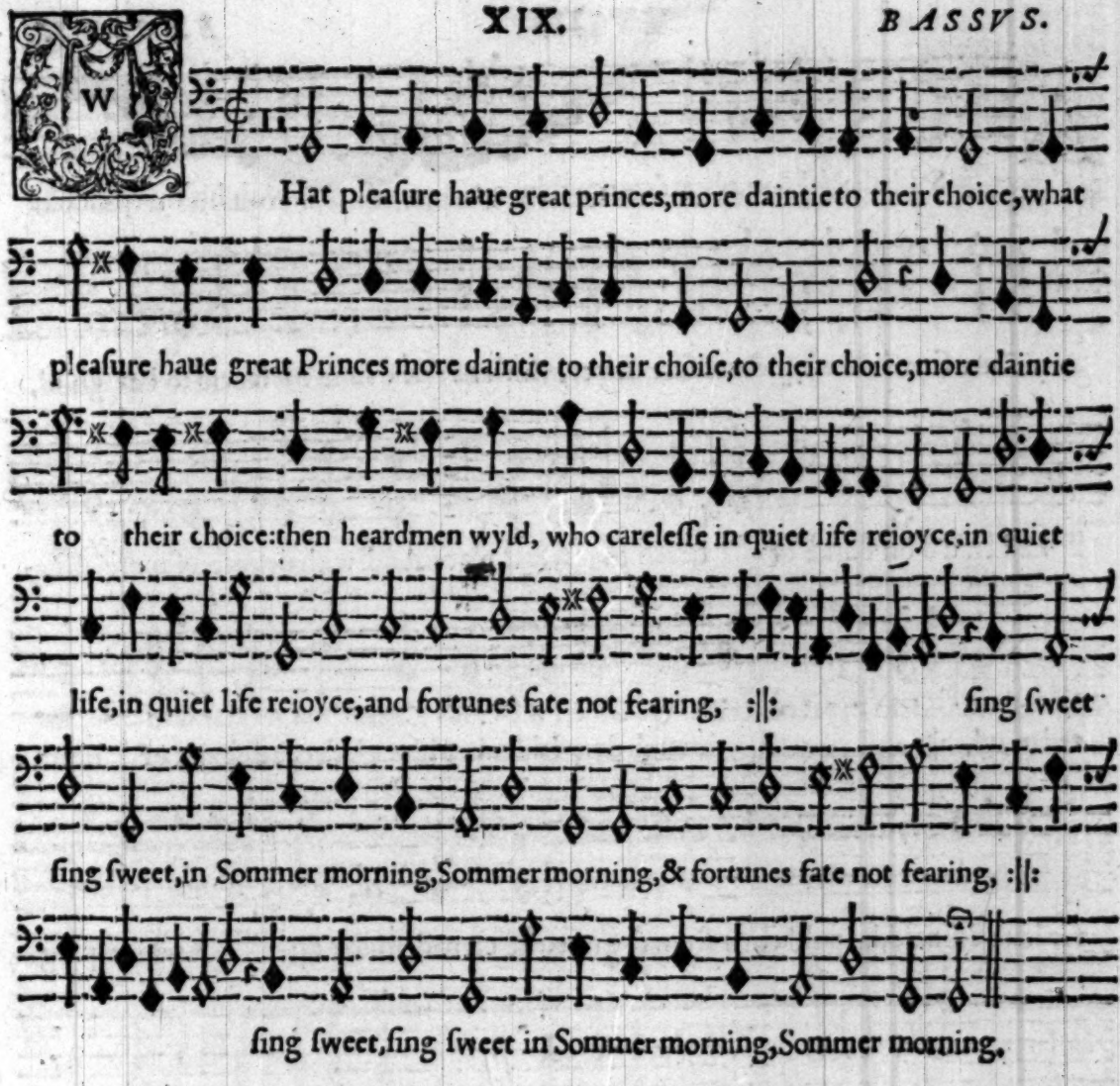
on his frowne, a thouſand torments waight, torments waight. Proceed then in this

deſperate enterpriſe, with good aduiſe, & follow loue thy guyd: that leads thee to thy

wiſhed Paradiſe, :||: Paradiſe Thy climing thoughts, this comfort

take with all, that if it be thy foule diſgrace to ſlide, thy braue attempt ſhall yet excuſe

thy fall, :||: thy braue attempt ſhall yet excuſe thy fall.



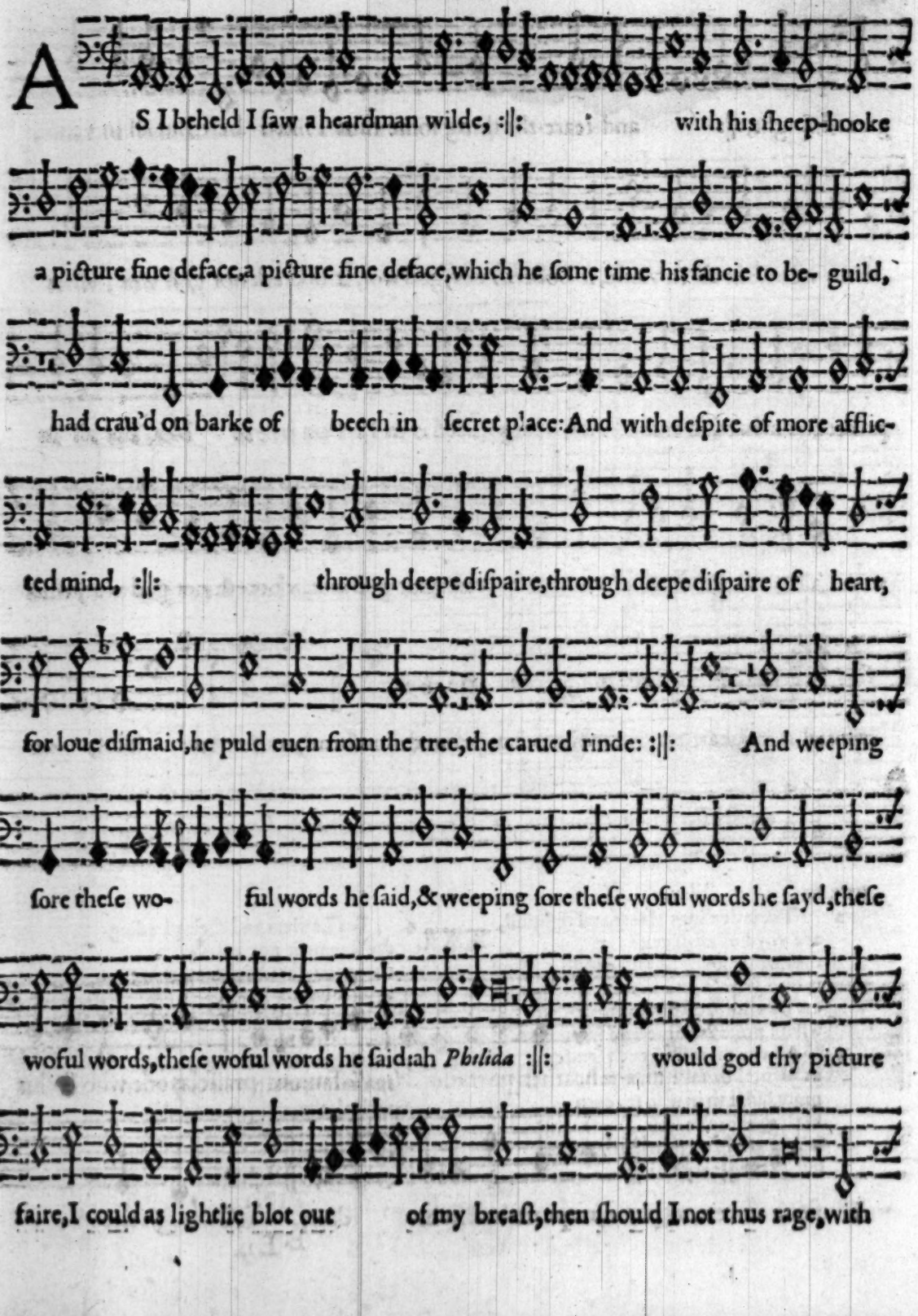
2 Their dealings plaine and rightfull,
are voyd of all diſceit:
they neuer know how ſpightfull
it is to kneele and waite
on fauorite preſumptious,
whoſe pride is vaine and ſumptious.

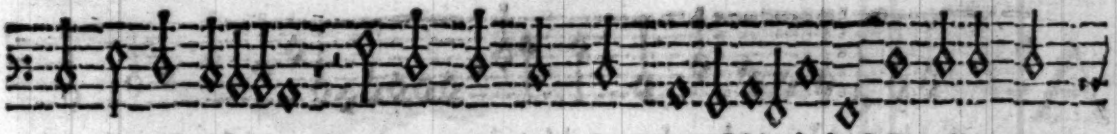
3 All day their flocks ech tendeth,
at night they take their reſt,
more quiet than who ſendeth
his ſhip into the Eaſt,
where gold and pearle are plentie,
but getting very daintie.

4 For Lawiers and their pleading
the'ſteeme it not a ſtraw,
they think that honeſt meaning
is of it ſelfe a law,
vvhere conſcience iudgeth plainely,
they ſpend no mony vainely.

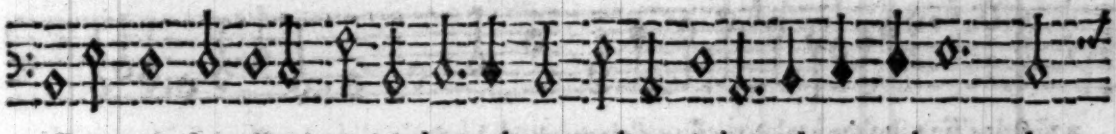
5 O happie who thus liueth,
not caring much for gold,
with clothing which ſufficeth,
to keepe him from the cold,
though poore and plaine his diet,
yet merry it is and quiet,

FINIS.

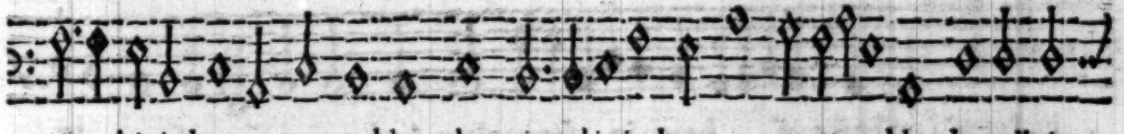

A S I beheld I ſaw a heardman wilde, :||: with his ſheep-hooke
a picture fine deface, a picture fine deface, which he ſome time his fancie to be- guild,
had crau'd on barke of beech in ſecret place: And with deſpite of more afflic-
ted mind, :||: through deepe diſpaire, through deepe diſpaire of heart,
for loue diſmaid, he puld euen from the tree, the carued rinde: :||: And weeping
ſore theſe wo- ful words he ſaid, & weeping ſore theſe woful words he ſayd, theſe
woful words, theſe woful words he ſaid: ah *Phillida* :||: would god thy picture
faire, I could as lightlie blot out of my breaſt, then ſhould I not thus rage, with



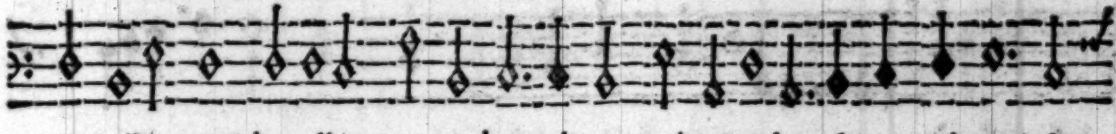
great diſpight, :‖: and teare the thing ſome time I liked beſt: But all in vaine,



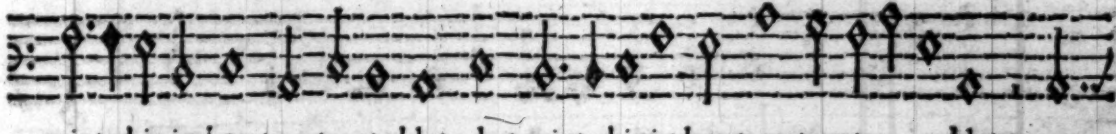
all in vaine, but all in vaine, it booteth not, god wot, it booteth not god wot, what



printed is in hart, on tree to blot, what printed is in hart on tree to blot, but all in



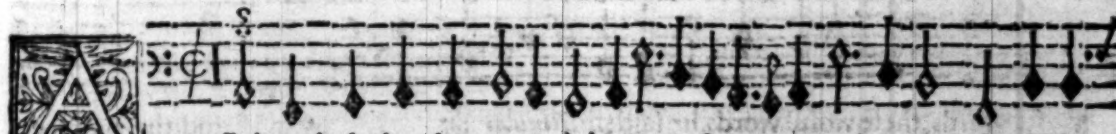
vaine, all in vaine, but all in vaine, it booteth not god wot, it boteth not god wot, what



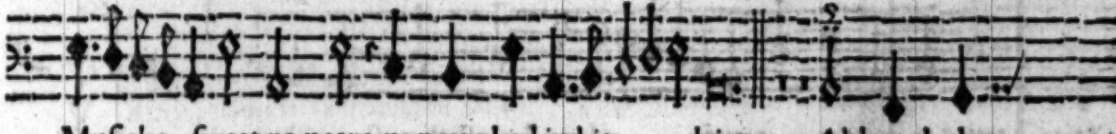
printed is in heart, on tree to blot, what printed is in heart, on tree to blot, on

tree to blot.

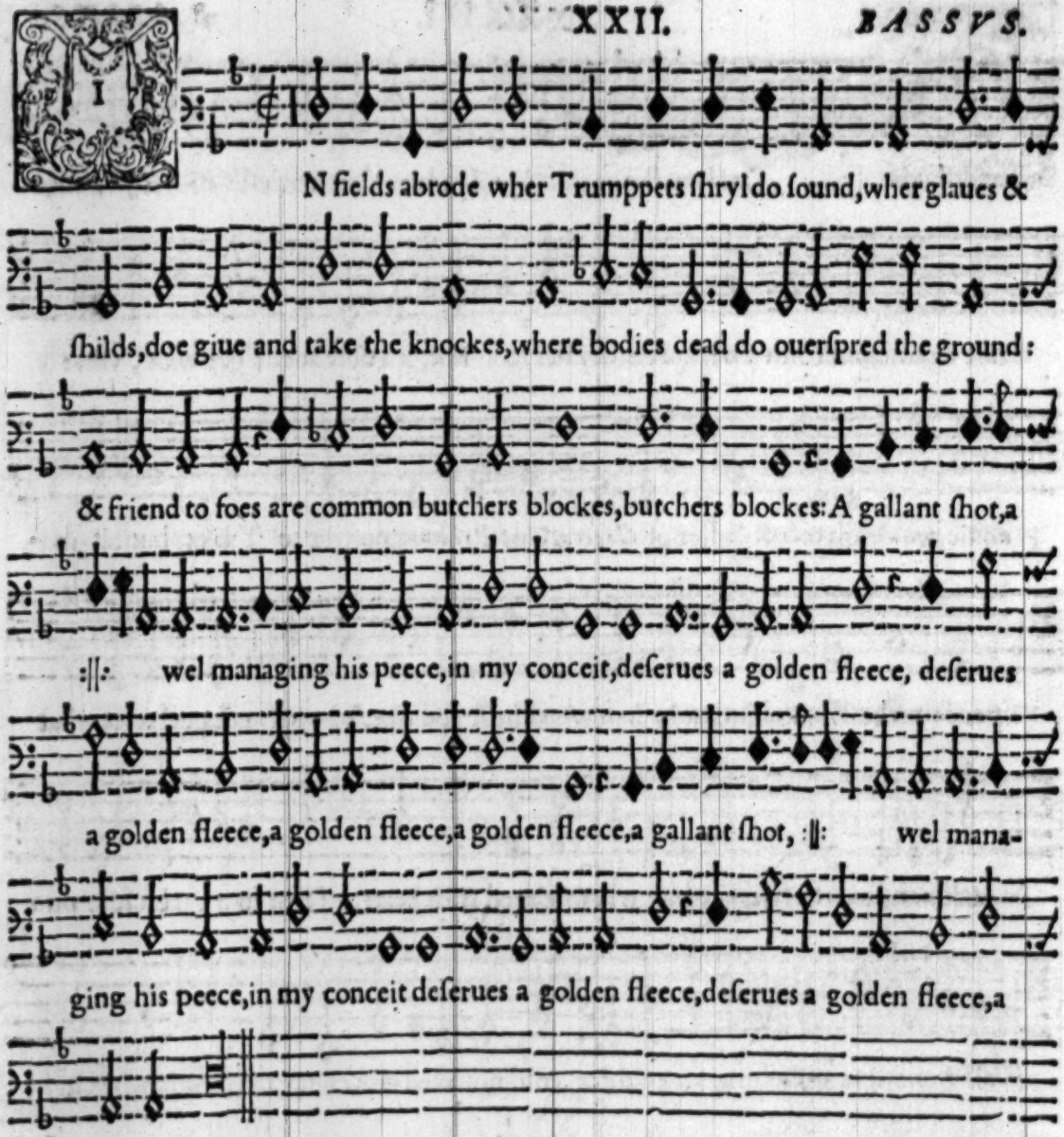
XXI.



Although the heathen poets did *Appollo* famous praiſe, as one who for his



Muſicke ſweet, no peare, no peare had in his daies. Although the



3 Amid the ſeas, a gallant ſhip ſet out,
where in nor men nor yet munitions lacks,
in greateſt windes that ſpareth not a clout,
but cuts the waues in ſpight of wethers wracks,
would force a ſwain that coms of cowards kinde,
to change him ſelfe and be of noble minde.

3 VVho makes his ſeat a ſtately ſtamping ſtead,
whoſe neighes & playes are princely to behold,
vvhoſe courage ſtout, vvhoſe eies are fiery red,
vvhoſe ioynts vvel knit, vvhoſe harnes all of gold
doth vvell deſerue to be no meaner thing,
then Perciã knight whoſe horſe made him a king.

4 By that bedſide vvhere ſits a gallant Dame,
vvho caſteth of hir braue and rich attyre,
vvhoſe petecote ſets forth as faire a frame,
as mortall men or gods can vvell deſire,
vvho ſits and ſees hir pettecote vnlaſt,
I ſay no more the reſt are all diſgraſt.

FINIS.

Onſtant *Pene- lope*, ſends to thee careleſſe *V- liſſes*, write

not againe, but come ſweet mate thy ſelf to re- uiue me. Troy we doe much

enuie, we deſolate loſt ladies of *Greece*; Not *Priamus*, nor yet all Troy, can vs recom-

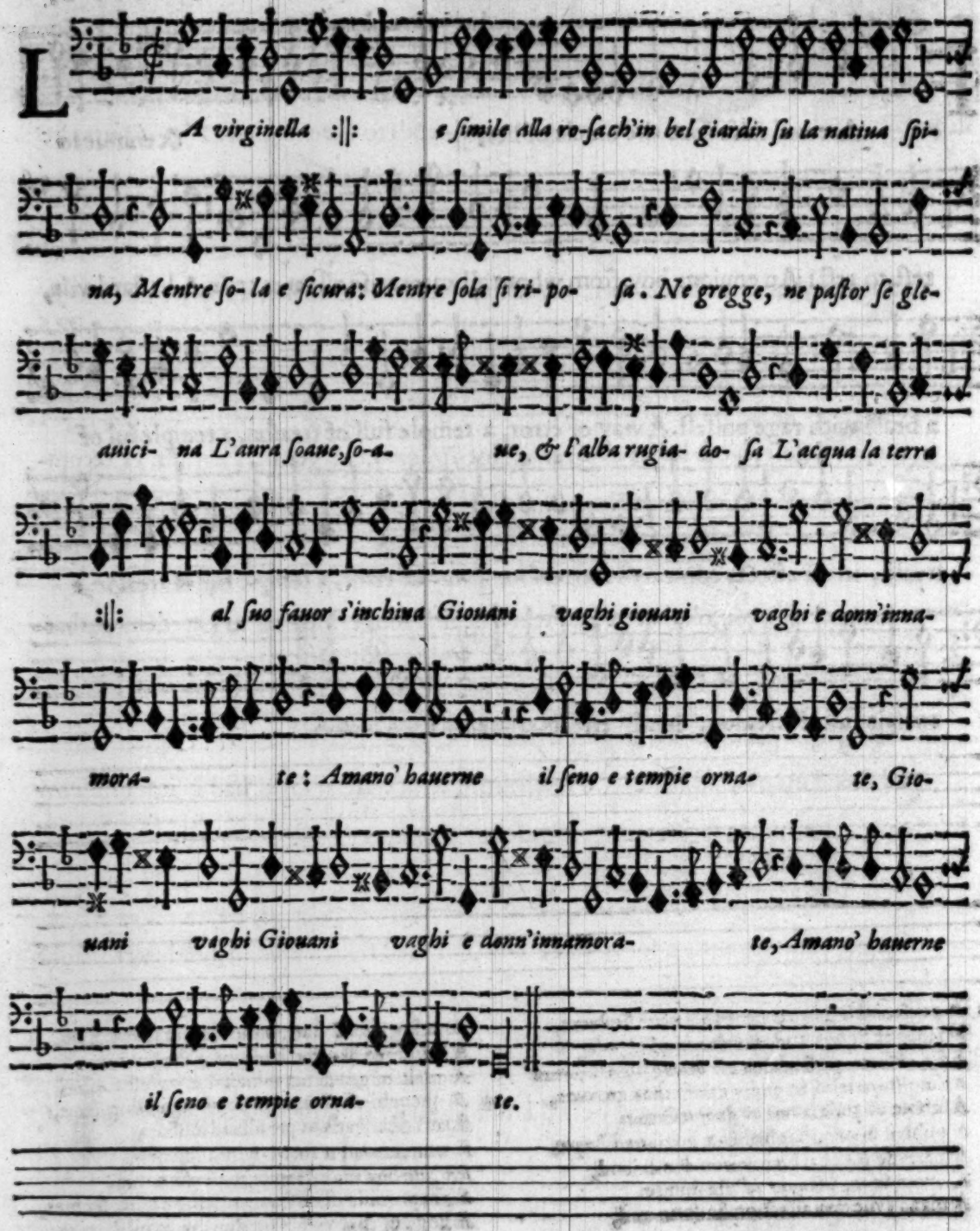
pence make. Oh, oh, oh, that he had when he firſt tooke ſhipping to Lacedemon, that

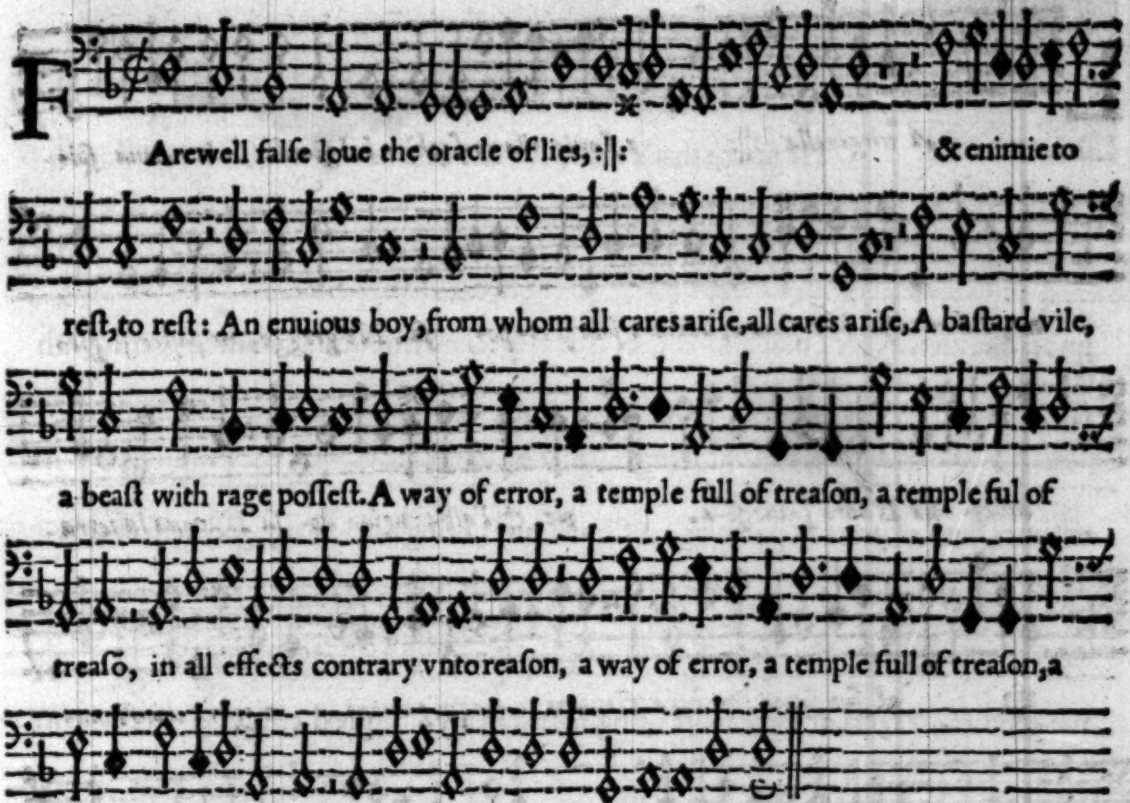
adulter I meane, had bene o'rewhelmed with waters: Then had I not line now

all alone, thus quiuering for cold, for cold, nor vſed this complaint, nor haue thought

the day to be ſo lōg, ſo long. Thē had I not line now al alone thus quiuering for cold,

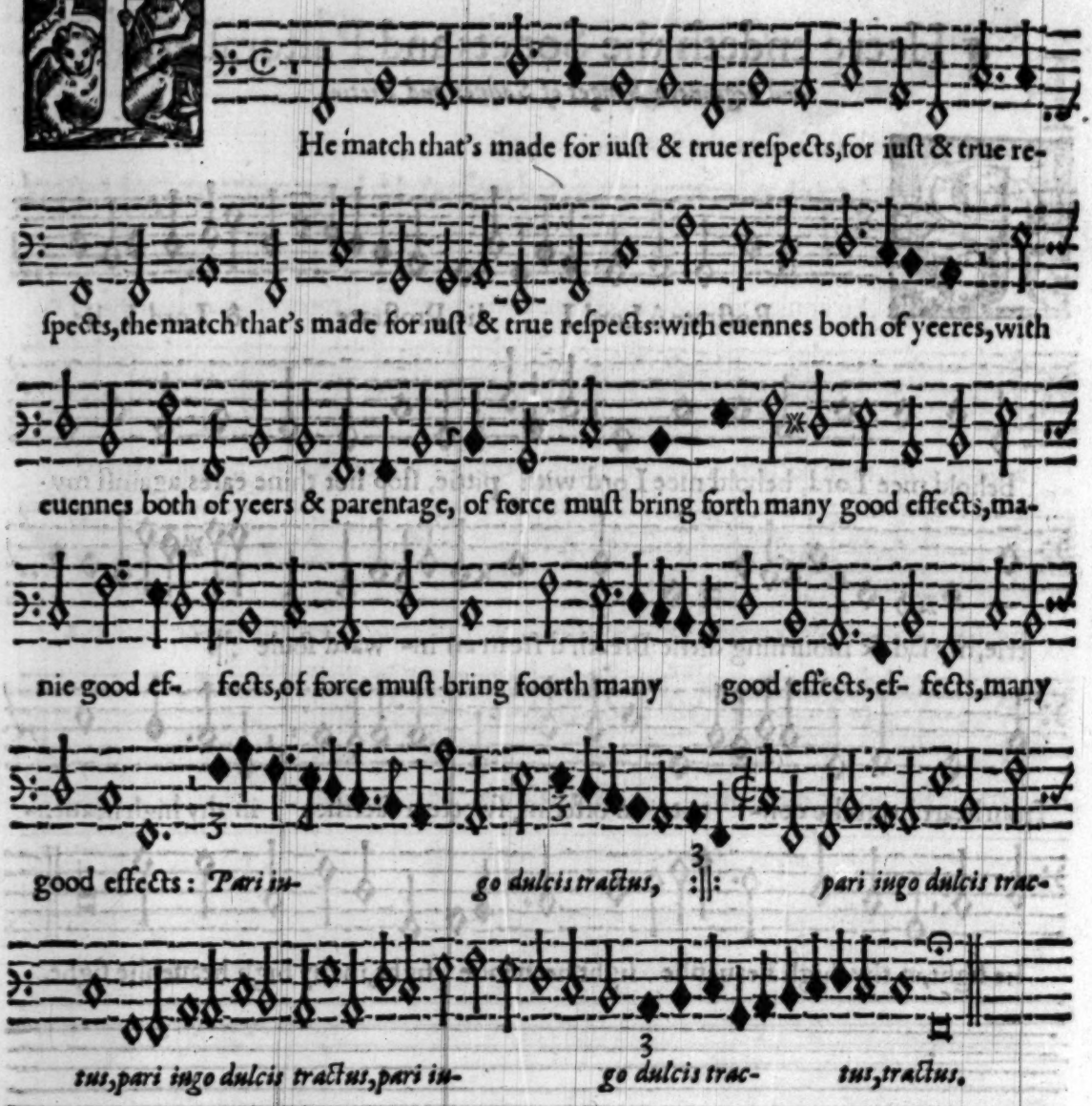
for cold, nor vſed this complaint, nor haue thought the day to be ſo long, ſo long.


L
A virginella :||: e ſimile alla ro-ſa ch'in bel giardin ſu la natiua ſpi-
na, Mentre ſo-la e ſicura: Mentre ſola ſi ri-po- ſa. Ne gregge, ne paſtor ſe gle-
anici- na L'aura ſoaue, ſo-a- ue, & l'alba rugia- do- ſa L'acqua la terra
:||: al ſuo fauor s'inchina Giouani vaghi giouani vaghi e donn'inna-
mora- te: Amano hauerne il ſeno e tempie orna- te, Gio-
uani vaghi Giouani vaghi e donn'innamora- te, Amano hauerne
il ſeno e tempie orna- te.



2 A poyſoned ſerpent couered all vvith flovvers,
Mother of ſighes and murtherer of repoſe,
A ſea of ſorows frō whēce are drawē ſuch ſhowers
As moiſture lend to euery griefe that grovves,
A ſchole of guile, a net of deepe deceit,
A guilded hooke, that holds a poyſoned bayte.
3 A fortreſſe foyld, vvhich reaſon dyd defend,
A Syren ſong, a feauer of the minde,
A maze vvherein affection finds no end,
A raging cloud that runnes before the vvinde,
A ſubſtance like the ſhadovv of the Sunne,
A goale of griefe for vvhich the vviſeſt tunne,
4 A quenchleſſe fire, a nurſſe of trembling feare,
A path that leads to perill and miſhap,
A true retreat of ſorrovv and diſpayre,
An idle boy that ſleepes in pleaſures lap,
A deepe miſtruſt of that vvhich certaine ſeemes,
A hope of that vvhich reaſon doubtfull deemes.

FINIS.



2

For vvhere chaſt loue and liking ſets the plant,
And concord vvaters vvith a firme good vvill,
Of no good thing there can be any vvant.
Pari ingo dulcis tractus.

3 Sound is the knot that chaſtitie hath tyde,
Svveet is the Muſicke vnitie doth make,
Sure is the ſtore that plentie doth prouide.
Pari ingo dulcis tractus.

4 VVher chaſtnes fayles, ther concord vvill decay,
VVher concord fleets, ther plentie vvill decreaſe,
VVher plenty vvants, ther loue vvill veare avvay
Pari ingo dulcis tractus.

5 I chaſtitie reſtraine all ſtrange deſires,
I concord keepe the courſe of ſound conſent,
I plentie ſpare, and ſpend as cauſe requires.
Pari ingo dulcis tractus.

6 Make much of vs all ye that married bee,
Speake vvell of vs all ye that minde to bee,
The tyme may come, to vvant and vviſh all three.
Pari ingo dulcis tractus,

FINIS.

¶ Heere endeth the Sonets and Paſtoralles,

and beginneth Songes of Sadnes and Pietie.

Roſtrate ô Lord I lie, Proſtrate ô Lord I lie,

behold mee Lord, behold mee Lord with pittie, ſtop not thine eares againſt my

crie, my ſad & mourning dittie: Breath'd from an in- ward ſoule :||:

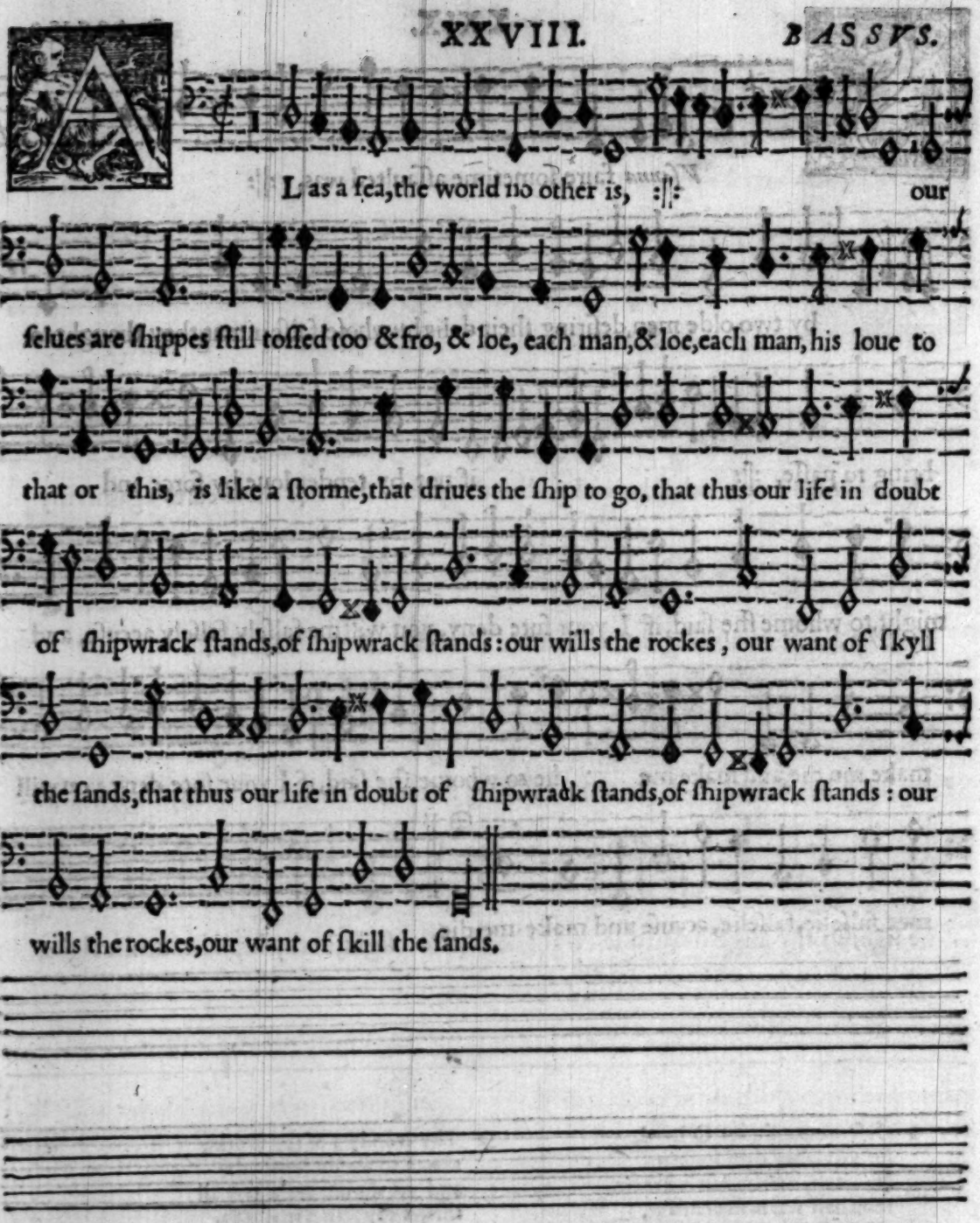
from heart heartelie con- trite, an offering ſweete, a ſacrifice in thy high heauen-

lie ſight, in thy high heauenlie ſight, heauenlie ſight, in thy high heauenlie ſight.

2 Obſerue not ſinnes O Lord,
for vvho may then abide it,
but let thy mercie cancell them,
thou haſt not man deni'd it,
man melting vvith remorſe and thoughts,
thought paſt repenting,
O lighten Lord O heare our ſongs,
our ſinnes full ſore lamenting.

3 The vvonders of thy vvorks,
aboue all reaſon reacheth,
and yet thy mercie aboue all
this, vs thy Spirit teacheth,
then let no ſinner fall,
in depth of foule diſpaire,
ſince neuer ſoule ſo foule there vvas,
but mercie made it faire.

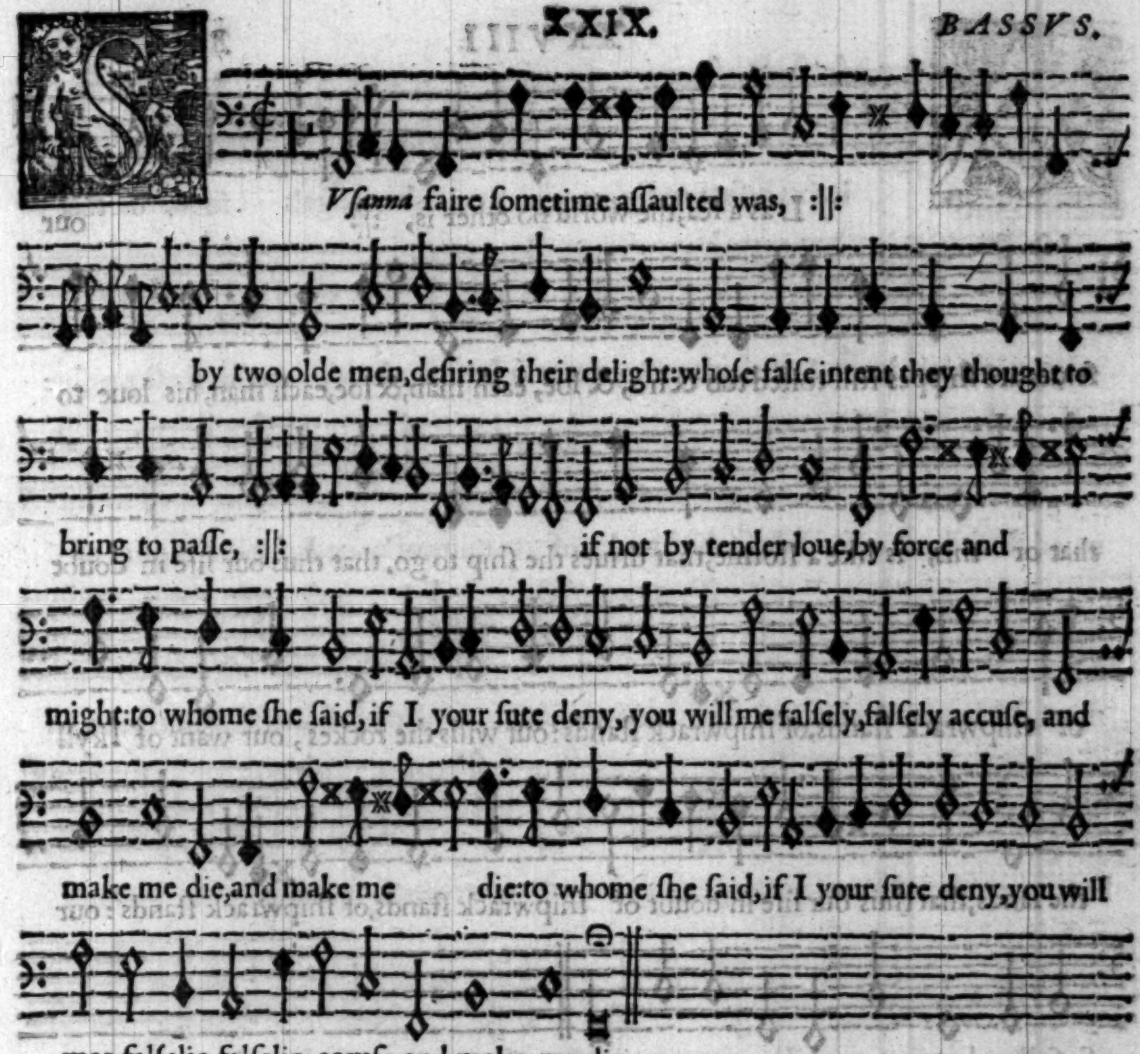
FINIS.



2 Our paſſions be the Pirates ſtill that ſpoyle,
and ouerboard caſt's out our reaſons fraight:
the Marriners that day and night doe toyle,
be our conceits that doe on pleaſure vvaight:
pleaſure Maſter doth tirannize the ſhip,
and giueth vertue ſecretly the nip.

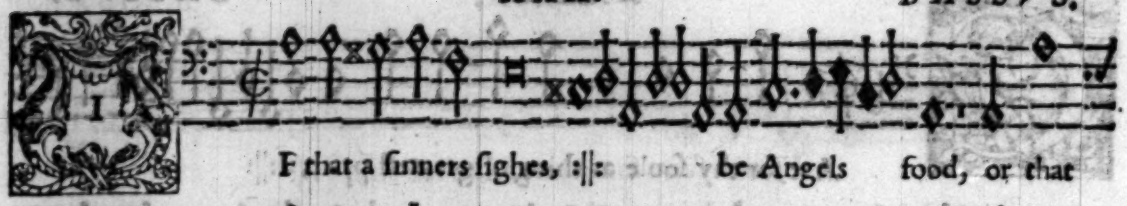
3 The Compaſſe is a minde to compas all,
both pleaſure, profit, place and fame for naught:
the vvinds that blovv, men ouer vveening call,
the Merchandiſe is vvit full deerely bought:
triall the'Anker, caſt vpon experience,
for labor, lyfe, and all a doe the recompence.

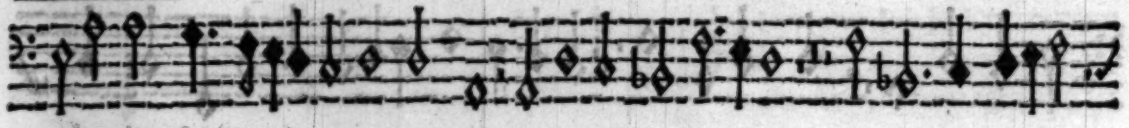
FINIS.

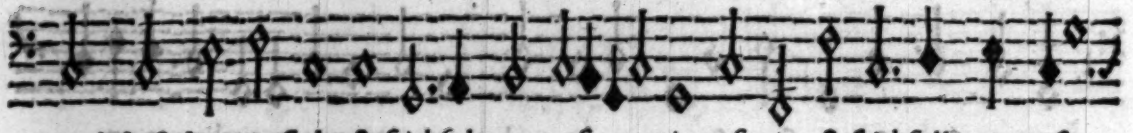


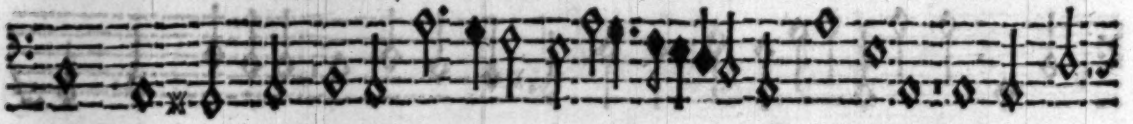
2. And if I graunt to that vvhich you requeſt,
my chaſtitie ſhall then deſloured bee,
vvhich is ſo deere to mee that I deteſt
my lyfe, if it bereſted bee from mee:
And rather vvould I dye of mine accord,
ten thouſand times, then once offend the Lord.

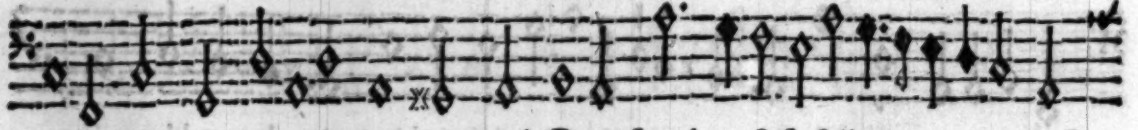
FINIS.

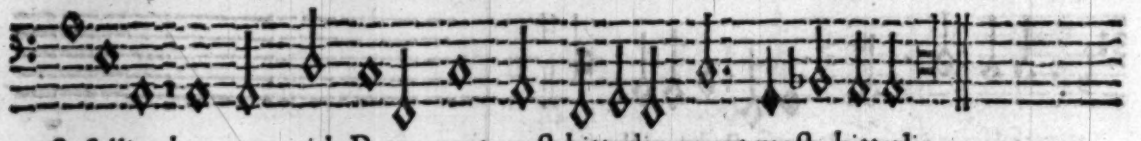












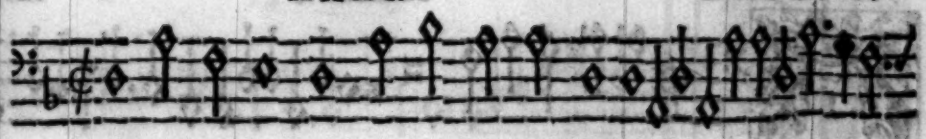
2 If I had Dauids crovvne to mee betide,
or all his purple robes that he did vveare,
I vvould lay then ſuch honor all aſide,
and onely ſeeke a ſackcloth vveede to beare:
his Pallace vvould I leaue that I might ſhovv,
and mourne in cell for ſuch offence, my woe.

3 Ther ſhould theſe hãds beate on my pẽſiue breſt,
and ſad to death, for ſorrovv rend my haire,
my voice to call on thee, ſhould neuer reſt,
vvhoſe grace I ſeeke, whoſe iudgement I do feare:
vpon the ground all groueling on my face,
I vvould beſeech thy fauour and good grace.

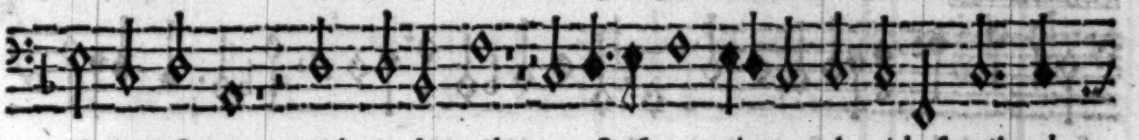
4 But ſince I haue not meane to make the ſhow
of my repentant minde, and yet I ſee
my ſinne to greater heape then Peters grow,
vvhereby the danger more it is to mee,
I put my truſt in his moſt precious bloud,
vvhoſe life vvas ſhed to purchaſe all our good.

5 Thy mercie greater is then any ſinne,
thy greatneſſe none can euer comprehend:
vvhetſore O Lord, let mee thy mercie winne,
vvhoſe glorious name no time can euer end:
vvherefore I ſay all praiſe belongs to thee,
vvhom I beſeech be mercifull to mee.

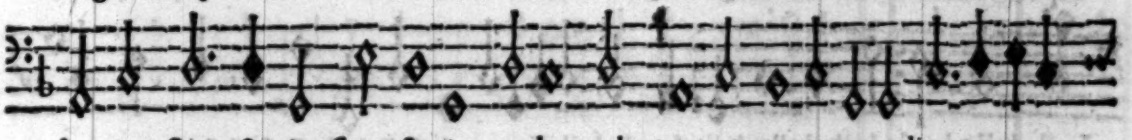
FINIS.



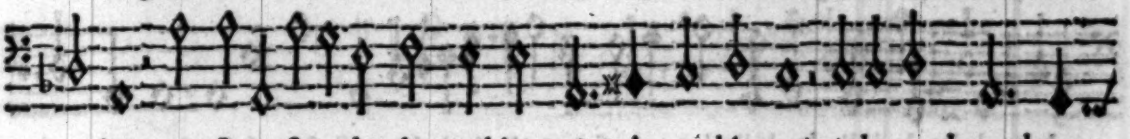
Are for thy ſoule as thing of greateſt price, :||:



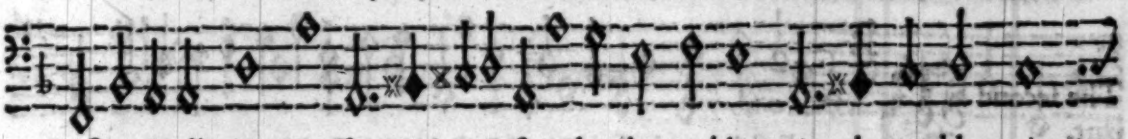
of greateſt price, made to the ende to taſt of poore deuine, deuoid of guilt, ab-



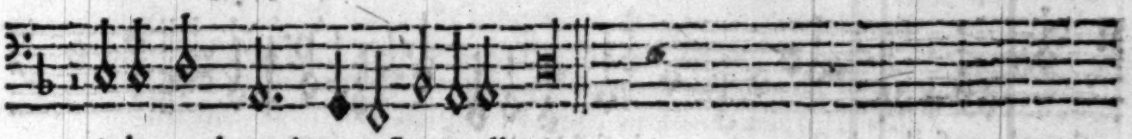
horring ſinne & vice, ſinne & vice, apt by gods grace to vertue to encline, to en-



cline, care for it ſo as by thy retchles traine, thy retchles train, it be not brought to



taſt eternall paine, care for it ſo, as by thy retchles traine, thy retchles traine,



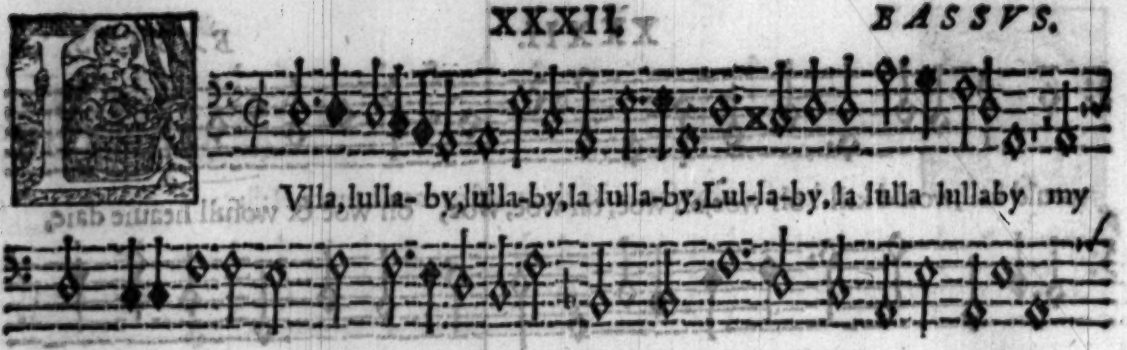
it be not brought to taſt eternall paine.

2 Care for thy corps, but chiefly for ſoules ſake,
cut of exceſſe, ſuſteyning food is beſt,
to vanquiſh pride, but comelie clothing take,
ſeeke after ſkill, deepe ignorance deteſt:
Care ſo I ſay, the fleſh to feede and cloth,
that thou harme not thy ſoule and bodie both.

3 Care for the world to do thy bodie right,
racke not thy wit to winne thy wicked waies,
ſeeke not t'oppreſſe the weak by wrongful might,
to pay thy dew do baniſh all delayes:
Care to diſpend according to thy ſtore,
and in like ſort be mindefull of the poore.

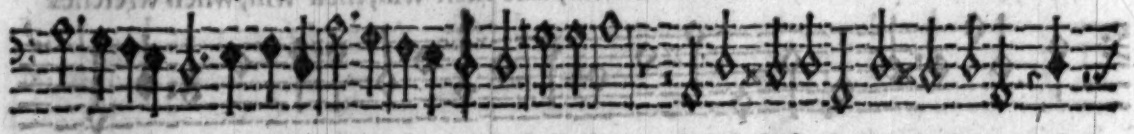
4 Care for thy ſoule, as for thy chiefeſt ſtay,
care for thy bodie for thy ſoules auaile,
care for the world for bodies helpe alway,
care yet but ſo as vertue may preuaile,
care in ſuch ſort that thou be ſure of this,
care keepe thee not frō heauen & heauenly bliſſe.

FINIS.

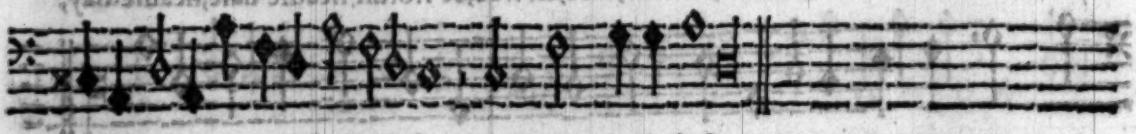


Vlla, lulla- by, lulla-by, la lulla-by, Lul-la-by, la lulla lullaby my

ſweete little baby, my ſweete little ba- by: what meaneſt thou to cry, to cry,

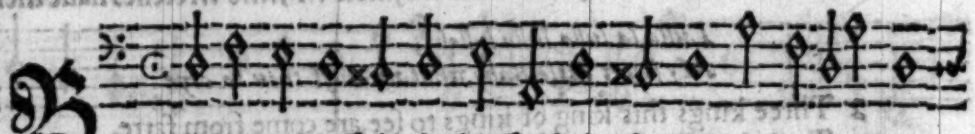


Lulla, lulla-by, la lulla, lulla, lulla-by, la lulla-by, la lul- la-by, la lul- la, lulla, la

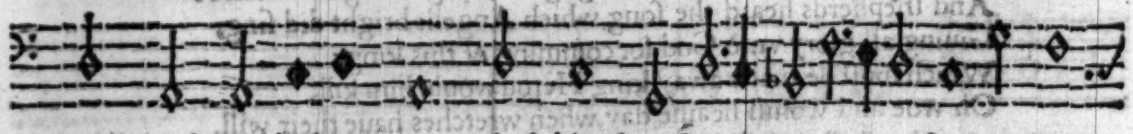


lulla, lulla, la lulla-by, lulla-by, my ſweete little baby.

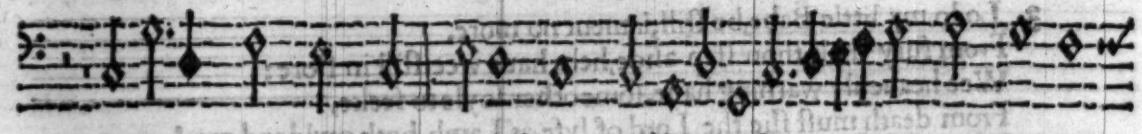
The ſecond part.



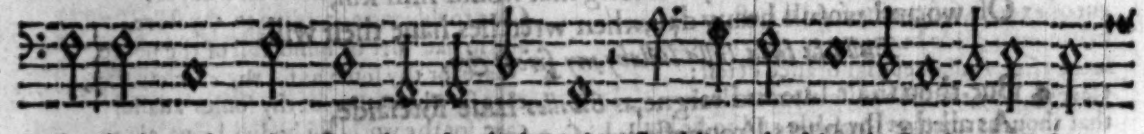
BE ſtill my bleſſed babe, bleſſed babe, be ſtill my bleſſed babe,



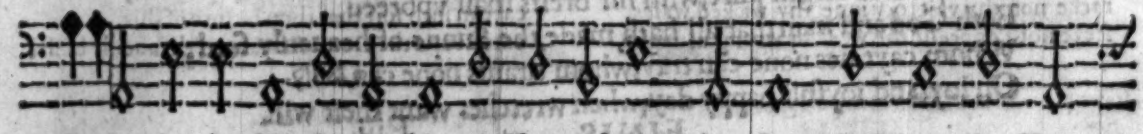
though cauſe thou haſt to mourne: whoſe bloud moſt innocent to ſhed, to ſhed,



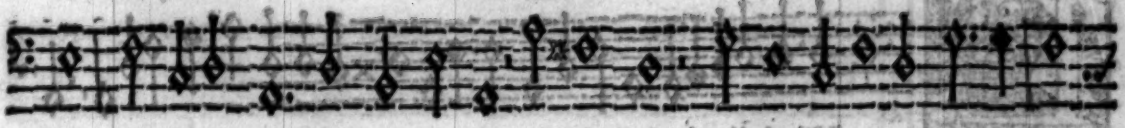
the cruell king hath ſworne, hath ſworne: and lo, alas, be- hold what ſlaughter



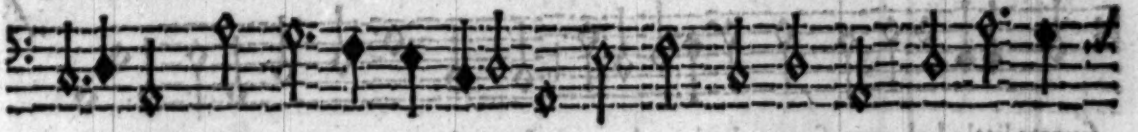
he doth make, what ſlaughter he doth make, ſhedding the bloud of infants all, ſweet



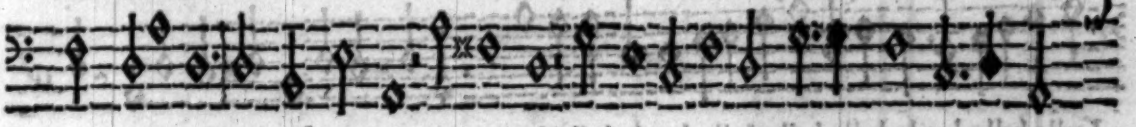
ſauiour for thy ſake, for thy ſake. A King is borne, they ſay: which king, this King



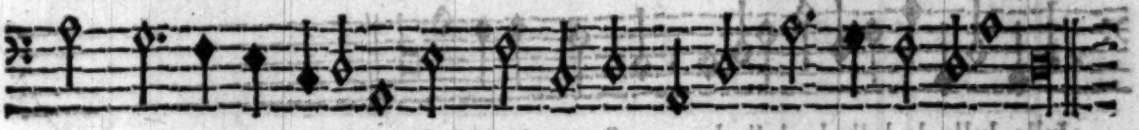
would kill,would kill : oh woe,oh woe, oh woe, woe, oh woe & wofull heauie daie,



heauie daie,when wretches haue their will,haue their will, their will, when wretches



haue their will:oh woe,oh woe,oh woe,woe,oh woe,& wofull heauie daie,heauie day,



when wretches haue their wil,haue their wil,their wil,whē wretches haue their will.

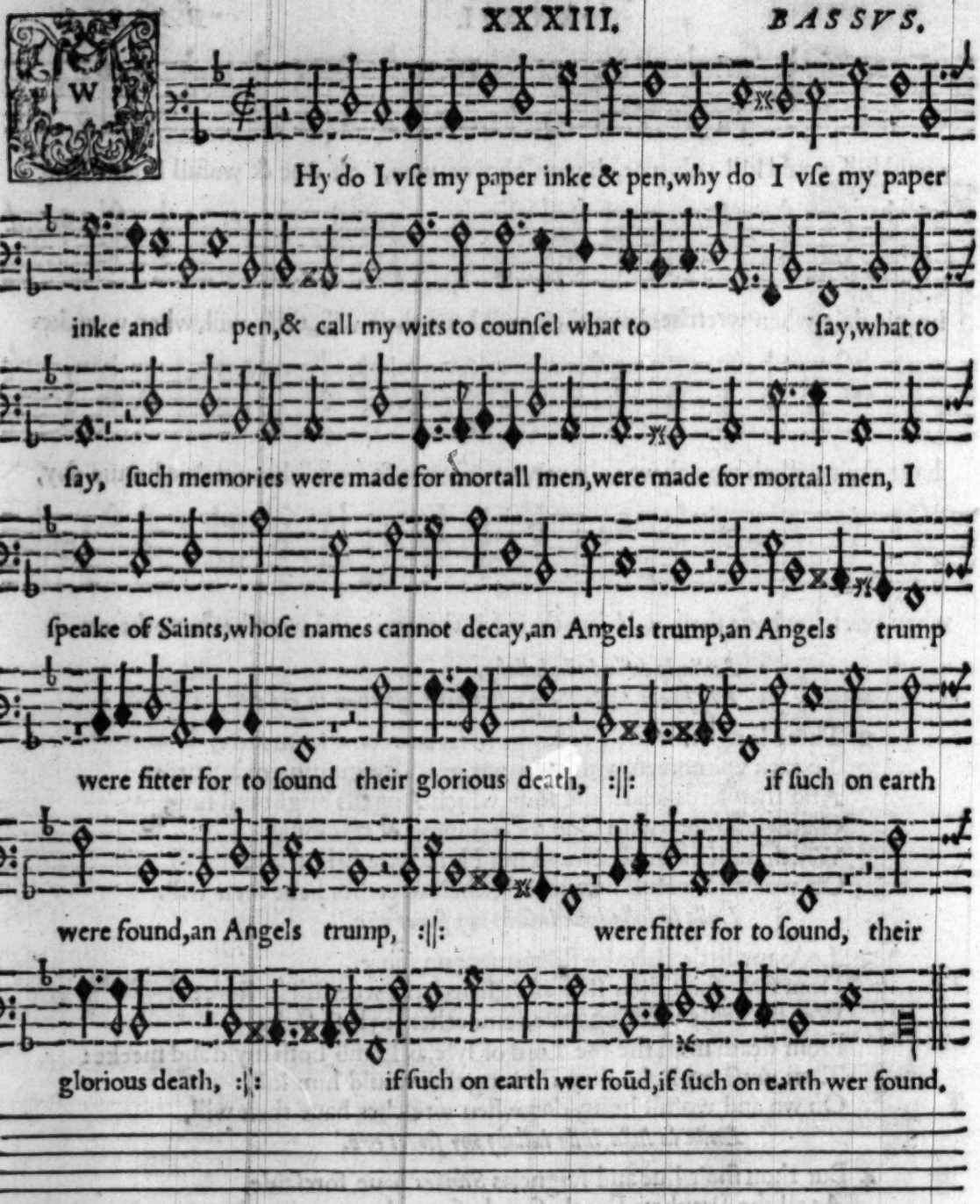
Lulla la lulla, lulla lullaby,
My ſweet little Baby, what meaneſt thou to cry:

2 Three kings this king of kings to ſee,are come from farre,
To each vnknowen,with offerings great,by guiding of a Starre:
And ſhepherds heard the ſong,which Angells bright did ſing,
Giuing all glory vnto God,for comming of this king:
Which muſt be made away,king Herod would him kill,
Oh woe and wofull heauie day,when wretches haue their will.
Lulla la lulla,lulla lullaby,my ſweet &c.

3 Lo,lo,my little Babe,be ſtill,lament no more,
From fury ſhalt thou ſtep aſide,help haue wee ſtill in ſtore:
Wee heauenly warning haue,ſome other ſoyle to ſeeke,
From death muſt flie the Lord of lyfe,as Lamb both myld and meecke:
Thus muſt my Babe obey the king that would him kill,
Oh wo,and wofull heauy day,when wretches haue their will,
Lulla la lulla,lulla lullaby,my ſweet &c.

4 But thou ſhalt liue and raigne,as *Sibilles* haue foreſaide,
As all the Prophets Propheſie,whoſe mother yet a maide,
And perfect virgin pure,with hir breſts ſhall vpbreed,
Both God and man that all hath made,the Sunne of heauenly ſeed:
Whom caytiues none can tray,whom tirants none can kill,
Oh ioy,and ioyfull happy day,when wretches want their will.

FINIS.

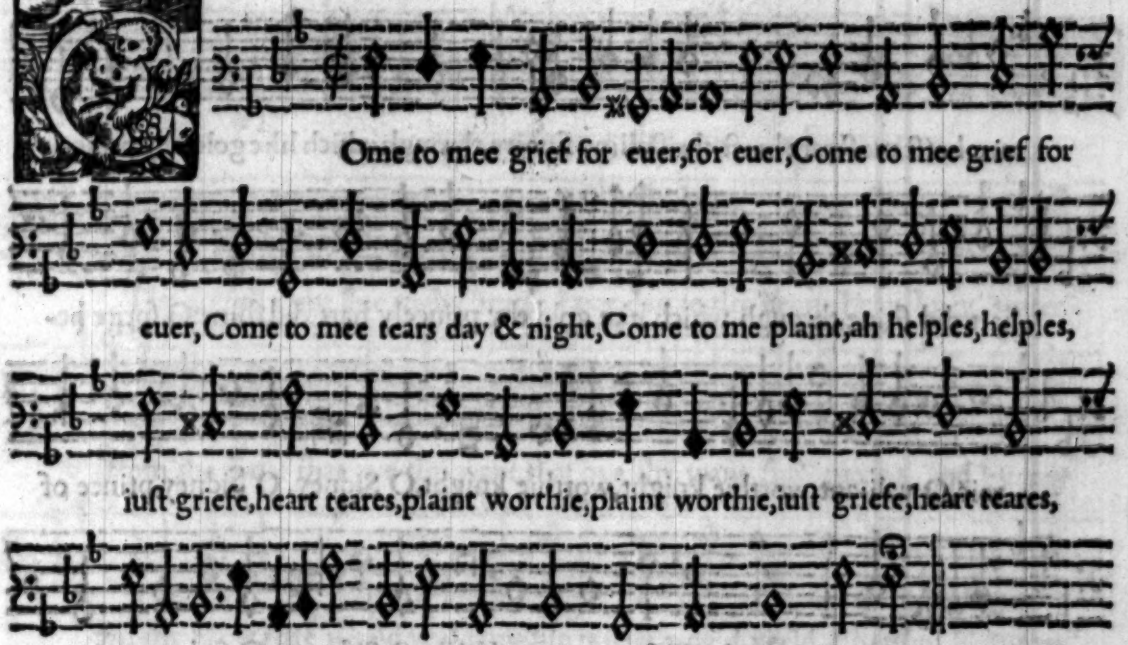


1 That ſtoare of ſuch were once on earth purſu'd,
the hiſtories of auncient times record,
whoſe conſtancie great tirants rage ſubdu'd,
through patiēt death profeſſing Chriſt their Lord,
as his Apoſtles perfect witneſſe bare.
with many more that bleſſed Martirs were.

2 VVhoſe patiēce rare & moſt courageous minde,
with fame renoum'd perpetuall ſhall endure,
by whoſe examples we may rightlie find,
of holie life and death a patterne pure:
that we therefore their vertues may embrace,
pray we to Chriſt to guide vs with his grace.

FINIS.

¶ The funerall Songs of that honorable Gent. Syr Phillip Sidney, Knight.



2 Go fro mee dread to die now,
Go fro mee care to liue more,
Go fro mee ioyes all on earth,
Sidney, O *Sidney* is Dead.

3 He whome the Court adorned,
He whome the country courtis'd,
He who made happie his friends,
He that did good to all men,

4 *Sidney* the hope of land ſtrange,
Sidney the floure of England,
Sidney the ſpirite heroic,
Sidney is dead, O dead, dead,

5 Dead? no, no, but renomed,
With the anointed oned,
Honor on earth at his feete,
Bliſſe euerlaſting his ſeate.

Come to mee griefe: &c.

That, O that moſt rare breſt, moſt rare breſt, O that moſt

rare breſt, moſt rare breſt, chriſtalline ſincere, through which like gold thy princely

hart did ſhine, through which like gold thy princely hart did ſhine: O ſprite he-

roic, O vali-ant worthie knight, worthie knight, O Sidney, O Sidney, prince of

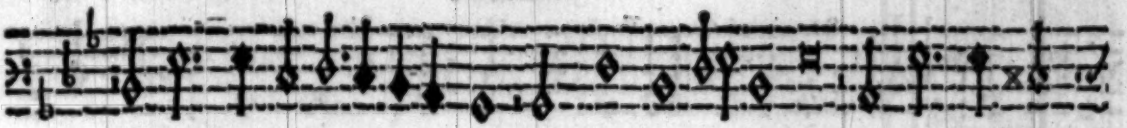
fame & mens good will, & mens good will, O Sidney, O Sidney, prince

of fame, of fame, and mens good will. For thee, for thee, both kings

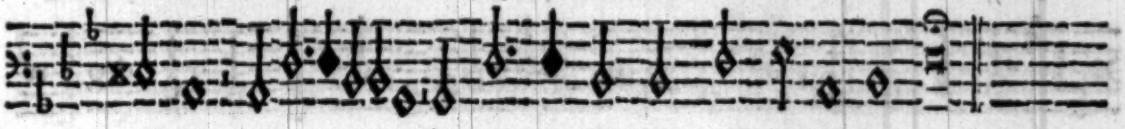
& princeſſes do mourne, for thee, both kings & princeſſes do mourn, do mourn,

thy noble Tombe, three Cities ſtrange de- ſired, three cities ſtrange deſired, foes

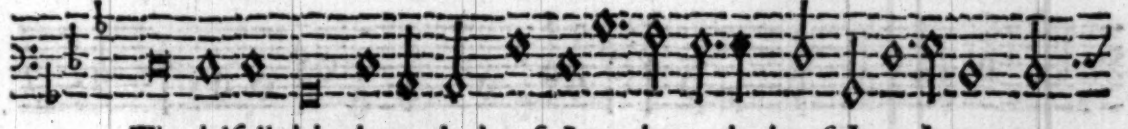
to the cauſe thy prowes did defend, thy prowes did defend, bewaile the day,



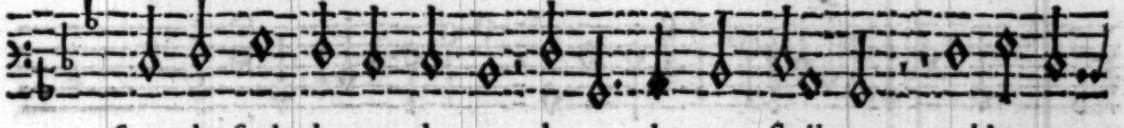
bewaile the day,the day,that croſt thy famous race, bewaile the day,



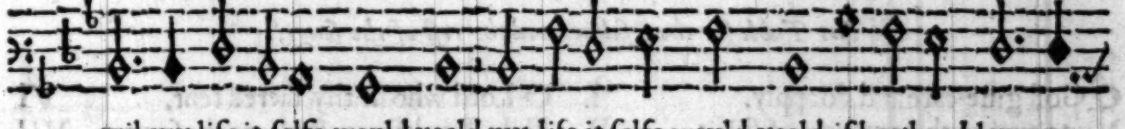
the daie, :||: bewaile the day that croſt thy famous race.



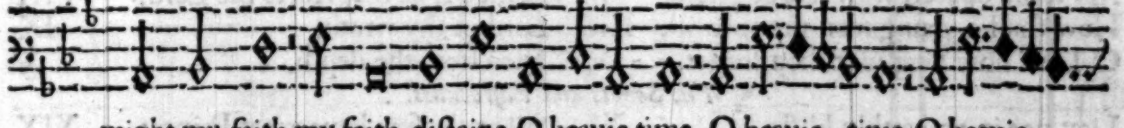
The dolfull debt due to thy hearſe I pay,due to thy hearſe I pay, I pay, teares



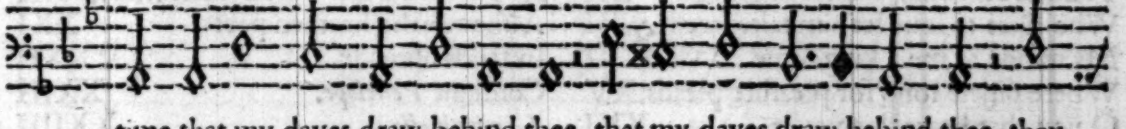
from the ſoule that aye thy want,that aye thy want ſhall moane, and by my



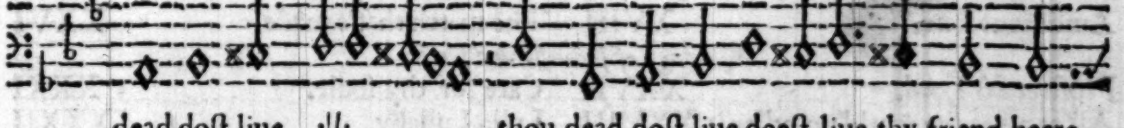
wil my life it ſelfe would yeeld,my life it ſelfe would yeeld,if heathen blame ne



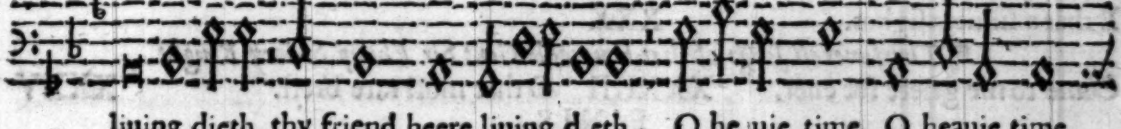
might,my faith,my faith diſtaine,O heauie time, O heauie time,O heauie



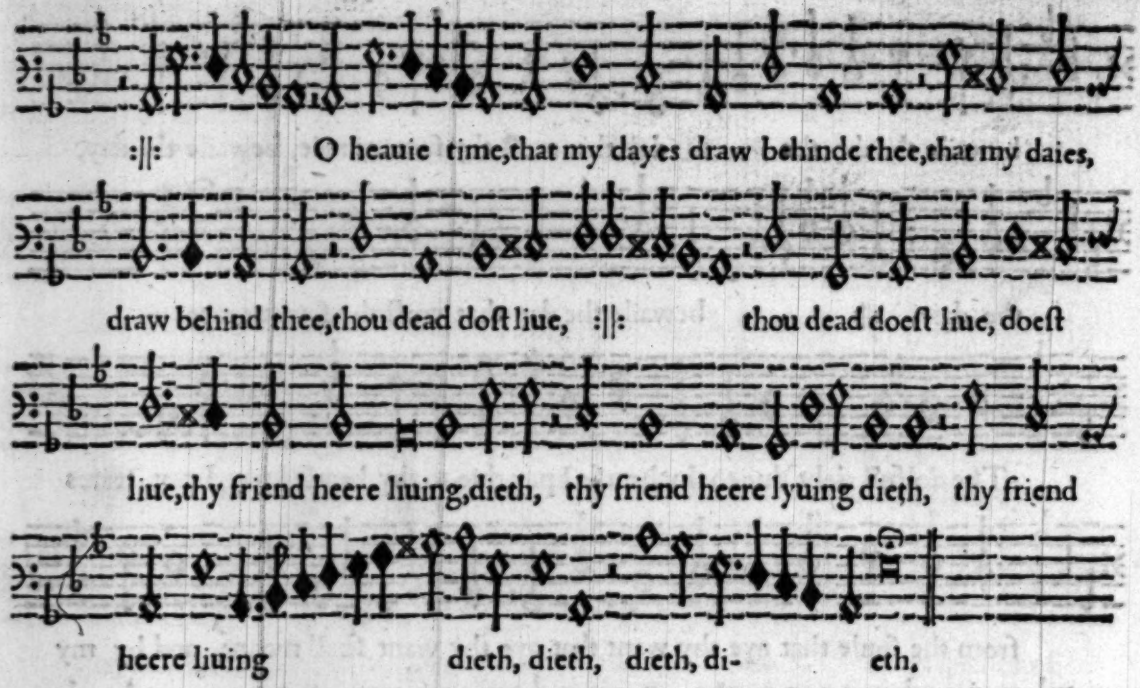
time that my dayes draw behind thee, that my dayes draw behind thee, thou



dead doſt liue, :||: thou dead doſt liue,doeſt liue,thy friend heere



liuing dieth, thy friend heere liuing dieth, O heauie time, O heauie time,



¶ *The Table for the Pſalmes, and the reſt of the ſongs.*

O God giue eare and do apply. I
Myne eyes with feruencie of ſpirit. II
My ſoule oppreſt with care & griefe. III
How ſhall a young man prone to ill. IIII
O Lord how long wilt thou forget. V
O Lord who in thy ſacred tent. VI
Help Lord for waſted are thoſe men. VII
Bleſſed is he that feares the Lord. VIII
Lord in thy wrath. IX
Euen from the depth. X

¶ *The Sonets and Paſtoralles.*

I ioy not in no earthly bliſſe. XI
Though *Amarillis* daunce in greene. XII
Who likes to loue let him take heede. XIII
My minde to me a kingdome is. XIIII
Where fancie fond for pleaſure pleads. XV
O you that heare this voyce. XVI
If woemen could be faire. XVII
Ambitious loue. XVIII
What pleaſure haue great Princes. XIX
As I beheld I ſaw a heardman wilde. XX
Although the heathen poets. XXI
In fields abroade. XXII
Conſtant *Penelope*. XXIII
La virginella. XXIIII
Farewell falce loue. XXV
The match that's made. XXVI

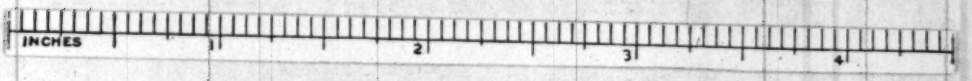
¶ *Songs of ſadneſſe and pietie.*

Proſtrate ô Lord. XXVII
All as a Sea, the world no other is. XXVIII
Suſanna faire. XXIX
If that a ſinners ſighes. XXX
Care for thy ſoule. XXXI
Lulla, Lullaby. XXXII
Why doe I vſe. XXXIII

¶ *The funerall ſongs of that honorable Gent. Sir Phillip Sidney Knight.*

Come to me griefe for euer. XXXIIII
O that moſt rare breſt. XXXV

FINIS.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